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## MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MARCH 1908

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## LADY THOROUGHbred, KENTUCKIAN

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

*Author of "The Whited Sepulchre," "The Fortress," etc.*

### I

THERE is no better time than just now to state that Taine was twenty-eight years old, having done Princeton, Heidelberg, a world-tour covering two years, and the medical afterthought which covered three years more. And none of these things had he done without honor.

Taine had opened his office in Kentucky because the state lured him and because he was free to follow his impulses. He chose Cabron because it was the size of a town he fancied, representative of its State, and not overrun with practitioners of the medical profession. He had chosen medicine and surgery in the first place because the possibilities of the work had for him a singular attraction.

As a source of livelihood, he needed no calling, being possessed of an ample fortune which his fathers had earned. As Taine's family had been moneyed folk for several generations, possessions amounted to no great novelty to him. He had shown, moreover, up to the present time,

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a rather nice adjustment of temperamental balances, not having tried to purchase Paris, dispose of Chicago, match the Sultan for his harem with green blinds, nor inflict upon his future the pains of early error. Indeed, had conditions allowed Taine to persevere in the manner of mild excellence which characterized his conduct until some time after his arrival in Kentucky, he would have been like those happy nations of hypothesis which have no history.

Look, for instance, at his reason for studying medicine. He declared that a man of this twentieth century had no license to live and move and speak in the midst of valuable men unless he had perfected himself in some one calling; not only perfected himself theoretically, but made a financial success. "When I have done what other men without fortune are compelled to do, then I shall feel that I have the right to rove and delve in unproductive affairs to my heart's content. No man shall ever be able to say to me that because I have money I have failed to make good on his own grounds."

Note the thoroughness with which he carried out his undertaking. He fitted his offices in Cabron with all the conveniences and accessories of his craft and deposited one hundred dollars in a Cabron bank, declaring, "I shall live on that and my practice until I have made a success—or starve to death!"

The Kentucky winter was on. Taine stood at the window of his operating-room. It was the afternoon of the third day, and he was virgin to patient of any sort. A drizzling rain was falling, just cold enough to make it precarious to the health. As it was Saturday, the streets were filled with marketing countrymen and steaming mules. It was possible to distinguish the Cabronites from the state-builders of the surrounding hills, although neither class was well-dressed. In the feminine fragments scattered here and there through the throng, Taine searched for beauty. He was looking for verification of the statement that had been drummed into his head since a child, anent the superior qualities of the Kentucky women and the Kentucky horses.

Cabron was a local option town. Taine learned this after he had leased his office; not that it would have made any difference, but an illusion was broken nevertheless. The horses now in evidence in the streets of Cabron were winter-coated and too bedraggled by the drizzle to be judged from a second-story window. The ladies—they were winter-coated and rain-worried. Taine did not want to be hasty in his judgment. He had come to Cabron to live, and he regarded the street with hope, rather than with the quick-conclusioned scepticism of a transient.

Suddenly his heart leaped with unselfish joy. One of those rare creatures which brighten the annals and make the reputation of any community appeared directly across the street. She was the best of

anywhere, a joy to look upon; and standing beside her was a huge young male person, of finely cut cloth and figure, splendid of shoulder and goodly of smile. There was either a flaw in Taine's window-pane or something the matter with the giant's nose, but this was a secondary consideration. The woman was flawless. Taine felt much warmer toward Kentucky and called his servant from the back room.

"Jim," he said, "do you happen to know that couple across the street?"

"Yassah," said Jim. "Dat dah am Miss Leila Briadridge an' Mistah T'hune Glossop. Dey ol' families hyah, sah, an' Mistah Glossop, he am a doctor man, lahk yoh-all, sah."

"Oh," said Taine. He had noted the much-frequented stairway across the street, and the gilded sign surmounting, "Terhune Glossop, M.D."

"And the lady, Jim," he questioned presently—"is she about to become——" He halted, reflecting that even in his enthusiasm curiosity ill became a gentleman. But Jim had caught the trend.

"Ah reckon, Mistah Doctah."

The pair across the street parted with seeming levity and understanding. Taine was lost in meditation, his eyes trailing the quick grace of the feminine figure as it disappeared behind the vehicles a little further up the street. Then it was borne to him that there was a step upon his own stairway. Patient or not, it was his first nibble, and he awaited the issue, moistening with excitement.

An old man entered—a strangely impressive old man, roughly but cleanly attired, very tall and clear-eyed. His age was manifested in the pallor of the skin rather than in the lines of years; and what at first glance seemed emaciation had the look of mere leanness upon closer scrutiny. Again, the whiteness of the beard bespoke an old man, but there was no quaver of voice, crook of figure, nor slowness of gait to carry out the impression.

"I am Jared Lensing," the caller said, and he added thoughtfully, as if he had heard of the other from a foreign source, "And so this is Dr. Taine?"

Taine bowed and inquired if there was something he could do. It appeared that there was a possibility of some slight derangement which made an examination advisable. From the beginning, Taine apprehended nothing serious, and in the interval of work was able to find not the slightest organic lesion; indeed, he was astonished to discover in this man of seventy the rhythm and vitality of a budding athlete one-fourth as old. In the latter part of the work the patient sat perfectly rigid, eyes closed, the breathing scarcely perceptible. Taine touched the man's shoulder at last.

The eyelids fluttered and there was a slight quiver of the facial

muscles. "Complications are closing about you, young man," the lips mumbled. Then, arousing himself with a shiver, Jared Lensing stepped hastily from the chair, adding: "Please forgive me, Dr. Taine. You were so gentle with me that I fear I fell asleep in your chair."

"Permit me to ask if you were asleep or in a trance?" Taine asked curiously.

The old man regarded him steadily for fully thirty seconds. "I used the expression in rather a broad sense when I said, 'I fell asleep,'" he confessed. "I was impelled to come here to-day, and as you began to work upon me I went into the Silence."

"And you saw that complications were closing about me?" Taine pursued.

"Yes."

"Can I not avoid them?"

"Yes, but I am afraid you will not, Dr. Taine."

"I have studied metaphysics in Germany—from a material standpoint," said Taine. "I have always had a longing to go at it from a more rational ground. At least, I want you to know that I am not scoffing when I ask you what I may do—to avoid the complications you saw closing about me?"

Jared Lensing spoke in a slow, controlled fashion: "I saw about you men of fleshly fury, arms, spent horses, a woman, the red mist of passion! I saw you as you are now—an old soul in a body negative up to this time to all extremes. You have not loved; you have not suffered the pollution of excess. You have reached an age when the animal within you is either to be repressed entirely for this life or presently to be manifested with five-fold violence."

It was with difficulty that Taine remembered that he was in Kentucky, in his own office, encountering his first patient. He had delved with such a responsive brain in so many veins of knowledge, and found fragments of truth, according to his light; and there was such a control and apparent sanity in the presence before him that he could not scout the sayings which now held his mind—at least, not with the steady gray eyes of Jared Lensing upon him.

"But, sir, I have no intention—even of marrying," he essayed, not very powerfully. "I have nothing to do with 'arms' or 'men of fury'!"

"All these are in store for you—unless you go away."

"That I cannot do now. I have a career to make."

"In India there is a stillness and vastness where you might make a career of the spirit," the old man answered.

Taine shook his head gently. He did not change a purpose easily, and just now he proposed to make dollars out of the ills of men. Jared Lensing took his hand, paid his bill, and turned to the door.

"May I leave you a book?" he asked.

"I should be very glad," said Taine, accepting a small volume.

"I shall watch you, Dr. Taine," the caller concluded. "I am sorry, but I was afraid that you would not seek to avoid the complications closing about your life."

From Jim, his servant, Taine drew the current story of Jared Lensing. He was said to have been jilted by a sweetheart many years ago; and it was known that he lived alone in the mountains, killing nothing and eating only grains and fruits; that he spoke to no one for months at a time; that he had many books and strange ways of absent-mindedness; in fact, that the old man was considered by Cabron to be mildly mad and a heretic. It was all very commonplace.

## II

Taine looked out of his office window with eyes of hate. It was mid-June, six months after he had started in Cabron. He was not making good, and the fact fed upon his vitals. Cabron was a town of five thousand folk, including a large color-line. Her reputation was country-wide. Men and women who had lived there for fifty years could only be tempted to leave it for their heavenly home. The college stationed at Cabron was one of the oldest and fullest in tradition of the South. "I'm from Cabron, Kentucky," was declared on outer trains and ships, with a quick expectant warmth, as one would remark that one was from Utopia.

Cabron had rows of quaintly beautiful homes, Colonials, with broad rolling lawns and carefully barbered hedges. Its self-love was so eager and absorbing that the world had come to believe in it, and replied when the name was mentioned, "Oh, yes, Cabron is a fine town!" Cabron remarked, in a most admirable spirit, that its own women were the cumulative triumph of beauty. Too, its women were of strong literary flavor; and its men were men of honor and methodic culture. Money was of a growing interest to these Kentuckians; that is, they were beginning to lose that fine financial abandon of the old South and to reckon one's dollar-bulk as social prestige and as a quilt to cover one's social shortcomings and discrepancies of pedigree. Moreover, Cabron claimed the honor of a great battle having been fought in her surrounding hills and of a great general buried in her suburbs.

Taine was an alien. His reasons for coming to Kentucky have been set forth; and the six months had proved to him that he had taken many things for granted. His modestly-framed diploma, while paper of one of the ranking institutions in the country, did not answer for the fact that he was not a Cabronite. His office was furnished with splendid cabinets, the latest appurtenances and technical publications. The fur-

nishings of his reception-room were graceful and elegant. He occupied an entire upper suite; his sleeping-chamber adjoined, and he took pleasure in making the whole artistic according to his state of growth. In spite of all these initial details, so adequately covered, he did not get the patients.

The hundred-dollar surplus had been broken.

Now, across the street was the young doctor, Terhune Glossop. Taine did not need the stimulus afforded in watching how young Glossop was getting the business. In fact, the other was inaugurating a career of success that should leave him free to retire a young man, provided that he husbanded his resources. Taine had reason to believe that Glossop was but an ordinary minister of medical affairs, and also that he was a fine young Kentuckian. There was absolutely no malice in his heart toward his rival. He had the graciousness to believe that there was room for two at the top.

His hate on this June day, as he looked out of the window, was for Cabron, and Cabron's system of patronage. Glossop was a native of satisfactory lineage, and his town had arisen to serve him when he returned from school. Taine liked Glossop, so far as he knew him, and hated Cabron, her ways, streets, complacency, aristocracy, Browning classes, mules, men, mice and women. He indulged in the heretical remark that intrinsic worth does not win for a man, but pull.

Now, it must be explained at this point that Taine was all out of perspective. He was only twenty-eight, wherein it is easy to consider oneself of such importance that the world will stop its traffic to conspire against an individual. Then again he had not been taking sufficient exercise; and he had been reading Hindoo metaphysics to such a degree that his mental digestive-fluids had all been used to assimilate splendid concepts regarding protoplasms and planetary chains. In a word, not having the balance of the day's work, he should have kept himself from getting stale by many tablets of humor and recreation, which he failed to do. His practice was not bringing him in quite enough to pay his rent and board. Consequently, when his hundred dollars was gone, he must starve or quit—unless something happened.

Finally, he carried about the rankling thought that he could attract all the practice he could handle, merely by allowing Cabron and the banks of Cabron to find out that he was a millionaire.

The sight of a woman across the street in the sunlight pulled him at length out of all these thoughts. She halted before Glossop's stairway with an uncertain gesture, abandoned the idea of going up, then crossed the street hurriedly. It was the figure Taine had always admired, the girl he had seen first with Terhune Glossop six months before. In amazement he hearkened now to her light quick tread upon his own stairs. As she paused at the door of the reception-room,



he strode forth with business-like celerity from the rear apartment. He had seen her only from a distance before. All the details which the distance had covered proved to be fitted to his own ideals. It was the moment of a lifetime.

"One of my hounds bit me," she said quietly. "At least, his teeth wounded my arm. The fault was all mine."

"If you will sit down, please, I shall see what can be done about it," said Taine.

And then he became just a workman, and the burden of the days ceased to gnaw. Taine found an ugly laceration upon the wrist, closer examination showing the radial artery to be slightly torn. There was not time to administer an anæsthetic, since the band about the fore-arm but imperfectly allayed the hemorrhage. Deftly he picked up the severed tissues and applied an electric cautery to the whole surface. When this work was done, and he was putting on the bandage, it occurred to Taine to marvel at the girl's nerve. No whimper had come from her; and yet the red-hot loop and the stitches must have caused messages of havoc to fly from the wound to the brain.

Taine liked Cabron better; liked Kentucky better. His admiration for the individual was unfeigned. Her face was deathly white, and he gave her a stimulant, bidding her rest for awhile.

"You are very brave indeed," he said, "and I am glad I shall not have to hurt you any more."

"So am I," she said faintly.

She arose after a moment, saying that she had told no one of her accident, and that her mother might worry, finding her gone. Taine regarded her now with unprofessional eyes. He wondered how he could have been so ruthless—wondered if she had come to him because the man across the street could not have found it in his heart to hurt her.

"Come back to-morrow morning for a new dressing," he said.

"Yes, doctor," she answered, and was gone.

Taine took his old stand at the window and stared out upon the dusty, shadowy street, but his hate did not come back. The twilight had deepened and he was preparing to take a walk before supper, when Terhune Glossop came in hastily.

"Hello, doctor!" he said. "Did n't I see aright this afternoon—about Miss Briadridge coming here? I've been busy and could n't get away before. My interest, you understand, is purely unprofessional, sir."

"Yes," Taine replied curiously; "Miss Briadridge was here."

Glossop dropped into a chair. "What was the trouble?"

Taine explained and the other groaned. "I could n't have done it—to her!" Glossop said, with a shudder. "And yet I would have

given my hand—to have had her come to me. But it is all my fault, old chap, every bit my fault.”

Glossop was a huge young man. He had a typical Southern face, full-blooded and imperious, a face such as you would expect to see bending after a pack of hounds, rather than bending over a volume of intellectual fodder. The nose had been broken in some combat, and the bone had knit crookedly. This was the only blemish. He seemed so sincere and so very miserable now, that Taine’s heart was touched. He drew up a chair in the half-darkness and asked to be told what was the matter.

“She was my fiancée, sir,” Glossop said quite willingly. “It was not a match for suitability nor propriety’s sake, nor for the damnable Cabron society’s sake. It was, sir—I speak with all reverence—an affair of the heart.”

Taine warmed to him.

“You know how it is with a fellow working up a business like ours?” Glossop went on. “To all intents, he’s a prisoner, no more or less. I broke training three weeks ago. I had been working hard. I could n’t leave for a hunting-trip, because it would hurt the practice. Some men, feeling as I did, could go out and take thirty drinks overnight, and be filled with moral healing and refreshment. I did not drink this time. One has to go into an alley to take a drink in Cabron, which is n’t restful nor edifying. Listen to my dreadful confession. I was desperate. I sought the unspeakable society of Dub Bowen for one evening. Dub is our professional gambler and pistol-shot. I left ninety dollars with Dub, after four hours’ gentle glow of poker excitement. I felt resurrected and restored the next morning—until I learned that my dissipation was all over Cabron, and that large sections of my dear ancestral village regarded me as a moral leper.”

Taine chuckled, but was quickly checked by what followed:

“Miss Briadridge heard about it. Her father is a professor in the Cabron college, a grand but a pent man. I received a note from him that an explanation was due. He never loved me. I ignored the note. He could n’t understand that I needed a change, and had absorbed no corruption. He is one of the sort who never break training. Miss Leila—that’s Miss Briadridge—has kept in the background, refusing to see me (I presume, at her father’s suggestion) until I make the explanation. Some people could go and apologize for what they are not ashamed of, but I could n’t—to her.”

Taine somehow did not feel like divulging, as yet, how Miss Briadridge had hesitated before Glossop’s stairway. He felt, too, that her courage was his own especial discovery. Still, he was for the big, boyish chap. “I thank you for honoring me with your confidence, Dr. Glossop,” he said. “But is there anything I can do to help you?”

Glossop hesitated.

"I can't send the lady away when she comes again for the dressing," Taine resumed. "Even if it were possible professionally, I could n't afford to take such a chance with my luck. Things have n't broken for me here as they have for you, Dr. Glossop. I'm not a Cabronite, you see, and I've spent most of my time in the past six months cooling my mind on religion. You say it's hard to go on working for months and months at a time without a break. I say it's a good deal harder to go on waiting and waiting—starting out of a dream at night—that somebody is coming up your stairway."

He spoke half-humorously, endeavoring to pull the other out of his woful mood, rather than to parade his own grievance; but Glossop, with true Southern impulsiveness, not only forgot his own tragedy, but took the other's to heart.

"Of course you could n't refuse to finish your work, sir," he said hastily. "I had no thought of asking such a thing. Only—only, it seemed to me as if I just had to come over here and tell you my mix-up. We ought to be pretty good friends." Glossop studied the wall for a moment, and added delicately: "And now, say, Dr. Taine, if you'll forgive me for speaking of it, I have noted that things have n't gone just right for you here. It's a shame, too, because I know your work. Now, look here—come in with me! I've got all I can do, and there is operation work that I should like to get out of the responsibility of, because I'm not an artist. Between us, we could get all Cabron coming our way—"

Taine stopped him. He was a little unsteady from the big-heartedness of the deal. It was not the way he had been used to in the cooler clime, and he was lifted from his feet. But the thing was absurd, impossible. To accept meant that he was not to win through his own endeavors solely.

"Dr. Glossop," he said, "I thank you more deeply than words can convey, but the thing is n't sound. If I could bring an equal practice, I might consent to join you on an equal basis, but without such a practice, I could n't feel warm and accept it."

"You are as proud as a Cabronite," Glossop said laughingly. "But, say, I want to ask one question."

"Surely."

"If you were me, would you go to her father, and say you were sorry—a lie—and promise never to be naughty again?"

"No," said Taine.

"Thank you. I won't."

"Wait a minute, Dr. Glossop," Taine said, with some hesitation. "I just want to say again that I thank you very much, and that if an opportunity comes for me to help you—I will do all I can."

To a great many good men that last sentence of Taine's would have come merely as an amenity of speech. Inasmuch as he meant exactly what he said, and deranged the tenor of his life to carry out his promise, Taine is peculiar.

Miss Briadridge came to his office twice more. The healing was instant and entire. The idleness into which he relapsed was even harder to bear than before; and, strangely enough, his mind seemed to have lost for the time the rhythm and sense of the occult. Lady Thoroughbred enthroned herself, and the ethereal images of his old concentrations lay broken about her.

The little volume which Jared Lensing, his first patient, left behind, had led to more and more books—Blavatsky, Swedenborg, the Christian and the Eastern mystics. He read our own Emerson with new, strange light. Taine did not realize how deeply the trend of his thought and the manner of his life had been affected. The old man had not come again; his prophecies were but vaguely recalled; the whole episode was but one of the background shadows of Taine's mind, but the fact remains that he had entered into a new world from that day.

And now he had come back from that world to the haunt of a woman, whom he had had the temerity to name Lady Thoroughbred. Moreover, he had promised to help another man win this woman, who had aroused in his own heart undreamed emotions, a formidable passion. In a single afternoon Leila Briadridge and Terhune Glossop, Kentuckians, had entered his office and his life. From an ascetic, he had become a man of matter—a lover and the friend of a lover—of a single woman. The stuff of fearful wreckage was contained in the situation.

Taine did not come to a full realization until after the final call of Miss Briadridge. It was getting dark. He paced the office with sweat upon his brow and a tumult in his heart. With all the intensity of will, he swore unto himself that he would put the woman out of mind forever, and be the man's friend. Yet the moment he relaxed the furious tension, Lady Thoroughbred swept back with a flash of color into the arena of his mind.

### III

A FEW mornings later, Taine was surprised to receive an invitation to dine with Professor Briadridge and his family. He accepted gladly, for certain reasons, and with a tremulous sense of doubt on account of other circumstances. It was the first concession from upper Cabron; in fact, the first notice of his presence that the Kentucky aristocracy had deigned to give.

Professor Briadridge was representative. He was one of Cabron's best beloved. Both a barber and a Baptist preacher of Taine's acquaint-

ance had declared the professor to be among the finest of living men. It was common property that he was the state's master of mathematics and that he loved the old British poets. Glossop had said that he was "a grand but a pent man," but Glossop was stung at the time. It was furthermore witnessed that the town clock might be adjusted by the professor's uprisings and sittings-down, and that the name of Briadridge was attached to certain papers which had made Kentucky a state.

At all events, Taine put on his evening wear for the first time since he came to Cabron. It was plain that he had not grown any heavier. His thoughts took a rueful turn as he reflected what his aspirations had been as he had placed the garments, new and perfect, into his case and set out for the field of his career. After the ease and gentility which came over him as he dressed, his mind presently began to chafe under this new complication in the shape of Glossop.

Why was he not allowed to play with this romance which had come to him? Not to win the woman, for he had thought not to marry; but to treasure the story that mellows the man. He might have grown larger and gentler through the processes of affection, he reflected tenderly, and builded a virgin ideal to hallow his days.

It was a six-pillared Colonial, the home of the Briadridges, set fully two hundred yards back from the street. The lights were turned on at six, just as he veered into the gravel walk. The beauty of the house and grounds stimulated Taine. Professor Briadridge greeted him warmly and immediately led the way out to dinner, where the ladies were waiting. The mother was a fragile woman with eyes that nestled at once into the visitor's confidences. He could not remember having met any one who drew him so quickly by the heart as this delicate, low-voiced, warm-hearted lady.

Yet Taine could not quite forget at first that he was being weighed; that his manner was being judged, his face and physique examined, and his mental capacity measured. After this night, he supposed that he would be courted or dropped beyond redemption. Here was Cabron, the essence. Here was culture in the father; heart in the mother; and culture, heart, and beauty in the young woman. To-morrow the decision would go forth from the professor to his colleagues; from the mother to the first-water families; from Miss Leila to her "beautiful companions." Up in his office in the next ten days he would catch the reverberations. If practice did not come, it would be a significant sign that Cabron did not approve.

While he rebelled against the system, he refused to be dismayed by it. Physically and facially, Taine was imposing; as good-looking, in fact, as a man dares be who loves the friendship of men. He, too, had come from a family nicely adjusted in its social and internal relations—a family that had given him poise and character, a brain

and a chance to polish it. Still, he was possessed of devils or he would not have been incarnated.

"I have passed your office almost daily on the way to college," the professor was saying. "Often, sir, I have seen you standing there in the upper window—waiting, always with dignity and confidence. The thing has appealed to me, Dr. Taine. No matter how old a professional man is, he can never forget his initial struggles. That man is a thoroughbred who can preserve his dignity and confidence through the early delays and defeats, and such a one must inevitably win. I say, to win is as inevitable as life. I have carried to my classes your example, sir."

Taine was aroused by the injustice of the conception. "You have sadly overestimated me, sir," he declared earnestly. "If I had not kept my brain clamped to studies, more or less abstruse, I honestly believe it would have turned to rend and devour itself in these waiting days. It hurts me to break your illusion, and humiliates me to think that I inspired such a cheerful picture with the hate and intolerance which I know existed in my mind. At all events, you help me to more courage."

"But you remained," the professor observed in a pleased way "You did not break in the strain. That you had the acumen to occupy your mind in its distress appeals to me deeply. My illusion is not broken, sir. And now may I ask what branch of study sufficed to keep your faculties in order?"

Taine related the incident of his first patient, and how the book the old man left behind had led to others. And as he talked it came to him suddenly that the silence was intense. For a moment, Mrs. Briadridge dropped the reins of her service, and her face was bent forward to the guest. Taine shirred his story.

"The Vedas—the Bhagavad Gita," the professor repeated at last. "It is all an uncharted waste to me. Will you not be so good as to launch me into the shallows of this literature, Dr. Taine?"

"It is the old story, mother," Miss Leila remarked. "The moment a person with intellect enters the house, father monopolizes him."

"You will have noted, my dear," the professor said mildly, "that Cabron has certain professional men whose society I have not taken from you."

For the first time during the dinner, Taine thought of Terhune Glossop.

"It seems presumptuous in me even to think of launching a man of your attainments into the ocean of Eastern thought," he said.

"And a little child shall lead them," suggested Miss Leila.

"Is n't that rather broad humor, dear, when we are just getting acquainted with Dr. Taine?" her father inquired.



"One's humor must be broad and have a bite of it—to break into a session such as you two are having," the girl replied.

The men went into the library after dinner. Taine was mystified. The volume of testimony, and his own study of the man, precluded the thought of guile in connection with the professor's character. And yet, through sentences subtle and direct, Professor Briardridge had set out apparently to warm and elevate the ego of his guest. Could this be the true majesty of Southern hospitality? Or had Cabron, in essence, approved of him from the beginning?

With a perfect cigar and a sumptuous collection of books for environment, Taine allowed himself to be lured into the deep water of his own researches. He found that expression is sweet to one who has dwelt long in solitude, and he found a rapt listener. Presently he was cinching to his own brain-cells all manner of partly assimilated theories, by explaining them to another. Abstractions turned finished from his tongue. The principles of man, as set down by the Eastern adepts; the mysteries of subconscious power; brain the instrument and mind the immortal; the inflexible purity necessary to real growth in occult philosophy; the heaven-high difference between spiritualism, so-called, and spirituality—all these and other fascinations Taine touched upon lightly, pleasingly, and the master-mathematician of Kentucky stared at him through the smoke-clouds.

"You quite amaze me, sir," the latter declared at last, "but I dare not face the consequences if I keep you from the ladies any longer. Still, I want more, much more!"

"It's so seldom that I have had anybody to talk to of late that I am afraid I have allowed my tongue to wag my head away," said Taine. "And now, just a moment before we go back, I want to mention another little matter, on a different plane entirely. Perhaps I am taking a liberty, but I hope not. Dr. Glossop, my colleague, called upon me in some distress a few days ago, and had the confidence in me to relate his trouble. He seemed such a generous, sincere young Kentuckian that I volunteered a promise to help him if I could. After a long session of work, he sought reaction in the simplest way Cabron afforded. From his standpoint, the spirit of the thing was clean, I think. Pride prevents him from making the explanation which you have asked for; and, then, he does not think that he has committed a sin against the community. May——"

"Dr. Taine," the professor interrupted, "I value highly your motive in this matter—much more highly, in fact, than the 'pride' of Terhune Glossop. We are not broad folk here. We abhor drinking and gambling. Still, I would not think twice of any young man's method of relaxation—I have too much else of value, sir, to think about in these afternoon days of my life—except that this young man has sought to

make his character a dear part of my life. He has aspired to enter my family, sir. To leave the companionship of the woman he seeks to marry for that of Dub Bowen and his crowd, militates against the future happiness of my daughter, her mother, and myself. Personally, I am not ill-pleased because Terhune has encountered what he calls his 'pride.' Pray let us join the ladies, my dear doctor."

The more Taine thought about the professor's remarks in this direction, the more he felt his own rebuke. It was plain, indeed, that the name of Terhune Glossop was an indelicacy to Miss Leila's father, who was not only a very gentle but a very determined man. It was equally plain that Professor Briadridge was pent, bound in the ethics of Cabron, as Terhune Glossop had said, but for the very human and broad purpose of making it hard for that young man to get back into the graces of the family. Taine guessed that Glossop had not hurt his cause for the first time.

And now a word about Taine's own point of view. He felt that he was doing Glossop a vivid wrong, because his brain held a constant picture of Leila Briadridge in her most enchanting poses. It was not only to-night, in her home, but in all the late days, that she had come to be the very flavor of all his thoughts. This was yellow treachery to the man whom he had promised to befriend. Since, however, he had not given way to the woman's attractions, not even acknowledged them in his own brain, but fought to the death with their every encroachment, he was not yet prepared to go to Glossop, withdraw his allegiance, and declare his rivalry. His talk to Professor Briadridge in Glossop's defense was the struggle of that which he deemed within himself still to be clean, and therefore the impatience of the professor made only a surface mark.

Miss Leila and her mother were in the sitting-room, under a reading-lamp; the latter for fancy-work purposes, the girl with a book. It struck Taine now, as it had many times before during the evening, that Miss Leila had no appearance of a woman whose heart was breaking. Conversation became animated, until the professor was called to his study by the needs of a student. After that, as if the responsibilities of her day were ended, Mrs. Professor relaxed into the daintiest, most cultivated series of dozes that Taine had ever had the pleasure of attending.

"I imagine that Madame Duprez in 'The Treasure of Franchard' could nap like that—prettily, with silence and color," Taine whispered, as they drew their chairs over toward the grate.

The weather was cool for June, and there had been a rain in the afternoon. A huge lump of coal was just glowing enough to keep alive.

"To think," responded Miss Leila, "that in twenty-five or thirty

years I shall be like that, nodding under the evening lamp with my knitting. Only I shall be stout and placid, starting up every little while to add my comment to some conversation which has been folded and tucked away moments before. And then I shall snore."

Taine shook with low laughter. The thought filled him with mirth that this fair, lithe girl should ever become a quaint ample figure nodding under a dim lamp. She smiled at him queerly, and he saw her perfect teeth in the fire-light. In fear of himself, he brought up the subject of Terhune Glossop.

"I suppose a fatherly or brotherly spirit would become me at this moment," he said, when the topic was in hand, "but I cannot summon either. And yet I feel deeply for him."

He told her how the big-hearted fellow had appealed to him, and how Terhune Glossop had forgotten his own sorrow to offer assistance to his brother-physician who was faring ill in business. Miss Leila stared at the fire.

"I can't believe that there is any fundamental wrong in him," Taine added. "The act of letting a professional gambler win one's week-end earnings, when one can afford to lose, is not a deadly sin, not a grievous one—from our standpoint—though it may have a wicked look from the standpoint of our elders. Terhune Glossop has been away to school and college. He has heard big cities throbbing about his ears. He has felt the restless whisperings from the lower stratum of packed life. Vitality is very powerful within him. He cannot use it all here in this still, white community. His work, though he works hard, does not make him glad to rest at night. Hours with you are all he needs, but they pass very quickly, and when they are ended Cabron offers nothing but bed or Dub Bowen. He said to me, 'Would you make an apology to Professor Briadridge, if you felt that you had done no wrong?' I told him I would not, and told him, Miss Briadridge, that if the opportunity ever offered I should try to make you look at the error—from a man's standpoint."

Brave as had been Taine's effort, a woman does not like this sort of thing. Especially, she does not like it from a man who has interested her; and if she is a woman of ignited faculties, she knows that she is not ornamental while seeing things from a man's standpoint. Miss Leila seized the poker firmly in her right hand, and began to devastate the huge lump that should have lasted all night. The room was already warm.

"Dr. Taine," she said jerkily, between short-arm jolts, "I have known Terhune Glossop since I was a little girl. He was a big, lovable boy—as now. If a woman did n't love him too well, he would make the woman happy—in streaks. His latest escapade is not a matter of life or death. To those to whom my life is welded"—she pointed with the

red-tipped poker toward the study and toward the dozing figure under the lamp—"it means the added error which calls down catastrophe. To me it means a lack of tenderness which a woman needs, inasmuch as he did not go up to Cincinnati for his relaxations—or some place large enough not to make gossip of his doings. . . . One day when I was a little girl, Terhune Glossop struck me because I would not be his horse. I loved him just the same the next day, but my father never forgave him. There might come a time when Terhune Glossop might strike his playmate again—if she—if she would n't be his horse!"

She slammed the poker into the brass frame, and leaned back into her chair, bright-cheeked and panting.

"Leila—I say, Leila!" exclaimed Mrs. Professor, starting up in her chair. "Whatever are you doing to that poor fire this June night?"

"Oh, I do hate to see anything doddle along like that fire was doddling!" Miss Leila answered.

#### IV

TAINE arose. The root of his every hair was prickling with heat. The moment was large with mirth and pain. He had seen the heart of a woman, as never before in all his days. He loved her furiously, but without the faith of fruition. The boy, the man, the soul, the flesh, of him cried out for this maid. He heard his own lips speaking commonplaces. He paid his devoirs to the mother, and his hand closed lightly upon the slender fingers of the girl. The front door closed upon him, and he was alone with the biggest thing that had ever befallen.

For hours he walked the streets, in every direction as far as the pavements extended. It was a cool, breezy night, soft with rain that would not fall, starless, rich with earthiness. His senses were keen as a wild animal's. He smelled the hemp in the meadows, smelled the rain in the air, the drugs and groceries and paints from the various locked stores that he passed. He heard the light winds in the wires and locust boughs, horses stamping in the far stables, the step of the night-watch at the other end of Main Street, the cry of a child behind the shutters. His fingers were clenched, his lips dry, his veins dilated.

He heard her laugh at the dinner table; saw her bend to turn down the reading-lamp as her mother dozed; saw her poking the fire tense-armed; saw her fire-lit eyes. Every movement and word of hers came back to haunt him. Quick as death his heart had burst all the bonds of self-sufficiency.

He walked by the great, still house which held her, sleeping. Two squares away, the court-house clock struck two. The silence was so complete and his nerves so vibrant that he could catch, through the

damp air, the creak of the hammer as it fell upon the bell. There was a light over a Main Street drug-store which he had not noted before. It was on the third-floor, in the rear, and the window was open. Voices reached him below in the street. A cigarette was flipped down into the road, and a man above cleared his throat. Then Taine heard plainly a harsh, drawling voice:

"I'll just see that tew dollahs, suh, an' experiment three moh in a similah co'se!"

It was Dub Bowen. Taine shuddered, and turned to his rooms, grown suddenly tired and cold.

When he awoke, Jim was cleaning up the laboratory, busy with the ashes of yesterday. Jim was unusual—a bulky, sad-looking darky, who meditated much upon the sorrows of his race, and heaven to come. He was studying for the ministry, and not infrequently when Taine's lamp was put out at night and the books and pipes put away, Jim's candles still illumined the Bible page and the black, rapt face. And Taine only used six or seven hours after midnight for sleeping purposes. Jim's dream of power was to hurl forth such volume and voice of accusation that the sin-smitten colored folk would grovel and moan for deliverance. He had tried it once on the mountain "niggers" in the ruin of an old moonshine distillery, and glory had waited on him. Since then Jim's eyes had gleamed, and all he needed, by his own word, was "a li'l moh polish, Mistah Doctah, a li'l moh polish," to command a Cabron colored mission. It is important that he believed Taine all a white man can be in honor and gentleness.

"Lawd-a-mahnty, Mistah Doctah, yoh-all is suah in tahm dis mahnin'! Must hab gone a-baid uhly last night," he said, fully aware that Taine's rest had been cut in two.

"Rather early, Jim."

"Yoh is lookin' febrish, sah. Is yoh-all well?"

"Quite well, thank you, Jim?"

"Yoh-all is de cleanes' man!" Jim went on. "Der was n't nothin' in dese rooms needin' detention dis a-mahnin'." The child-new mind was struggling with weighty problems—and words.

Taine was looking out into the street. The bus had just come in from the depot, having met the morning train from the north. Terhune Glossop stepped out at the crossing, but came toward Taine's offices instead of entering his own. Taine greeted him, with sensations altogether new to his mind. The other replied curtly.

"Send that nigger out of here. I've got something to say to you, Taine," he added.

Jim was wiping the glazed doors of the cabinets. It was evident that Glossop had been drinking.

"Jim will be through in a moment, Glossop," Taine said coldly.

The Kentuckian strode up to him and inquired in a suppressed voice: "You were over to her house last night—what do you mean?"

"Sit down and tell me what you mean, doctor," Taine inquired.

"I mean that a man who would take advantage of another in trouble deserves to get a hole through some useful organ, and Kentucky is n't so — effete but that he sometimes gets it."

"You are disappointing this morning, doctor," Taine said, without irritation. "I believe we had better postpone this little communion, as I think I saw a patient climbing your stairs a moment ago."

Glossop expressed his disregard for business in rather brutal English. Meanwhile the woman who had climbed the Glossop stairway, finding the offices closed, was making her way across toward the rival.

"You 'll have to excuse me, at least, doctor," Taine observed. "I have n't reached the stage of growth wherein I can share such abandon. If I am not mistaken, as Sherlock Holmes used to say, the lady is coming here."

Glossop proved politic enough not to care to be seen at this hour in his fellow practitioner's office, and accordingly passed out the rear way. Taine was busy throughout the forenoon, but the second session of the day was unbroken by any soothing task, and he was chained to the thinking rack. The unworthy thought came, was banished, but insinuated itself again—that if Terhune Glossop insisted upon quarrelling with him, it would kill his own promise of fealty; and he, Taine, if Nature ordained, might win the woman.

No land in the world could have furnished a day of rounder beauty than this Kentucky day of June. The darkies just had to sing and whistle and laugh aloud, and their women had to swing glad and giggling through the streets. The warm air from the brilliant skies exerted a pressure upon their vitality as upon the seeds in the warmed soil. It is on such a day that a man's brain falls in love with the color and symmetry of matter, and loses the attractions of the subtler planes. Glossop came over in the twilight and sat by the open window.

"Dr. Taine," he said contritely, "can you forgive a chap who made a beast of himself in your office this morning?"

Taine extended his hand with a sinking heart. He felt himself as wax before the lovable erring human who sinned so rashly and begged to be forgiven with such courtly grace—felt himself called up from the tropic country of romance into the cool, uncolored clime of friendship. His own ardor quailed before the other's sufferings. He saw before him a man who had never been drilled to pain. The cross-fire of harsh experience was playing upon him now with violence. And it was true that this Kentuckian had the right of way to the heart of Lady Thoroughbred. The promise of aid had been given. It must



hold. Taine took a drink of water and sat down in the gloom before his caller. He spoke dully at first:

"I would n't count all things lost, if I were you, Terhune. I had a talk with the professor and Mrs. Professor last night—and with Miss Briadridge. It looks to me as if pure white conduct, hard work, and lots of good cheer might bring you back a home there. The professor, speaking frankly, is not for you, but you are not to wed the professor. I have faith in you—or I should try to put a jungle full of lions in the way of your winning—that girl!" Taine had never felt his speech go from him in such an irresponsible fashion before. "Please don't think that I talk from saintly standpoints. I carry about an animal that will not be starved. Something brought me into this case, and I can only say—that if you would write her a brave letter——"

Glossop was staring at him strangely. Taine's passion, so suddenly ignited, had made him forget that to be the other's friend he must be little more than an interested third party. The Kentuckian, however, had experienced a complete change from the mood of the morning, and it occurred to him that Taine's queer manner arose out of the situation's delicacy. He declared that he would write a letter, a brave letter, if it were in him; thanked the other with memorable warmth and departed.

The next morning there was a note from Professor Briadridge in Taine's mail. "I have been thinking deeply of the fascinating matters which you opened for me on the evening of your call," he wrote. "I wish to ask a favor of you. Will you not give a little informal talk on those subjects to a few of my choicest friends next Friday evening at the college hall, Telania? You have intellectual challengers which it is wicked to reserve all for yourself. The more I think of this idea of having you speak to us, the more it appears to me as a good idea all around; so I hope you will not deny Cabron the pleasure. Miss Leila and her mother extend their very kindest wishes."

The real purpose was obvious. The good professor approved of him, and was endeavoring to secure for his new young friend social standing and its concomitant in Cabron—professional activity. Taine disliked the ordeal, but dared not refuse. With the letter of acceptance sealed, his mind turned to the lady. Had she any part in bringing this enterprise about? What was the secret of her tremendous hold upon his thoughts and his life? He had been in the presence of beautiful women before, he thought—and just here his fancy took the whip hand: she was flower-like in delicacy, but steel-nerved; she had mind, courage, wit, and sweetness; she had ardor, a deep fountain of it (a dream told him), which had never yet overflowed to the surface. . . . But Kentucky boasted scores of beautiful women! What was this marvel of *her* personality, which so fitted itself about his heart, so

swelled his veins and played roseate and somber lights upon his mind—coloring strangely all that had been there before? Material things furnished no answer, and he turned to his Eastern philosophies.

Disturbed with fears, he entered Telania Hall three nights later. Fully fifty people were there. Professor Briadridge's choice friends were not so few as he had reckoned. The audience was largely made up of women, and the composite up-turned countenance was fitted to inspire any red-blooded speaker. What manner of food these Southern ladies eat seems not especially diverse from that of outer lands; but, in the proper fettle and plumage, they are the substance itself of freshness and fairness.

Taine did not call the Southern lady faultless, as Southern gentlemen do. He believed Kentucky wives and daughters and sweethearts to be intolerant listeners, excessive and erratic conversationalists; but he observed that they are bred in an atmosphere of chivalrous sires and sons and lovers, which is the first condition for fine blooming. The blur of misery did not waver in the faces before him; erudition had not put its dusty gray insignia there; bravado did not cheapen the manner of the mistresses, nor was their happiness dissembled. That they were the salt of the earth was so manifest that they did not take pains to point it out to an observer.

Miss Leila and her mother sat together. Terhune Glossop, impressively huge and fitted, sat apart. His presence showed that Professor Briadridge had not personally conducted the invitations. The brightest branches of old Kentucky lineage were there—a sprig of Gentry, a blossom of Breckenridge, twigs of the Lees and Woolsons and Calhouns, families of fixed traditions when the colonies were thirteen, men who had colleged in Cabron and polished in Venice and Munich, for the express purpose of breeding better horses after they returned to the lime-sweetened waters and rolling meadows of the Blue Grass.

Taine's eye was held by the broken-nosed young giant as he began. He was embarrassed, and said so. Terhune Glossop regarded him with honest pity. This appealed to Taine, put him in the very heat of his rival's heart. When he heard himself discoursing upon the priceless attainment of growing spirituality, his self-hate became almost uncontrollable. Even as the larger part of his faculties warmed under the attention of the people and responded to it, certain fibres were arranging a confession to Terhune Glossop. With some sentences he felt that he was hurting himself against the element of Cabron he needed for his career, but which he had hated out of all proportion—the Orthodoxy, the tribe of commercial prayers, as he had designated them in the moments of black mood. But something that he said quite artlessly about the beautiful dreamy lives led by the mystics of Mother India took the sting away. His eyes turned to Leila Briadridge as he said:

"We, men and women, are manifesting in the critical stage of evolution, bounded beneath by protoplasms and above by solar systems. Manhood is the crucial instant—the arena of conflict between the flesh and the spirit. The result, in each individual, is growth of ineffable glory or a sinking back through a gauntlet of horrors into extinction."

He grew really fine at the close, forgetting his own passions. At the far end of the ocean of Eastern philosophy, he pictured a port which all human craft freely and safely may enter. Cabron gathered about him and thanked him unequivocally. Professor Briadridge, having vouched for him, the speaker could do no wrong, save to bore or to reveal a constitutional stupidity. Terhune Glossop was one of those who thanked him heartily, and when he had passed on, the Briadridges, who had hovered meanwhile, presented the official thanks of the assembly in terms of beauty.

"You have stormed old Cabron's heart!" whispered the professor. His wife added her own felicitations, and begged him to join a little party that was just now going over to her house for some coffee. Taine stepped out of Telania Hall with Miss Leila. In a shadow of locust trees, not far from the entrance, Terhune Glossop stood and watched them pass.

"It seems strange to me that one of our own people should stand before us with such an astonishing philosophy," the girl was saying. "And yet it seems as if I had heard it all before—somewhere."

"In other lives," Taine whispered with a laugh.

He had not seen Glossop. It was the strangest night of his career to Taine. The college grounds were full of rustlings and sharp little shadows. The moonlight was brilliant above the foliage. The man's hand touched her dress as they walked. He sensed the odor of roses which she wore upon her breast. He became as irresponsible as a wind-blown spirit.

"Do you find it hard, doctor, to live the perfectly pure life you have outlined?" Miss Leila asked demurely.

"So hard that I only touch the edge of its garment in my most exalted moments," he said.

"Tell me again why there is a seeming familiarity to me in the strange things you said," she whispered.

He wished that the voices of the people behind him were the winds of a desert. He wished that he was alone with this girl in that desert, in an oasis, far from caravan-lines, making an Eden for her out of a fountain and some date-trees and his mysterious love.

"If you have learned the lessons in other lives, they surely would seem familiar to you."

"Have I—this Inside I—lived and studied all these things before?"

"I know that I have loved you before, Leila Briadridge!"

She halted and drew back from him.

"I know that somewhere I loved you—and that you were taken from me; that I have hungered and hungered for you ages and ages, and that—oh, how I love you——"

His hand was tight upon the thick of her arm, his face leaning close. Her senses wavered; her valiant presence of mind was dazed by the suddenness of the storming. For the first time in her history, she called out for help.

"Father!"

"Yes, Leila, yes; what is it?"

"I was only going to say," she faltered, bravely righting herself—"I was only going to say that Dr. Taine suggests—as a reason for my being familiar with what he said to-night—that I have learned it all—in other lives!"

The professor could not see her face. He possibly attributed her faltering to the difficulty of expressing a subtle idea. "No less a personage than our towering Huxley declares that reincarnation is as rational a theory as any to account for the problems of man and mind and nature," he answered.

She had saved herself. She held her place beside him only to avoid the comment of the others. . . . It had been akin to a fit of madness with Taine, and the pangs of reaction crept in now. The Colonial house was ahead, with the illumined pillars. There were no words of reparation. His brain did not contain a commonplace remark to relieve the tension.

Presently he was in the sitting-room. The servants were passing refreshments, and he was trying not to look rigid, trying to answer with some freedom and courtesy the questions directed his way, but his brain was no longer a set of polished, lightning machinery. Thoughts crowded over his senses like poisonous vapors. He was the betrayer of Terhune Glossop, his friend, and he had startled a civilized girl with a barbarous wooing. Indeed, the machinery of his brain seemed to be running down, the dismantled parts bruising themselves against each other.

He heard Miss Leila's voice, but could not look at her—save when her back was turned. Just once, as he had glimpsed her eyes, he saw that they were feverishly bright. Though her voice was lower than any in the room, it silenced all others for his ears. Mrs. Professor came to him.

"Boy," she whispered, in a sweet sort of partnership-fashion, "you have been studying too hard. I want to remind you that in the usual course of events you have fifty years yet to fix your place in the Earth and your peace with God. Many men of marvellous mind have forgotten to rest. Now, Boy, we have a Harrison Chief saddle filly, coming four,

in the stable, and she is just softening for exercise. I want you to take an hour's ride every day or two. Leila has a brown saddle-mare and will go with you sometimes. I have always wanted a boy like you, and now that your mother is n't here, I'm going to mother you—make you take outdoors medicine in ponderous doses. There is a look in your eyes to-night that I knew would come, but which I did n't expect to live to see. I'll call at your office in the morning and finish my lecture."

From that moment, he loved Mrs. Professor.

The opportunity for leaving came. He parted from the professor and the guests. The mother had pressed his hand, and Miss Leila stepped forward extending her own. It was burning.

"Am I ever to be forgiven?" he whispered.

"I do not know. Good-night."

## V

ON the morning after Taine's talk at Telania Hall, Miss Leila received a letter from Terhune Glossop which she read several times. The letter was Terhune Glossop at his best; manly, not fulsome. There was mettle in it and clarity, and the big sorrow-bitten chap showed decently behind. And yet Miss Leila's heart did not rise up in answer. There was something about it all that struck her as school-boyish. The night had drawn her, for all time, away from the world which Terhune Glossop adorned and darkened. That part of her nature which once verged to the love of her old playmate had snapped back into rigidity. She felt herself stirring in a larger sphere, full of pitfalls and subtle emotions.

The vaster areas of Taine filled her mind. He had startled her cruelly. A Northern woman might perhaps have cut him from her mind. He had left her with a dread among other emotions—a dread of him more poignant than the fear of Terhune Glossop had ever been. The latter inspired a physical fear solely. Taine had struck at the roots of life. His avowal had seemed to winnow the very substance out of her heart. Its suddenness and intensity had lifted the Will out of the throne of her mind. And something far within her had answered. Here was the crux. In the burn of his passion, something deeper than her brain had sent a flaming signal back.

This was barbaric. It would have crazed her father, she reflected, to learn that she of Cabron, Kentucky, had carried down from the dim ages such a strain of reversion—that the love of man and woman could mean anything to his daughter but a repressed felicity.

The final reading of Terhune's letter made her conscious of a rising sense of impatience. A mirror told her just now that she was pale and that there were dark lines under her eyes. Her lips were

dry, but very red, and there was a glow in her eyes that had never been there before. The whole reflection frightened her. This stranger, Taine, had made her look like this.

Now, Miss Leila was a steady-nerved young woman, by no means accustomed to make herself miserable by brooding over matters beyond her moulding. And yet that moment, as she searched her mind carefully, she found that the one thing of all which she desired to do was to sit behind her own locked door and *think*. She wanted to live over that cyclonic moment of last night, to repeat the words of his, and measure the silences which followed. It was this brooding, she realized, which had so altered her face overnight. The tingling desire to continue it signified a breach in her moral equipment; or else it signified that this stranger held a mastery over her. She preferred to acknowledge the former and to reinforce the weakness, losing sight of the fact that the conditions amounted to the same thing.

And so, forcefully, she drew her mind back to Terhune Glossop, who had begged the boon of a ride and a talk with her. She could do no less for him; and certainly there was no better way to check this new ruin. Five minutes later, she had hung up the receiver in the sitting-room below, and the appointment was made. Mrs. Professor was regarding her queerly.

"Leila, what is the meaning of this impulse?" she inquired. "You don't care anything about Terhune."

"Don't be too sure, mother. Terhune has written me a letter. He seems to be at his winsomest."

"It will make your father ill—if you ride with him this afternoon."

"It can't be so bad as that," Miss Leila said. "You may tell him—if he becomes very ill—that the ride means nothing; that Terhune's letter was so pitiful——"

"I could have told him that without hearing from you, but father does not see so clearly as I do."

"And how clearly do you see, Little Mother?" Leila questioned, and she caught her breath quickly.

"I see that my big girl has found a real lover—a terribly real lover," she whispered. "Still, I think I approve of him."

The girl caught up a chair and placed it before her mother.

"Sit down!" she demanded. "Now please explain to me when you began to divine things."

Mrs. Professor laughed. "Have you looked into the glass this morning? Has your mother ever been a girl?"

"Will you believe me when I tell you that I acknowledge no lover—no real lover?" she questioned hotly. "Do you know that if I married any Cabron man this week, this month, that man would be Terhune Glossop?"



"You do not need nor mean to marry this week or month, dear," the mother said cheerfully.

Miss Leila laughed in spite of herself. Of course she did not guess that her mother had called upon Taine in his office an hour before and extracted, through sheer quality of heart, a complete confession from a very miserable young man; nor guess that her mother had been able to adjust in her own mind Taine's sudden fury of passion with his cooler purpose of aiding Terhune Glossop; nor that Mrs. Professor had gladly promised to act as a man's confidante, instead of mother to the girl concerned. Miss Leila thought only that her face had betrayed her, or that possibly some word of Taine's might have reached her mother's ears the night before.

A quick thought came into the girl's mind. She would fix that face of hers. If her mother had overheard—that was irreparable—but carrying about tell-tale pallor and color, the ice and burn of a stranger's ardor, this must no longer be. Out through the summer-kitchen, Miss Leila passed in full stride straight to the kennels. She loosed the hounds, opened the pup-stalls, and the pack leaped about her glorified. The accident of days before, the wound of which was healed, had not changed her love for her pets. Then, back in the meadow, after racing with the dogs until flushed and panting, she halted at the tank where the horses and cattle drank, and splashed the troubling countenance again and again with icy spring-water. Her luncheon was an olive and a lettuce leaf, and she started outdoors again, but the mid-day was so penetratingly hot, and so marvellously drowsy and still, that she sought her own shutters, the locked door, and the most relishable poem of her acquaintance, to bide the time, and keep it free from Taine.

At four, when Terhune Glossop appeared upon his roan stallion, a high-actioned beast of faulty pedigree but invincible saddle quality, Miss Leila joined him presently on her own brown saddle-mare. They rode out together on the white Cornube pike.

"Since you telephoned this morning, Miss Leila," he said spiritedly, "I have felt that I could dig a new course for the Kentucky River and budge the Knobs bare-handed."

She saw that he had taken her message to mean that he was fully reinstated; she saw, too, that the present held ugly business, inasmuch as she must hurt him.

"I felt that I should have this last talk with you," she said unsteadily. "But, Terhune, the thing that you want—can never be."

His bridle-arm drew up and the gloved hand grew tense. The action started within her an unworthy impulse to smile at him. She could not realize that there was bigness in his love for her. This was the boy again—the boy who had struck her because she would not be

his horse. Throughout her entire being, she felt a larger and an older woman than the one who had ridden and whispered with this man before. The horses were pulled to a walk.

"You let me ride with you to tell me this?" he questioned.

"I could not tell you over the 'phone. You begged a ride with me, and I saw no reason why we should not ride together, nor why we cannot be friends."

"Leila, are you going to let a little mistake of mine—that amounts to so little—break up my life this way? Don't you know that I have felt that you were my girl since we were little tads together?"

She should have seen that there was something dangerous in his unwonted self-repression; but, instead, only the pathetic note of his question appealed to her. The truth was, she had learned only the night before what the word "man" meant to her; and with it had come the realization that she had never loved Terhune Glossop, and never could. She found herself comparing her present companion with the splendid figure on the platform at Telania Hall—the man who outlined the path of inflexible morality; and the comparison made way for the Taine, a lover, who had stepped down from the platform and in the outer shadows whispered burning words; who had called for her heart with such unblended power, that she had responded like an aroused Eve, designed so to answer in the scheme of creation.

"Terhune, that 'little mistake' forced me to understand that I did not love you in the way a wife should. Except for that, I might have gone on planning to be your wife without knowing all that a wife may be."

She should not have spoken that last sentence, but the day and the night had been so full of the stranger whose limitations she had not felt, that the restrictions of the present chafed. Terhune reached over and grasped her bridle-rein, and the brown saddle-mare was pulled up with a jerk. The man's face was mottled with anger and his full lower lip was trembling. Miss Leila paled a little, but did not lose her smile.

"Let's forget all this grown-up business, Terhune," she said cheerfully. "Let's be playmates again, out for a ride on a glorious afternoon."

"Was it Dr. Taine who showed you what a wife may be?" he asked. The savage within him was rising.

"It was Dr. Taine who championed your cause to my father and to me," she replied. There was a pleading note in her own voice, in spite of herself.

His hand darted up her bridle-rein to her wrist, and closed tightly. She felt the stocky riding-whip in her free hand. They were passing through the Knobs, four miles out from Cabron, on the Cornube pike.

The nearest house was a half-mile behind. The road was carved in the slaty hills. The brilliance of the afternoon had waned and the land was still as a desert. Miss Leila tried to control herself, but her heart was pounding with horror, inspired by the face that bent toward her.

"Was it Taine who showed you what it means to be a wife?"

Now, there was innate viciousness in the words as he repeated them. With all her sudden force, she tried to jerk her wrist free, but his grip held easily. Maddened by the touch of his strength upon her body, she struck the face above hers with the butt of her riding-whip—a crushing blow.

Glossop's rangey, high-strung beast bolted sideways as the gad swished through the air. The man's horsemanship was as thrilling that instant as his deed was despicable. Braced in his stirrups, he held fast to the girl as his mount leaped, lifting her clear from her saddle and into his arms. She screamed, but the sound was quickly smothered by the great face pressed over her lips. She did not swoon; she knew that he was senseless to pain; saw that his right cheek was disordered from her blow. He laughed and panted words. The horse beneath them was speeding like heaven's wrath up the stony pike toward Cornube. The brown mare was whinnying behind.

Miss Leila lay still in his arms, afraid that his passion might rise to murder if she fed it by resistance; and in itself resistance was useless. She was thinking that she would have slain him had there been a weapon in her hands. The courage of Confederate raiders; a heart steadied and steeled by the feuds of her fathers; a spirit never broken, never aroused until now—such was the stuff and making of the woman who lay passively for the moment in the hands of the crazed Kentuckian.

She was tainted forever—this was her thought. No matter what the physical end might be—there was destined an ugly aftermath in that she, a Kentucky woman, had been bent in the strength of a man. This act of his changed all for both of them. The thing would be known. Kentucky would never suffer him to practise again—and she would be one of those who stand apart. And as she knew Terhune Glossop, she knew that the present was his region of action, that his present madness for the burden in his arms meant more to him than career, or death by torture.

Glossop thought she had fainted. He dropped his head to her cheek and kissed her. The roan stallion raced on under his double burden.

"I thought you had blinded me, Leila," he said. "You know, you have always blinded me, but I'll be very good to you. I'll show you what it means to be a wife. You brought it all on yourself, little girl. . . . I did not dream of this wonderful ride! . . . Do you know that

it is getting dark—dark—and we are getting up into the mountains—you and I—old playmates?"

Once before, when he had been drinking, she had heard him play with words like this. The physical agony which he did not seem to sense was nevertheless manifested in his tension of brain. Ice was gathering about her heart. The fear, deeper than death, held her understanding. She did not know just how to begin her battle. . . . She opened her eyes at last. His face sickened her.

"Put me down, Terhune!" she cried. "Let me go home—alone. My horse is following. You have done a terrible thing, but I will lie for you and myself. I will tell them that we lost our way. A boy threw a stone and hurt your face. . . . Can't you see—that to treat a woman this way—proves that you never loved her—proves that you never loved me?"

He laughed and spurred the roan. "You reason like a babe, Leila," he answered. "It was not until you made me know that another man had pointed out to you the way to be a wife that I lost Cabron and the world. I will show you. I will make you happy. . . . No man but Terhune Glossop shall have Leila Briardridge. I would rather have you hating me than any other woman clinging to my knees. . . . I love you. I love you so that if God warned me to hold you sixty seconds and die—I should hold you until the end!"

He kissed her tightened lips and started her whole being into screaming war. Nails and fists sought his face until he was forced to drop the bridle-rein and draw the battling creature tight against his chest to save himself.

It was dark. The roan stallion had been turned from the Cornube pike into a narrow forest path in the mountains. Weakness had come over her, as if she had just awakened from a long illness. Long before, he had told her of his hunting-lodge in the thickly wooded Knobs. The weight was telling upon the gallant beast, and the mare had caught up. A drop of rain came out of the dark to touch the woman's face.

She who had struck out so gamely for her own life and her joys of living seemed another creature, of another age. Now, in the dark, Leila Briardridge was a shivering, horrified woman who deemed herself already lost to the open bright ways of the world—one of the beings she had pitied so often—who pass to and fro, shrinking or brazen, through the whispering streets.

Large drops fell upon her face. They were making an up-trail through walnuts and beeches. In lightning and heavy rain at last, Terhune stepped down from the roan and tied him at the door of a cabin of logs. The woman was still in his arms as he caught the mare and led her around, making her fast in a shed behind. Then, as his

free hand fumbled with a key in the door, a flash of lightning showed her the figure of the sixteen-hand roan, standing drooped and ridden-out. The door opened, the spring clicked as it was shut again, and she was placed upon her feet. He found a candle, and in the first flare she saw a belt and holster, with a pistol-butt protruding, that hung from a fork of a camp-cot, at the far-end of the cabin. She sped toward it, pulled the gun free from the holster, and drew back the trigger.

At the click he turned weakly, turned upon her a face demolished. The nausea of reaction had come upon him. He smiled and sank to a bench, covering his face with his hands.

"You could n't shoot straight enough to kill your old playmate," he said dully.

## VI

TAINE was busy on the morning following his talk to the chosen of Cabron at Telania Hall; so busy that he had to meet Mrs. Briadridge in the reception-room, leaving a patient within. And yet their five-minutes' conversation was not without benefits and significance. Naturally self-sufficing in his miseries, Taine was not a little amazed to find himself telling Miss Leila's mother all that had happened. They had liked each other thoroughly from the beginning, and something about her pulled the truth from him. When she gave him her hand at the door, Taine was conscious of feeling somewhat better.

"My dear boy," she said, laughing softly, "I don't know of any woman who was ever lost to a man by a too tumultuous courtship—that is, I don't know of any Kentucky woman. The thing that startled Leila was that you came first as a friend of the clouded lover."

"About that—I only ask you to believe one thing," said Taine. "I meant the part when I undertook to play it. There was not an ounce of guile in me then. What I did last night is more startling to me than any one else. I had tried to put Miss Leila out of my thoughts—until Terhune Glossop won or lost. And now, in the semblance of honor, I must go to him to-day and withdraw my allegiance, telling him what I have done."

"I suppose that is the princely way," she observed, "but go to your patient now, Boy, and we will have more secrets together. All will be well, except—be careful when you talk with Terhune!"

Taine thanked Providence for plenty of work to do that day. At four in the afternoon, as he was preparing to make his call upon the man across the street, he saw the Kentuckian emerge in riding clothes. A little later his eyes were filled with the beautiful pair as they started out on the Cornube pike. There was much virtue in the fact that a stranger turned up Taine's stairway just at that juncture, requiring strenuous action to clear away a temple of pain.

It became bitterly plain that his words had turned the mind of the girl back to her old lover. This was all that Glossop could have asked. If this were the end, he need not tell Terhune—until—some time when they had all put on the coolness of years, and there were little Leilas and little Kentuckians for Taine, the lonely bachelor, to play with in the gardens of the old Colonial house.

In a melancholy fashion, when the day's work was done, Taine builded for himself the future of solitude. Work; the whitening romance ever in his heart; self-control that would make, at last, even friendship possible with Terhune's wife. And then he would go to India and sit down; study the old and perfect philosophies at first hand in still, dreamy, contemplative India. He might become a renouncer of the world, a Sannyassi wanderer, wind-bitten, sun-painted, with the wooden begging-bowl in hand and the subtlest treasures of the cosmos in his brain. . . . Why did India lure him so? he questioned in his bereavement. Why had Reincarnation become such a grippable fact to him since the coming of his first patient? Why did Karma appeal to him as the exact balance adjusted, not for a life-time but for all eternity, between cause and effect?

"For all the world, I am like the poor wall-flower maiden who turns her eyes to God since she cannot win a human lover," he concluded, and his mind did not gainsay the words. Instead, his mind pictured anew the handsome pair of Kentuckians riding out on the Cornube pike—the belle and the giant. After supper he returned from the hotel to his rooms, just as the rain began. Jim, his colored man, was studying the Bible in the laboratory.

"Good-night, Mistah Doctah. Looks 's if it might rain right smaht befoh mawnin'!"

"It does that, Jim. . . . Say, have the Briadridges always lived here in Cabron, Jim?"

"Seems lahk dey allus dun libbed hyah, sah—yassah."

"And Mrs. Briadridge's family?"

"Yassah. Ole Cabron folks—de Galadins. Mrs. Briadridge she wah a Galadin, sah—Miss Millicent Galadin—an' the mos' lobly young lady dat ebah grew in Cabron—leas'ways de cullud folks dun say so. Dey use to call Miss Millie 'de White Dove,' Mistah Doctah, cos' she wah so gentle an' so puhty an' so good. Why, dey ain't nuthin' Miss Millie would n't do foh po' folks! Dah was an old niggah died bah hisself, widout no kin t' bury him, an' what does Miss Millie do but hab huh mammy buy a fine coffin, an' hab de body buried from de big Galadin house. Yassah, we dun called dat a-lady 'de White Dove,' an' de ole niggahs call huh so yit, an' Miss Leila dey dun call 'de li'l White Dove,' Mistah Doctah."

There was something in the old tradition that pained, but which



was mighty sweet to the listener. More and more as he looked back upon Kentucky, heard the folk-lore of the Galadins and the Briadriddles; as he rode over the splendid grazing hills, looking the old state in the face—the better he could understand the forces which had been brought together to make such a woman as Leila Briadridge, the woman who allowed him to stitch and cauterize a painful wound without a whimper, and who was brave enough to keep her own counsel when he had descended with his avowal like a scourge upon her maidenhood.

As often happens on the eve of eventualities, Taine felt very kindly this night toward his good servant. "Jim, how are you coming along in your studies?" he inquired.

"Right smaht, sah. Ah's comin' in de Spirit, Mistah Doctah. Cullud folks dey don' care much which am de gospels an' which am de pentateucks—dey want a wahmin' uhligion—dey want powah, sah! Ah's comin' in de Spirit, which am de suah way to furnish de powah!"

"You are quite right, Jim, as I see it," said Taine, adding laughingly: "There is surely good soul-substance in the Cabron religion as you expound it."

The sound of a visitor at the other end of the suite now called Taine thither. He met Professor Briadridge just entering the reception-room. The visit at this hour was an evidence of disorder, even if the professor's face had not shown rigid and pale.

"Doctor, I have been impelled, seconded by Mrs. Briadridge, to ask your help to-night. Miss Leila was imprudent enough to go out riding this afternoon with Terhune Glossop. Neither has returned. My daughter, it appears, received a long lettter from the young man this forenoon, and out of pity, as she confided to her mother, consented to have a last ride and talk with the young man. I was not consulted or I should have forbidden the step. I am almost afraid to tell you how grave my fears are."

"Do you mean that Miss Briadridge rode out this afternoon in a spirit of kindness—only?" Taine asked quickly.

"Her mother is seldom wrong in matters of this nature."

"Then you think that some accident has befallen?"

"I am hoping that it is only an accident that detains them," said the elder man. His voice and manner made the inference plain. Taine felt a sort of blindness come over him—the rage akin to, yet diverse from, that of the parent.

"You have honored me with your confidence, professor. I should say that we had better search the country to-night."

"Thank you. Put on boots and a rain-coat. I have ordered horses at the house. I have told no one else. It is you and I to-night. After that—Cabron must help us!"

Taine stepped to his desk to lock it.

"Better take that thing along, doctor," the professor suggested, pointing to the butt of a six-shooter which lay in one of the upper pigeon-holes. Taine obeyed, and they hurried out of the office, Jim following them to the door.

"Leave a light in the laboratory, but don't stay up for me, Jim," Taine said at the head of the stairs. Walking through the rain toward the house of pillars a few moments afterward, he asked:

"Is an elopement out of the question, professor?"

"Quite, sir. Miss Leila would not consider such a step. Since a child she has had nothing forbidden, but has wound her Daddy to her own wishes."

Ten minutes later, they mounted the livery saddle-horses which had been brought to the Colonial house. It was eight-thirty when they turned onto the Cornube pike in black dark and driving rain. Taine was not yet ready to believe that Glossop had used physical strength to possess the girl. His thoughts were boiling at the merest supposition of such a thing, but reason led him to the belief that Lady Thoroughbred, knowing her father's dislike for Terhune, and smarting under the reaction of his own madness, the night before, had quietly ridden to the point of matrimony with her old suitor. Shuddering at his own weakness, Taine could not hastily condemn Terhune. It was a disinclination to complicate the father's sorrows, not cowardice, which held him from confession.

"Frankly, professor, I can't quite think as you do—even yet," he declared. "They may have lost their way in the rain. They may have stopped at some farm-house, waiting for the rain to stop. This is civilization, sir. A man does not obtain a woman in the direct fashion of running away with her. They are old playmates; they know each other well. It is far easier for me to believe that we will hear of a wedding before breakfast."

"It is good of you, doctor, but I know Terhune Glossop and I know Leila. She has refused him finally—angered him to the point of violence. Where they are is for us to find out, and it is for God to keep me from killing him when I do."

Even in his anguish, Taine marvelled at the man who rode beside him; marvelled at Kentucky. The pedant and book-lover were gone from the first mathematician of his state. There was a woman in trouble. Here was a Kentuckian out to kill the cause.

They reached Cornube in two hours. It was a mountain town of feuds and saloons and mines. At the hotel, Taine stood by when Professor Briadridge telephoned back to Cabron. There was a rattle of an answering voice in the instrument, and the professor's jaw tightened.

"My wife has heard nothing, doctor," he said.

At the livery-stable, no word could be had of Terhune Glossop or his companion. It was a sudden thought of Taine's to drop into one of the saloons on the chief street. The professor followed. The former ordered a bottle of beer and inquired casually if Terhune Glossop had been in the place that evening.

"Yes, sir, he was here a little while ago," the man replied.

"Drinking?" Taine questioned in a quick, confiding voice.

"I didn't notice particularly. He took some stuff away. Guess there is to be a game somewhere. He certainly needed a stimulant. That roan stud of his kicked at him—just grazed his cheek, but tore it open."

Just at this moment the bar-tender happened to look at Taine's companion. He became puzzled, and tightened up on general principles. Taine touched the elder man's hand, and they withdrew.

"Doctor, I am going to ask a favor of you now," the professor declared.

"Speak it," said Taine. He was sickened by the thought that Glossop had come to that place for whiskey, leaving the woman somewhere. And the Kentuckian had received a wound somewhere—this news was potential with terrors—and possibly lied about the cause to the bar-tender. He had left his office in Cabron at four in the afternoon, free from hurt.

"I want you to go home, my boy. I want you to leave me here with this work. I need to be alone now. I shall find Terhune Glossop before dawn—and in what happens you have no part. It is a father's business—the business of a wrecked man. Go to your office and telephone from there to my wife—that I am waiting here, and that I sent you back. Good-by—my dear young friend!"

Taine did not take the outstretched hand at once. His first impulse was to exclaim that the love in his heart made the affair his own business as well as the father's, but the events of the night before came back to mind. The professor's fingers found his.

"Do this thing for me, Dr. Taine!"

"It is the hardest thing you could ask, professor, but I am off," he answered.

Taine turned back in the saddle a few minutes later, and saw the old man standing in the darkness in front of a harness-shop. Only the faintest, most broken gleams of the street-lamp, a few rods away, touched the rain-coat and the white beard. And Taine reflected that this was Kentucky preserving her most holy traditions.

That ride stands out in his thoughts as the journey of deepest gloom. He had not alone to bear the tortures of a lover inflicted by the most devilish conditions, but he had been banished from the

possibility of striving in her cause. It was about eleven when he left Cornube, and, riding slowly over a trail with which he was but little familiar, he did not reach Cabron until after one. There was bitterness in the thought that there was no need for haste. The heart was not in him to talk with Mrs. Professor, even by 'phone; so he wrote a brief note, covering the affair up to the time he left Cornube, and despatched it to the lady by Jim.

In his room, twenty minutes later, he heard his servant return. As Jim did not call him, he was made to know that Mrs. Professor had no good word to send. The colored man went back to the lamp and Bible in the laboratory, delving for power, careless of sleep. Taine was buffeted about among his miseries in the dark—it seemed to him for hours—before he sank beneath.

## VII

"LEILA," Glossop went on mockingly, raising his head from between his hands, "you could n't kill me. Don't you know what the Bible says about such things?"

He lolled his head again, seemingly deathly ill.

"I know what the Bible says, and I know what Kentucky thinks. I do not care to kill you—as you sit there—across the room—even after what you have done. But do not approach me, Terhune, or I shall forget what the Bible says."

He arose with difficulty. The pain was telling upon him now. Saliva filled his mouth faster than he could swallow. For an instant he seemed to forget her presence.

In spite of all, pity came to her heart. The innocence of her hand was already fouled by her blow in self-defense; the purity of her name was darkened by her presence in this place; the values of her womanhood were diminished by the ride in his arms, the beauty gone forever out of her life—still she pitied him. . . . No matter what became of Leila Briadridge, she knew, as she knew her father and her state, that Terhune Glossop's portion for this night's work was death. And possibly he did love her. In his blind, brutal way—possibly he loved her! It was his passion for her that had brought them there. She had told him, in cold, pitiless language, because her heart was disordered by the new dominance of Taine, that his quest of her was hopeless. That was why he had gone mad. . . . Terhune Glossop would never put his hand upon her again, but she could not kill him—across the room.

He was swaying now before a little cabinet upon the wall. His hand fumbled with a tiny key. Drops of perspiration stood out upon his face before he succeeded in unlocking the door and drew forth a hunting-flask of whiskey.

"You must forgive me for getting ill this way," he said brokenly. "I must look mighty silly to you on this our wedding-night!"

"You should go for help," she answered, ignoring the last part of his sentence, although the words beat against the inner walls of her mind.

"After the honeymoon," he added, pouring out a half-tumbler of the liquor.

"No one would have thought that there lived such a brute in Terhune Glossop."

"It is almost as new to me—this brute—but I love *you*! Won't you have a bit of stimulant?"

She shook her head.

"It is good when one has been half blinded," he declared. Opening the door, he held the glass under the streaming eaves until it was filled, for the Kentuckian does not like clear spirit. Then he drank, rinsed the glass carefully, and filled it with pure rain-water, holding it toward her.

"I would not take a drink of water under your roof."

He was silent a long time. The whiskey steadied the tumult within him, but seemed to sharpen the pain of his wound. "Leila," he said at last, "do you remember when we were little tads together and I struck you?"

She nodded. It was the first reference he had ever made to the incident.

"I have wakened in the midst of the night—many a time, Leila—wet with shame at the thought of that. I could n't speak about it until now. I knew you could n't forgive me altogether. You could n't—only now—now that you have paid it back—I have been hoping that we might call it off."

"I did forgive you years ago," she answered. "It was my father who never could forgive you. What you have done to-day, nothing can balance. Don't you know that at this moment father, perhaps other men of Cabron, are out searching? . . . Do you think a mountain-lodge eight miles from home will hide you?"

"I would fight an army for you, Leila."

"But you could not win. . . . You know what my father will do when he finds you. And after that, there is nothing but death and shame for him—whom you have called the cleanest man in Cabron. And my mother—what of her after this night?"

He winced a little.

"And even if you should happen to live, Terhune Glossop—after this night," she went on, "Kentucky will be a forbidden land to you! . . . And what of me whom you have crushed in your arms and locked in your cabin in the wilderness? Some one will say, 'Leila Briadridge

was always a strange, uncertain girl, with her guns and horses and hounds. Who knows but Terhune Glossop may not be to blame, after all?' . . . This is what you have done for me. This is your chivalry. Had I the deviltry in my veins to commit murder now and make my way back to Cabron alone, and there to cry aloud that I had killed you to save myself, our world would hail me as the queen of Kentucky women! . . . But I have not the coldness of blood—it seems."

Glossop walked the floor for several minutes. Her arraignment of his lack of chivalry, wounded the race-instinct of the man. The thought of his new enemy came to save him from self-reproach.

"You have told me how I have hurt all the others, but what have I done to Taine?" he asked suddenly, and the name seemed to spur his anger. "You forget Taine."

Her answer was memorable, even dramatic: "Dr. Taine is a part of the world I used to live in before I went out riding—with you!"

He felt the blow of the words, but his own grievance rose higher than hers in the boy-mind. "Darling, if you were not made for me, there is a big mistake somewhere in the creation of things. I will be kind to you always. I would give both my eyes—to your riding-whip—at the word!"

The picture he made bending toward her was nothing less than tragic.

"We might ride to Cornube and be married," he went on. "We could tell them that the rain kept us from going back, and that my horse or a boy with a sling-shot hurt my face. It is not too late—and I love you! I think I could be a big clean man with you at the helm—with you to set the weights straight. I thought when we rode out to-day that we were to be affianced again. When you told me the other, it seemed to jerk me into madness. Won't you ride on with me to Cornube? No lie will ever be whispered about you then, and there will be no killing at day-break!"

The finer ideal was in her brain. Though she knew vaguely that her words speeded some dreadful issue, she uttered them: "Terhune, I can never marry you!"

He glanced at her with instantaneous fury, finished the liquor in the flask without water, and drew a six-shooter from the cabinet, placing it in his pocket. Putting on his gloves, he said:

"I want to kiss you once more!"

When he took a step toward her, she raised the pistol.

"Tell me," he pleaded, "that Taine has not changed your heart toward me. Tell me that—and let me kiss you once!"

"I have never lied to you," she managed to say. "Don't come near me and make me kill you—please!" In its tensely and harshness, her voice was like a sound from some nether plane.



"I believe you would shoot—you thoroughbred!" he whispered. "You shall have a chance before morning. Do you know what I am going to do in the meantime?"

Her senses reeled because she caught his thought. She made no effort to answer.

"I am going out to kill the man who has robbed me of you," he said, looking past her extended arm into her eyes. "When I come back, sweetheart, you can try your hand and your aim! I don't know but that it would be a neater, prettier thing for you to kill me—than for your father—or for me to fall down fighting off Cabron!"

The gun was heavy and cold in her hand. The terror in the thought of this giant falling before her in this lodge in the wilderness for the instant prevailed against the act. The thought was insinuated in her mind that he was only frightening her. He turned from her, glanced about the room. There was an axe hanging in a leathern case upon the wall. He removed it, opened the door, and tossed it forth. She did not catch the significance then. He took the key from the inside of the socket and placed it in the outside of the door.

It was the moment of all life to her, rather the climacteric moment of all lives. One picture was vivid—dark-red upon the wall of her brain: Terhune standing in the dark hallway of Taine's office and calling his victim out from the sleeping-room! . . . Taine would know nothing—not even of her ride. . . . Before her was the creature of wax played upon by pain, passion and liquor.

"Terhune," she said in the last spasm of strength, "you have despoiled my name. Don't add to your eternal debt by thinking the death of a clean man!"

"A clean man," he repeated, raging—"a clean man who disarmed his rival—then knifed him! He has warped your judgment so that it is not worthy of a Kentucky woman who can kill the man who loves her."

He stepped out of the door, shutting it hastily behind him and turning the key. She heard his heel as it was drawn from the sucking mire, heard the nicker of the roan stallion. . . . There was no sham. He meant to kill Taine. Her mind was a mechanism for producing horrors. She saw the whole thing hours ahead—saw Taine rise from his bed at the call of the murderer—she peered into the dark of the hall without the reception-room—she saw Taine meet the End, with a withering of her own flesh—saw the murderer run down the stairs, gain his mount, and come back to her.

"Terhune! Terhune!" she screamed.

"It looks as if I had touched the quick!" was the answer from outside.

"Don't go!"

She heard the stirrup leathers strain as he gained the saddle and reined about to the door.

"I'd fight all Cabron to get to him now to kill him—after that voice of yours!" he called.

"Come back! I—I—you may kiss me, Terhune!"

She fired through the door at the voice, heard him laugh and spur away.

### VIII

HAD Terhune Glossop ridden directly back to Cabron after leaving Leila Briadridge in the lodge, he would have met her father and Taine on their way to Cornube; in which case the rain and darkness would have covered a tragedy of magnitude. As it was, the hunting-flask played a trick upon the Kentuckian. He rode out through the dripping forest, and halted upon the pike. He was sick, burnt-out with his passions. Eight miles to the left was Cabron, dry, the place of dreadful work. To the right, two miles, was Cornube, with boundless medicine for his pains. He reasoned that it was still some hours to midnight, and that he need not reach Cabron before that hour; reasoned that the woman was safe as in some Himalayan temple. The chance devil took hold of his already softened faculties, and he turned to the right.

In Cornube, Terhune encountered certain friends of former hunting trips. The drinks were thickly plied. The Kentuckian intimated that he was out for a killing. His friends drew him to cover, detaining him on various pretexts. They were not yet sure that he was on the right ground for vengeance. In his fresh strength, the moments passed with facile swiftness to the Cabronite, who did not tell the tale, but just dropped hints. His friends at length, becoming imbued with Cornube liquor and the spirit of Terhune's enterprise, not only gave up all thought of restraining him, but became so impressed with the needs of Kentucky manhood at such a juncture, as to offer their lives in his cause. Glossop waved them back, and they had to be content to speed him on his way.

It was now nearly eleven, and, by the peculiar perversity of events, Taine and the professor happened to be in the saloon at the very moment when the Cause rode by outside, rowelling his roan on the Cabron pike—the huge figure hunched forward with drink.

The roan stallion was a tower of strength, but he had carried two, one a giant, for miles at a killing pace; he had stood in the rain at the door of the lodge, and then put twelve more gruelling miles behind him. By the time Cabron was approached, the roan needed the road in his struggle to keep his feet.

Terhune's hideous intent was in no way assailed; and, fuming with liquor as he was, there remained some craft in his brain. He

intended to take no chance about reaching the mountain-lodge again. This roan was not good for that last stroke, and he must have a fresh mount for his escape. He reached the dividing ways at the edge of the town, the right leading to his stables, the left to his office. The roan veered to the way of rest; the rider jerked him back. The splendid beast lost his legs and his head entirely, and tumbled forward upon the turf in the crotch of the roads. Glossop threw himself clear, gained his feet unhurt—and felt in the dark that his mount was either foundered or dying. The Kentuckian left his horse and made his way forward into the town, his legs unsteadied by drink and the hours in the saddle. The court-house clock struck one. The rain had ceased.

A light in Taine's laboratory bothered Terhune. He wanted darkness up there; wanted the man to be called from his bed, dulled with sleep, to the door. It is not Kentucky shooting ethics to give one's enemy a chance. As he was, covered with mud, his riding clothes stained from rain and the saddle, and his face depicting a wild night, he dared not apply to Getts, the liveryman, for a fresh mount. Getts of Cabron was peculiar inasmuch as he had the Kentucky ideal of a good horse, and kept a few in his rent-barns, but would not let them out to rough riders. Glossop had a fresh suit in his office and went up-stairs to change, trusting to find riding-boots at the livery. Watching the light across the way in Taine's laboratory at intervals, he washed and redressed, and presently walked stiffly up Main Street to the stables. There was no one abroad. Getts's hostler came forth sleepily from the office.

"I've got a suffering patient four miles up Cornube way. Give me a good saddle-horse," Terhune said, articulating slowly and with care.

"A couple of the best ones are out, Doc," the man said.

It did not occur to the Kentuckian to inquire who had them. "Put a saddle on the best thing you have," he replied, "and lend me a pair of leggings."

Five minutes later he rode out of the barn. The light was still in Taine's laboratory. Glossop led the horse into an alley-way at the rear of the building, and then climbed the stairway into his own offices. It was one-twenty-five. He fell asleep in the chair, and missed the fact that his enemy rode in, turned over his horse at the livery, and ascended the opposite stairway. When Glossop awoke it was after three. His body felt dead in places, but the hunting-flask started the arteries to work and pulled the whole into something akin to rhythm. Yes, and the hunting-flask gave him back his savage with the purpose to kill. The light was out in the laboratory across the street.

The faintest possible gray was in the air as he picked his way across the muddy pavement. He had looked again that the horse was safe in the alley. In the stairway entrance, he felt himself shaking, and he

paused in the primal black, his back to the gray orifice, to take a drink. Then he walked up-stairs, flat-footed, softly yet steadily, his huge hand scraping along the high wainscot of the inner side.

The door of the reception-room was open. The darkness within was opaque. He entered. From somewhere in the private part of the suite came a soft, scraping tread, as of bare feet upon a bare hardwood floor. His throat filled with a scream. Beside his fear of the dark, he suffered the stress of that final instant of deep perception which a man who has brooded upon a crime knows before the crime's consummation. It is an instant akin to the last of the body's life, when the soul emerges from its dungeon and catches its familiar vision of the worlds. The Kentuckian cleared his throat.

"It's me—Terhune Glossop. Open the door—I want to speak with you, Dr. Taine," he heard himself say unctuously. And the murderer saw his own body in the dark—the body from which the voice came. It was Terhune Glossop shrunken, twisted, claw-fingered, clutching a gun in the utter dark.

There was no answer from within, save the heinous tread. A hand fell upon the panel of the operating-room door, against which Glossop stood—a groping hand that rubbed down the casing until it came to the knob and then to the key. . . . The key was turned softly and with a leisure that gave the murderer time to conjure knives behind him and armed men within—gave him time to yearn for the sweet death which waited for him in the mountain-lodge. It was the thought of Leila Briadridge up yonder that kept the scream in his throat. He thrust the pistol forward. The door creaked and the victim was there—the figure black against the darkness.

Glossop fired, and his pent scream found vent. Blinded in the flash, he fired again—again at the thing blubbering on the floor—again from the stair-top—and down he went—the devil gone from him—a shrieking, nerve-rent slayer—into the gray dawn. He reached the horse in the alley, gained the saddle, and rowelled away. At the far-end of town he drew up to drink. . . . The hunting-flask that had led, hastened, maddened, delayed him, stood by at the last, the ordained enemy, the ultimate friend.

At the fork of the roads, the roan was still lying. The Cornube pike stretched ahead, a rolling gray line in the dawn-gloom. He hearkened for an instant to the sound of hoof-beats. It was not from behind, as he had feared, but from before him, on the Cornube pike. He did not want to meet any one, and rode to the left, toward his own house, until the rider passed. As he turned, there was something even in the denseness of the morning, that aroused him about the lone figure that passed into the city. He regained the Cornube pike and spurred deep.

The daylight strengthened and thrust his fears farther and farther behind. . . . Was he not Terhune Glossop, Kentuckian, who had killed his enemy? . . . Was he not going now to bide with the woman of his heart? . . . Perhaps she would not be harsh enough to keep her word about killing him at his approach. The last sentence which she had cried out to him through the door before firing recurred repeatedly to his brain, and almost smothered him with passion. . . . He had killed the man who had caused that concession, but still it was wonderful to hear the words from her lips. . . . He spurred the blowing beast. . . . It was possible that she might not be able to keep her promise. Perhaps she might not be able—quite—to keep her promise! His brain hugged the last dreadful possibilities, the scene of which was to be the corner of the mountain-lodge.

The thought came to him that he might use craft to disarm her, but the Kentuckian put it away. Craft was for the warfare of men. His courage had returned, and with it the tremendous physical ardor of the man, which blinded him to any values of living without her. Hot-lipped, he bent forward in the saddle, cursing the broken-gaited, broken-winded rent-horse breed, already lathered and spent. It was full day when he gained the mountain-ridge and turned into the forest path toward the lodge. A strange thought came now—strange for the time and place, but a simple lover's instinct. He reined up beside a clear pool of rain-water in the wood, dismounted, and laved his face and hands and rinsed his mouth thoroughly. As he bent forward toward the surface of the water such a tide of pain flowed and swelled in his wound that he was left trembling and blood-drawn. The hunting-flask helped him again. Then he drank deeply and dried his face and hands upon a pocket handkerchief. This done, Terhune Glossop walked forward toward the lodge, leading his tired mount.

Ahead through the sun-dazzled thicket loomed the dull roof of the little cabin. A chit-chit fluttered above his head, uttering her "peep, pee-rrup" with incessant querulousness, a little fem bird that had left her properties behind with her mate, or some big boy of her acquaintance, and was out for adventures. . . . In the shed behind the cabin a horse whinnied. Terhune's mount raised the answer. It was brutally loud, like the falling of metal pieces upon an iron floor. The chit-chit whisked away as if exploded. The sun was like a sweet young god in the dripping woods. . . . The man wondered how the little brown saddle-mare knew the livery horse. The branches parted so that he could see the lodge as a whole.

The Kentuckian halted and brushed his hands over his eyes. The door of the lodge was open, and two men stood in the aperture. . . . The chit-chit fluttered back reservedly. It was her eternal question, "peep, pee-rrup?" that she wanted to know.

## IX

LEILA BRIADRIDGE, a prisoner in the lodge, paced back and forth for several minutes after Terhune left. At a certain step of her walk, she would catch with the tail of her eye a peculiar waver on the wall. She turned to it at last and found a small mirror there. A white, waxy thing looked out at her. It was her own face, grown desolate as a winter garden. The frame of the glass was screwed to the wall. She put her strength against it, but there was no turning the thing aside.

She passed through all the pangs of the fallen. Leila Briadridge felt herself a degraded creature, whose last hope—her lover of yesterday—would soon be out of reach of her arms. . . . She concentrated in her mind the intensest thought-forms of warning, and drove them toward him in the forlorn hope that he might respond and protect himself. She hurled these supreme figures of her brain-force into his sleeping-room, as she imagined it, the place behind the laboratory, the door of which she had only glimpsed. And she sent with her thoughts the ardor of a Southern woman's tortured heart, a prayer that it might shield him from all harm—not that he might be saved for her, but only that he might live!

A kind of stupor saved her faculties when they were straining too far. . . . When the hiatus was over, she was vaguely conscious that she had been screaming, that the candle had lost its inches, that her hands were bleeding—though the door still held. The small flame guttered. She found another candle in the cabinet. It was the last. She did not light it until the wick of the first fell in the running wax. . . . The fear of utter darkness, the locked door, the imprisoning forest—with the thought of Terhune Glossop coming back—all these amounted to something monstrous.

She talked through the wall to the little brown saddle-mare outside, scolded and clucked to her pet, until the animal stepped about briskly and nickered back. At last she sat down rigidly, her eyes devouring the candle-flame, her will active to its highest tension. Out of the terrible silence at last, a far cry came. She rushed to the door. Her physical sense told her that it might be an owl or wild-cat, yet, with lips to the key-hole, she screamed an answer. There was a death-pang in the waiting, but the cry was repeated:

"Halloo-oo!"

"Help! Terhune Glossop's lodge!" she sent back in full strength.

"Coming—coming!"

She prayed that this was no vagary of the storm in her brain. The prayer was answered, because the interminable waiting was broken by the reassuring voice again, a big, slow voice. . . . It was human, real. She heard a heavy step outside.



"Who are you?" she called at last.

"Jared Lensing. And who are you, lady, and what is wrong?"

"Terhune Glossop has locked me in here and has gone back to Cabron to kill Dr. Taine. I am Leila Briadridge!"

"The little white dove," she heard him say. "I felt that there was something wrong in my forest to-night."

She had heard of the old mystic of the mountains, and been afraid at the thought of him when a little child. Now he spoke of her by a name she had heard years and years ago from the colored people.

"There is an axe out there somewhere," she called. "He threw it out before he locked the door!"

"Poor little girlie—poor little Leila! Did he hurt you?"

She had no fear of the old man now. Something big and different from fear was in her heart. Taine had told her about him. "I found a pistol here—to defend myself. . . . I should have killed him before he went away!"

"No, no! Not 'the little white dove.' . . . I have found the axe. Stand back from the door, child!"

Three blows tore the lock from the socket, and the old man stood before her in the doorway. She thanked him almost incoherently, but he did not listen. His eyes were upon her face.

"You did well not to kill him, little one. You have passed through a season of terror and travail, but you are on the path to peace."

"But Terhune has gone back to Cabron to kill Dr. Taine!"

"Child," the old man said earnestly, "my young friend, Taine, must go to the breast of Mother India in this incarnation. He has not done this yet, so you need not fear."

Strange as the words were, there was buoyancy in them. "Some time," she exclaimed, "I shall show you how deeply grateful I am, but I must ride back now!"

He bade her stop on the threshold till he brought the mare around; then assisted her, with clumsy kindness, into the saddle.

"And now wait, child," he said. "I will run before you until we reach the pike. You could never find the road without help in this darkness." He took her bridle-rein in the places where the wet foliage hung low over the path. The woman reached down and grasped his hand when the mare's hoofs touched the stony highway.

"But wait, little one," he pursued. "If you go back to Cabron on this pike, you might meet that poor young disordered soul coming this way. Follow me, and I shall put you safely on the Holly pike. It is but a little longer." He led her a quarter of a mile toward Cornube; then east a mile to the parallel highway. "And remember, all is well, little white dove, and may the Masters prosper your journey!"

Steadily the good mare pounded her way home. The woman could

not retain the cheer which the old mystic had imparted. She remembered that Taine had already been in India during his trip about the world. This was what Jared Lensing might have meant, although he said that Dr. Taine "must go to the breast of Mother India"—which is not the mere globe-trotter's way.

The most delicate tint of gray suffused the east, and the fields and meadows sent out their perfect fragrance in the rain-washed air. All that a Kentucky summer means wooed the land awake under the cover of morning dusk. The thickets were fluttering, and colts whinnied in the pasture-lands. Even before there was light enough for her to see the farther hills loom tier on tier against the mellowing sky, shafts of vital heat came out of the sunrise country.

Cabron at last in the vale, with her black church-spires and court-house dome! The town grew in the anguished eyes of the woman, broadened in the deep-gray silence, unfolded its streets and outer lanes. All that Cabron had meant to her before in her pride and beauty was changed now. It was hers no longer; an abode, perhaps, but dead to her heart. She felt that the night had plucked her out of the blooming regions of her youth, and dropped her, a dishevelled thing, on the desolate down-slopes of age.

The Holly and the Cornube pikes converged at the edge of the town. She heard a horseman ahead, but would not pause. If it were Terhune Glossop, she had her pistol. . . . But the horseman turned into a by-way. It was the man she feared, but he was a murderer now, hunted, afraid of his kind. At the junction of the ways, her mare leaped aside with a snort of fright. The woman saw the roan stallion lying there—the first tangible picture out of the night of chaos. Her body drooped forward and she clutched the mare's mane. Terhune Glossop had not lied to her, but had come back to Cabron. Objects left her eyes for an instant as if a red-black wall had risen between her and the world.

Men were not running to and fro. The doctors' offices faced each other across the street. She slipped down from the mount at Taine's doorway. There were no voices above. Each step was a mountain. . . . Gray light came in the window at the head of the stairway. The woman saw the black-wet threshold—the stained rug within. She rushed through the reception-room, screaming her lover's name.

## X

JARED LENSING turned back toward the Cornube pike when the hoof-beats of the little brown saddle-mare grew distant. He walked rapidly and with a swing, walked like a man who is much outdoors and used to the way and the darkness. He directed his steps toward Cornube when he regained that highway, and in slightly over a half-

hour entered the principal street of the place. It was there that he met Professor Briadridge riding toward him.

"I have news of your daughter, sir," Jared Lensing said.

"Yes, yes—speak quickly, I beg of you!"

"I left her a half-hour ago on the way to Cabron."

"Was she alone?" The question was demanded breathlessly.

"Yes, alone, and without grave harm upon her."

The old mystic related quickly what had happened during the afternoon ride, as he had drawn the facts of the episode from the frenzied girl; how she had fared in the lodge; of Terhune Glossop's intention to ride back to Cabron to kill Taine; lastly, a touch only, in regard to his own rescue of the woman.

"God will reward you, sir, and I, His servant, in good time! . . . But that fiend—has he returned to the lodge?"

"He had not a half-hour ago."

"But might he not meet Leila on the road?"

"No. For I saw her safely on the Holly pike to avoid such a meeting."

"And will Terhune Glossop surely come back to the lodge—if he gets out of Cabron alive? Will he return—thinking to find her there?" The professor's voice was broken with hatred.

"Yes, he will be there soon."

"Then, I shall go to the lodge and wait for him. My work will soon be done. Great God! that an erect animal, Nature's makeshift for a human, should kill a man like Taine! . . . And to think that I should have sent Taine back to Cabron—to his death!"

"As I told your daughter—something has intervened to save Taine," Jared Lensing said. "He is destined to touch the hem of Mother India's garment in this life."

The words did not instantly appeal to the professor. He was consumed with a desire to reach the lodge before Terhune Glossop could get away from the vicinity. It did not occur to him to use the subtler phenomena which so engaged him from an intellectual standpoint, in the practice of these terrible affairs. His first business was to kill Glossop; his first hope that Taine might live. Vaguely the rest to him was a broken life—an end of shame and misery.

"I have not your faith, sir. Will you direct me to the lodge now? May I hope to see you soon in Cabron—or Cornube?"

"I shall follow you to the lodge, Professor Briadridge, and I want you to think as you ride, how futile and boyish it is to kill an enemy. . . . Turn into the second mountain foot-path to the left."

The father rode on. Jared Lensing followed, tireless, head bowed, but shoulders erect. The morning was now perfect, still, sweet, warm and vivid. Kentucky has the breath of a babe on such a morning—a

babe revelling in June. The old man turned into the forest path less than a quarter of an hour after the professor. They met at the lodge, the owner of which had not yet returned.

"And now, sir," the father began, "what did you mean about it being 'futile and boyish' to slay a despoiler?"

"Professor Briadridge, you have lived a clean, fine life," the mystic said. "Your days have been cast in pleasant places. All of beauty and much of truth have come into your life and home. You have debts to pay left over from other lives, but they have not dragged over this entire existence of yours, brutalizing the whole. The tragedy has come in a night to try you. This is the crucial moment of your three-score years. If you should kill this poor, savage boy, you will have failed in the eyes of all justice. You will call upon yourself a harsher lesson in a harsher environment in another life. If you have pity, and bear your sorrow without rebellion, you will have sanctioned the sweet peace which has been yours here; and your next coming will be cast in a brighter, finer sphere of earth life."

"But I am a Kentuckian!"

"So am I."

"But he is a menace to man and womankind!"

"The law of cause and effect will take care of the infant-soul."

"But I see only the one way—to extirpate this menace."

"The higher the virtue if you master this difficult lesson."

Professor Briadridge glanced at the other. His own face was ashen, his frail, chalk-white hands were trembling. "You have never fathered a daughter, sir."

"No."

"Then can you judge me on any but ethical grounds?"

"Yes." For the first moment, the mystic showed emotion.

"Would you try to prevent me, by any physical means, from killing Terhune Glossop—if he came?" the professor asked in a harsh voice.

"No. If I cannot change your intent, I cannot change the law."

"Thank you, sir. Then how can you judge me—not being a father?"

"Because I have lived through the part of Terhune Glossop, who will be here in a few minutes—unless I hear amiss! He has already turned into the forest-path from the Cornube pike."

The professor drew his pistol and stepped to the door of the lodge.

"I did not hear him," he muttered excitedly. "Go on."

"You do not remember me, because I stayed apart—even in those early days. I loved a woman. It was thirty years ago. She is still to me—and I can say it now with a mind clean from desire—the most beautiful woman Kentucky ever fostered. I went to her at last and

asked her if I could ever be her husband. She said no. I was as Terhune Glossop then—save that I did not give way. Instead, I came here to these fresh mountains to fight out my battle and walk with God. Had I followed my first thoughts, I should have killed you, Laurence Briadridge, and I should have kidnapped 'the white dove.'"

At this instant, the professor's mount behind the lodge startled them with shrill neighing and the answer came from ahead. The father of Leila Briadridge turned from the mystic to the parting branches down the path, from which Terhune Glossop emerged.

The gun was in the professor's hand, and his man came forward. Glossop's eyes were staring in the sunlight, his lips weaving in a drugged, hardly sane way. He was armed, but he seemed to forget that the men before him were there for his death or theirs, seemed to forget that this was Kentucky. He swayed forward, leading his mount and accusing his senses. . . . To die by her hand—that was the thing—that was his right. . . . In the shadow behind the girl's father Jared Lensing turned his gaze back and forth from the man to the boy.

At last, and very suddenly when it came, Terhune Glossop believed his eyes. He saw his end—"the fighting death"—dropped the bridle-rein, and drew valiantly.

"Wait!" called her father in a quick, hard way.

Glossop's arm was tranced by the voice, his gun pointing down. The other's weapon was levelled at him—he was covered, helpless. His eyes glanced furtively about. He wanted the girl; he wanted a drink.

"I am waiting," he muttered. There was a whining note in the words.

Without answering for a moment, the professor held him. In the silence, a small bird hopping from branch to branch above the head of the Kentuckian began to declaim her importance. The gun, the waiting, the face of the father, wrought havoc in the strained nerves of the murderer. A raw, high-pitched cry came from his throat. He leaped behind his mount into the thicket and was gone—with his hunting-flask. The livery saddle-horse trotted forward expectantly.

The mystic softly gripped the other's arm.

"But if he has killed Taine?" Professor Briadridge said at last.

"Kentucky will find him."

The horses and the men were standing together.

"Will you ride home with me—and rest?" the father asked slowly.

"Yes—for the day," said the other.

## XI

Taine was aroused from sleep by the shots. Jim was dying when he reached the reception-room. The name of "Mistah T'hune" was upon the servant's lips, but no other words. The colored man had

been sacrificed in the dark, answering the door softly, so as not to disturb his idol. Taine ran to the window, at the sound of beating hoofs, and saw the Kentuckian riding madly through the gray toward the edge of the town.

After that he carried the body into the operating-room, and lamentations filled his heart. The ultimate meaning was partly obscured. Wherever Lady Thoroughbred was, Glossop had left her—not to kill a harmless ducky, but himself. . . . Leila Briadridge must have mentioned his name in her agony! The daybreak had an awfulness to his eyes. . . . Last night her father had denied him a part in the action. This dawn, a servant had met the death designed for him.

Again there was a saddle-horse in the street, but this time he did not go to the window. When a step reached him from the stairway, he thought it was some one who had heard the shots and was coming to investigate. The reception- and operating-rooms were in dreadful condition with the lights turned on. . . . The step upon the stairs was slow and strange, as of some one lame and moving stealthily. Then out of the intermittent silence came a woman's scream. He ran into the reception-room, into the arms of a frenzied woman! It was the embrace of all his dreams, but endured only for a second. Leila Briadridge fought herself free.

"I saw the floor here," she gasped, backing from him. "I thought you were dead!"

"It was my servant who met him at the door—in the dark—I was asleep," the man faltered. "Oh, won't you please sit down?"

She was in the hallway now, and he followed.

"I must go home. . . . He left me locked in his hunting-lodge, saying that he was coming here to kill you. When I saw the floor—I thought—that he had kept his word! Don't touch me——"

"But when you came?" he stammered clumsily.

"I was beside myself!"

"Please, may I not walk home with you?"

"No—no!"

"But may I not see you to-day?"

"I—I don't want to see you!" She was half-way down the stairs.

Furious rebellion surged over him. "But I love you, Leila!" he called.

Her answer was inarticulate. He dared not follow.

The part which Leila Briadridge played that night was one of the things which Cabron never learned. She was supposed to have returned alone after angering Terhune Glossop during their ride. The Glossop part was clearer in the public eye. He had killed Taine's servant in the darkness of the hallway, instead of his rival. Cabron



could have forgiven him, after certain formalities, for shooting Jim, but the fact that he stayed away made it plain that his intent was more serious than the death of a colored man. That Leila Briadridge was seldom seen in the streets of Cabron, and never in society, was attributed to the fact that she was grieving for her lost love, Terhune Glossop. Cabron had been adjusted to the romance of these two, and could not give it up.

That Professor Briadridge resigned his chair at the university at the end of the semester, late in June, and devoted himself to the queer old man of the mountains and occult fandangoes, was attributed to the fact that the best of men and the finest of faculties must grow old. Finally, what Taine's lecture at Telania Hall failed to accomplish in the way of securing for him a certain desired percentage of the Cabron medical practice, the withdrawal of Glossop achieved. His career rounded, and the labor and dollars thereof wearied.

The heart was dead within him, for his romance endured without fruition. He had encountered a seemingly irresistible force—ancient, honorable Kentucky. As the weeks drew on, he half-despaired of ever winning Leila Briadridge, although he felt the love of her like heat from a hidden sun. In his inmost heart, her adventure had left no blemish upon her, but the clean-bred, sensitive creature felt that there was, and held herself apart—as after the first moment on Taine's stairway on the dawn of the murder. He had long Sunday walks with the professor; and occasionally Jared Lensing made a third, his brain and body an untainted wonderland. Then, too, Taine's friendly conversations with Mrs. Briadridge were fine and frequent, but Lady Thoroughbred remained in the background always. She spoke, often served him with cakes or tea in the afternoon, but there was no heart-chance. Taine did not dare to blunder to find out; and yet her sweetness and mellowness sang forever in his veins.

It was mid-October when he announced that he was about to give up his practice. Cabron gathered about him in surprise. There was some real disappointment, too, so that he was called upon to explain the volume of his finances, and that he had chosen to make good in some career merely to satisfy himself that he was not dependent upon his fortune.

"You have come to be my boy, and I don't know what I shall do without you," Mrs. Briadridge said.

They were on terms of understanding. "To be your boy is one of those poor, sad dreams of mine," he answered.

"Doctor, you would n't leave Leila without one real talk?"

"She is so strange—so sensitive—that I feared to wound her," he said. "You know how I love her. You know the woman-heart; you know your own daughter. Shall I seek her before I go?"

"I would not have you wound her, much as I like you. . . Listen, she has ridden out to the hemp-fields with the hounds. I told her this morning at breakfast that you were going away—that you were a millionaire who had merely used Cabron to learn a lesson in self-reliance—that you were going to India. She listened calmly, asked questions steadily. Her self-control made me love her—as a woman, not as a daughter! But the moment I left her, she called for the brown saddle-mare and rode away up the lanes. It is not her way to saddle in the forenoon. Ride out into the fields and meet her, Boy!"

Taine could hardly wait until the darky had saddled the filly. The good mother's sanction warmed him, and the young equine aristocrat took him racking up the lane at a fine pace, while the figments of his romance gleamed and glanced. He heard the hounds long before he saw his horsewoman. His doubts multiplied, but higher spirits vanquished each unworthy increase. He must meet her joyously, as the victor comes.

And the day was all gold—sunlight in everything—pressed sunlight upon the rolling meadows, sprayed sunlight in the thicket foliage, splintered sunbeams upon the stock-ponds, pure yellow beauty in the ozone. And the hemp-stalks were golden-browned in the oven of summer; and the leaves of the beeches and oaks were basted red-brown for the turning.

She was coming toward him. Her hair looked a darker brown under the broad hat; or perhaps it was because her face was so white. It was a wonderful thing about her that in all distress she had kept her physique glowing; and, too, she had journeyed with her father into a far ethereal country, with Jared Lensing for a guide. She was a full woman, Leila Briadridge, ripened in knowledge and sorrow and outdoors and the love of a man. Their mounts halted together.

"I have come to say good-by to you alone," Taine began.

She had not given him her hand, and Taine did not know that an old fear had unconsciously prevented, a fear left over from another ride.

"I have given the hounds a terrific run," she said. "Let's go to the big oak tree yonder and talk while the dogs rest."

They rode to the shade and dismounted. All about them were fields empty of men. The hounds lolled about, panting, and the mares browsed with hanging bridle-reins. The woman spoke:

"I wanted to see you, too. It seemed quite in keeping with the Dr. Taine I imagined, to learn, as I did this morning, that you were a millionaire working here for a little while. You had an imperious way—that a young man making his own career cannot have."

"I used money only up to the time my office was furnished," he said. "I am not ungrateful to money now, because Cabron has come to mean more to me than I can bear. Still, if that pond yonder were

bottomless, I would toss every ounce of property I own into the centre if it, and gladly give my word never to leave the field surrounding it in this life, building my shelter from the weeds and hedges and subsisting upon the greens and berries until the grains came with the new year—Miss Leila, I would give up my books and friends and world—for your love!”

“I am not a marriageable woman, Dr. Taine.”

“Because of that night?”

“Yes.”

He bent his head toward her. “Miss Leila, if you had been dragged by the stirrup over stony ways—if your face and hair had passed through fire—if your limbs and hands had been broken and your voice torn out—I should love you. You would be Leila Briadridge to me. You are *you*—the other part of Taine—my lost companion for whom I have searched since the earth cooled.”

He spoke softly, coherently, the man of him so perfectly in hand that she listened without fear. . . . But she could not forget herself.

“I am so very human that I pray you now, doctor, to go away. We look at these things differently in Kentucky. Had I been wiser, and not such a girl, on that night you talked at Telania, we might have been made glad then—and I should not have ridden the next day. But I was a frightened little girl who did not know until afterward—that I had found my real lover. . . . I am different now. I feel—I feel that I am not all my own to give you!”

“Is there no India for you and me?” he faltered.

“Ah, please—don’t!”

He helped her into the saddle and rode back beside her without speaking. The chill of hopelessness crept over him. They were in the immediate grounds of the Colonial house, and Mrs. Briadridge had appeared at the door of the summer kitchen, when he said:

“If I can’t live without you in India—may I not come back?”

She turned her face away.

They halted before the mother. A groom came out from the stables, but the elder woman beckoned him back. None of the servants were in sight. The professor was in his study at the far end of the vast house—with his teacher. The still brilliant day rested upon them all.

“You two desolate dears—have n’t you made yourselves happy yet?” Mrs. Professor asked softly.

Taine drew a sudden bright wisdom from the sympathy of the mother—his beloved friend.

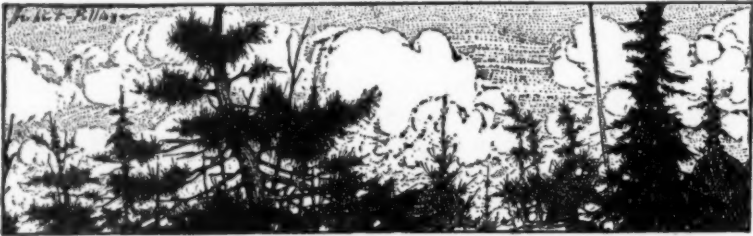
“Leila—Leila,” he said intensely, “I love you more for that night! That one night of your life has made you bigger, braver, more beautiful!”

She fled in-doors. The groom came. The mother led Taine into the dim, cool sitting-room. He was alone for ages after that, sunk in a broad leathern chair. . . . A door opened at last, Leila was in the orifice. She came forward silently, as if he were sleeping, and bent over him.

"What did you mean by those words?" she whispered.

"All that is dear and true in my heart—I meant," he answered.

As one enchanted, he saw the old lights come back to her eyes, and her face swing closer, closer to his own.



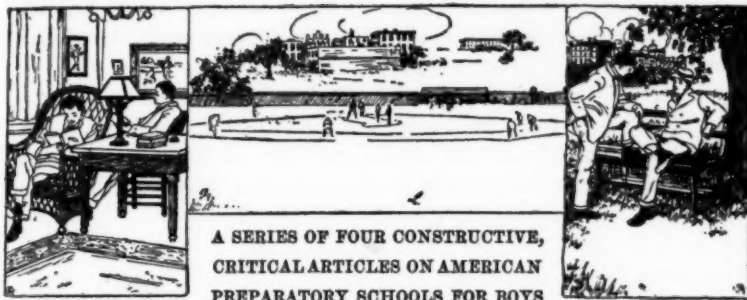
## THE MARCH WIND

BY MARY COLES CARRINGTON

**B**END a bough across my path,  
 Freakish gallant of the trees!  
 What, has all your happy laughter  
 Changed to wailing sighs like these?  
 Nay, I know you love to tease.  
 Song and mirth will follow after!

Many whims the rover hath;  
 Mischief prompts his mimic woe;  
 Rough good-will is in his greeting,  
 Cheerily he calls, "Heigho!  
 Join my rambles to and fro!  
 Come, rejoice—for life is fleeting!"

So, despite his gusty wrath,  
 I too wander, blithe and free;  
 Strength of youth, pure joy of living,  
 Health and hope return to me.  
 Warrior wind, thy ministry  
 Brings me peace—take my thanksgiving!



## EDUCATING OUR BOYS

BY JOSEPH M. ROGERS

### FIRST PAPER—THE COST

**T**HE average annual cost of educating and maintaining a boy at the leading private, non-military boarding-schools and academies in this country is one thousand dollars.

The boy devotes, on an average, one hundred and fifty days a year to original study.

He competes with many boys who have two hundred days for study.

He has great advantages in the way of physical development and general culture, but in most cases he is kept too busy.

His vacations and holidays are out of all proportion to his working days at school. A more reasonable adjustment would bring about better results.

Secondary education—by which we mean that secured at preparatory schools—at private cost, has been much neglected in this country by philanthropists. The cost of obtaining this education away from home and in an atmosphere which is wholesome and character developing should be very materially reduced, so as to place it within the reach of many more boys.

In this series of articles the foregoing propositions, as well as some others, will be considered. The papers are intended to be instructive and constructive, and have no other purpose than to show existing merits which may be extended, and to point out defects which may be remedied. They deal with a subject of vital importance to parents and guardians, and to the boys themselves.

Only non-military schools will be dealt with—not because mili-

tary schools are without conspicuous merit, but because these are in a class by themselves, owing to the fact that military training requires an added expenditure of time and money with which other schools are not concerned. However, many of the deductions herein apply also to the schools where military instruction is given.

Girls' schools are not considered, for the reason that secondary education of the coming wives and mothers of the race is, or should be, on an essentially different basis from that of our boys. It is the coming men of the nation whose intellectual equipment is now under consideration.



No apology or excuse is offered for discussing here and now a subject of such vital importance at a time when the best educators of the land are so pessimistic as to conditions in all branches of education. President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, said in a recent address:

"The children of the last two or three decades have not been educated. The pupils of our colleges of the last few decades have not been educated. With all our educating, we have instructed nobody, and with all our instructing, we have educated nobody. We are daily cramming their [the youths'] minds with an enormous mass of irrelevant facts. It is better to see one thing than to look at a hundred. It is better to conduct a student to the inner chamber of one fact than to take him on a trip seeing greater knowledge.

"Any course of study which disciplines the mind is beneficial to the student. Anything that does not is not beneficial to him. We have got to do away with the idea that one branch of our association [of teachers] is preparing children for the other branch to teach. A boy does not cross a bridge into a new land when he leaves school to enter college. He just continues on his fair journey of education. School does not prepare the boy for college. Both are doing the best they can to educate him."

These are serious words by one of the greatest of American educators. A hundred other statements might be quoted from leading pedagogues substantially to the same effect. Never was the time when they and intelligent parents everywhere were so thoroughly aroused to the necessity of improvement in our schools—in *all* our schools, of whatever kind. It is because they *are* aroused that so much of good may be expected, and that right early.

President Wilson's rather pessimistic utterances contrast sharply with some of our unthinking and complacent national boasting. We are prone to assume and even vociferate that we have the best schools in the world. At the same time, you will find nearly every intelligent



teacher and parent complaining that things are not as they should be. We must cease boasting and get down to facts in this as in every other line of human endeavor. What we are boasting of is not so much our performance as our intention.

It ought to be said at the outset that much of the present deplorable condition in our schools of all kinds arises from a misconception of what education is and how it may be achieved. Some of the strongest and most useful men in the country have never had what is commonly known as a liberal education, meaning that given in the ordinary college, or even any academic instruction worth mentioning. This applies not only to men in commercial life, but to many in the professions, even those engaged in literature. This does not mean that these men have not been well educated. It is not even to be taken as an argument against our system of education through schools. It is simply cited as showing that the school is not the only institution or avenue for educating youth. It is, however, the most available, the most widely used, and the best that is open to the multitude. Even the "self-made man" would have been no worse for academic instruction. He simply reached his goal by another and more difficult path, one which the average boy will find it hard to follow. Yet the school itself can do little for the one who is not started right, who is not willing to walk right, and who cannot do more than acquire a certain amount of facts. Unless every factor in education—and there are many outside the school—is brought to bear properly, there can be no complete education.



Schools are only a means to an end, and education itself, in the last analysis, is simply character building. The young man just out of college is really only beginning his real education, unless he has been unusually fortunate in his environment and in his early mental attitude toward life. He has, or should have, an advantage over his less favored fellows. Unfortunately, results too often show that either the schooling has been defective or he has failed to take advantage of his opportunities, for school is little more than an open door to opportunity in life. Thousands close this as well as other doors of opportunity and write failure against their lives. The fault is partly in themselves and partly in our system of education. Any school may be made the best in the world if only the boy has the willing mind, and the best in the world is useless without the coöperation of student and parents.

As it will be necessary to use a few technical phrases in these papers, it may be explained here that what is termed primary education includes all to the close of the grammar grades. This is supposed to occupy eight years, and the normal child who is not deterred by illness or other

untoward circumstance should complete the course by the end of his fourteenth or fifteenth year.

Secondary education is such as is supplied in high schools and boarding-schools and academies preparatory for college, and normally requires four years. The curriculum includes elementary study in the classics, modern languages, mathematics, history, literature, applied and natural sciences, and a slight incursion into philosophy. Many boys and girls are unable to finish this course without interruption, so that the average age at completion is more than eighteen years, which the system contemplates as the normal for those who enter at six and continue to the close.

Higher, or superior, education includes college or university academic courses as well as much of the professional training, though formerly the latter was classed as a distinct branch.

This educational classification has been well established but a short time, yet it is already beginning to fall of its own weight, for the very reason that obviously and innately education is a personal and individual affair. We have schools for convenience because it is cheaper and in some (though not in all) respects better to educate in masses—only better when the other multitudinous influences are dominant or even predominant.



In sixty years great strides have been made in this country in the direction of better primary and superior education—at least so far as outward manifestations are concerned. Secondary education, lying between these two, has not been given the popular attention it deserves. Indeed, the average parent does not realize or recognize the classification, though for all practical purposes it is an important one.

The bulk of primary education is provided at public cost. We are proud of our "common schools"—though they are far below what from an ideal standpoint they should be. No teacher is physically or mentally competent to give proper instruction to forty children, which is the average size of a division in the public schools. Under such conditions individual instruction is largely impossible and must be devoted principally to the laggards at the expense of the brighter children—or vice versa. Nevertheless, comparatively speaking, our common schools do give good instruction. It is amazing that so much is accomplished under such difficulties. It is because the average teacher—usually a woman—gives of her vitality and sympathy and mental force to an extent which is abnormal and deplorable, that the children of tender years are so well grounded in the elements of knowledge. The time will come when no such task will be placed on the young women of this country, and when the teachers will not only be honored but well paid

for their services. It may be said that primarily the need of the public schools is a reduction of the number of children in a division to twenty-five as a maximum. It would be better to place the number at twenty. It would pay in every way.

Theoretically every child is provided with education at public cost. Every State by law assumes this obligation, though it is not always fully performed. In many States, and particularly in some of those in the South, education is at a low ebb, and the public school year in rural districts amounts only to a few months. It is encouraging that in this section there is a growing enlightened public sentiment on this subject which is producing results.

Complete educational statistics are available only for the year 1906. These indicate an enrolment of 16,642,000 in the public schools, with an average attendance during term time of only 11,712,000. There were at the same time 1,312,000 children in private primary schools. The larger figure used is to an extent nominal. It represents in many States not those who attend school, but who are of school age. The second figure used is open to some question, since in many schools there are actually enrolled pupils who scarcely attend at all. In any event, there is a very considerable part of the population of school age which is without any or more than a very modest educational equipment. In this respect we are far behind Germany, Switzerland, and Scandinavia.



In American secondary schools in the year 1906 there were 925,000 pupils—742,000 at the public high schools and only 183,000 at private schools of all kinds. Many thousands of these latter were in the preparatory departments of the numerous small colleges all over the land, but largely in the South and West. The majority were in the private schools in the large cities. The Roman Catholic Church is more energetic than any other denomination in the private education of the children of its membership.

In superior education (colleges and universities nominally for academic study, but largely given over to technical instruction) there were 51,000 in State institutions and 97,000 at other than State institutions. In professional schools (law, medicine, theology, engineering, and the like, usually in connection with an academic institution) there were 11,000 students at State and 51,000 at other than State institutions. There were also 69,000 pupils at normal schools (all but 10,000 of them in State-supported institutions), and there were about 400,000 attending art, music, business, industrial, and trade schools, including those at Indian schools and those for the deaf, blind, and other unfortunates.

It appears from these official figures that about nine per cent of the primary scholars, under twenty per cent of the secondary scholars, and over seventy per cent of university and professional students are educated at private cost.\* Private education of children in primary schools is generally secured through preference, while superior education at private expense is a necessity except in those States where public universities are established; and at the latter only tuition is free, and other expenses about the same as at endowed institutions. At many non-State colleges and universities scholarships and other student aid are provided, so that for many the expense is no greater than at the State institutions.

Secondary education is in a different category from either of the other branches. In most rural districts it must be at private cost, and while in cities it is usually optional, instruction at private cost is often desirable if the expense can be afforded. This sort of education comes at the crucial time in a boy's life—a time when pregnant idealism is his chief mental characteristic, and when he needs the most patient, tender, and intelligent care. Yet for some unknown reason this is the period when boys are likely to receive the least attention from their parents.



There is little difficulty in understanding what is being done by the primary schools of this country. Statistics, both federal and State, are ample, and many volumes by expert writers may be consulted. So, also, as to superior education; there is scarcely any limit to the detailed information at hand. But concerning secondary education at private cost there is practically no such opportunity. These institutions are in no way federated, are under no common jurisdiction, nor are they all aiming precisely at the same ends. The only way to discover what is being done by these schools is to study each institution separately through its own literature. In preparing these papers requests were sent for catalogues and prospectuses to all of the boys' schools (non-military) which advertise in several of the magazines making a feature of educational publicity. In addition, requests were sent to a number of institutions which advertise only in local journals, or which do not advertise at all. From all of the multitude of reports received, sixty were selected as being the most thoroughly representative, and data of various kinds were tabulated. A careful reading of all the literature

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\* As reports do not always differentiate between primary and secondary students in public schools, this figure is only approximate. Apparently only 8 per cent. attend private primary schools, but allowance is made for possible error or confusion in statistics.

supplied, some personal investigations of a number of the schools, and experience in educational affairs for twenty-five years were factors in producing the following studies.

The sixty selected schools embrace every phase of private secondary, non-military schools for boys, and as nearly as possible in the proper proportion. These schools may be divided into two classes: those which are proprietary and run for a profit, and those supported by endowment and other gifts, generally from some religious denomination. We may also roughly divide boarding-schools from those which are not, though here no sharp line can be drawn. Still another division might be made of the non-boarding-schools in large cities, which are not generally run for profit, and the boarding-schools in the country or suburbs of large cities. A final classification might be made of those which have long been in existence and those which are comparatively new. The former are usually the best endowed and have the largest number of students. In boarding schools the average attendance is about fifty pupils.

Representatives of all these schools have been given a proportionate showing in the tables compiled, so as to represent as nearly as possible all the various sorts of secondary private schools in every section of the country. The pupils include boys as young as six years (though these are not many) and all the way up to those who are ready to enter college. Of necessity, a few leading coeducational schools have been included, to get a complete representation, but statistics as to boys only have been used.



In these sixty representative schools the average cost of tuition (so far as it is specified) is \$182 a year. In most of them the charge varies according to the age and grade of the pupil, but the figures given represent a fair average. In city schools where there are no boarding pupils the charge for tuition is generally higher than at the boarding-schools where outside "day pupils" are sometimes allowed.

The average charge for board, tuition, room-rent, and ordinary incidentals at the boarding-schools is \$608 a year. In most schools charges vary according to the size and location of the room or the number of boys in a room. At some schools wealthy boys may have an entire suite of rooms. The sum above mentioned seems to be really less than the actual average sum paid at a majority of the schools, but is based on figures in the catalogues.

In most of the boarding-schools there is an extra charge for starched laundry, or the number of pieces per week without charge is limited to a dozen. In some there is no limitation, and in others all laundry is charged for.

Almost without exception there is extra charge for music, use of

instruments, vocal instruction, dancing, and drawing. The charges vary through wide limits. In many schools a sum of from five to twenty-five dollars is charged as an athletic fee, and in some the cost of church sittings is assessed. Assuming that the average boy will take at least one of these extras, and will pay an athletic and church fee, the additional expense from these sources amounts, at a very conservative estimate, to eighty dollars per year. This does not include books, for which a charge is almost invariably made; stationery, or spending money, which latter most schools try to limit to fifty cents or one dollar per week. It does not include the cost of athletic uniforms, sporting goods, nor the cost of maintaining such pupils as do not go home for the longer vacations. The general charge for the latter in the more select private boarding-schools is ten dollars a week. Others charge less, but only one principal announces that during vacations boys may remain as his "guests."

We have now arrived at the chief items of expense, aside from clothing and travelling expenses. As most boys live some distance from home, the cost of six journeys a year amounts to a considerable sum. Then, the clothing cost is constantly increasing. Most parents desire that their boys be neatly dressed, and the pace seems to be set by those with the most money. Where there is no extravagance, and only a good supply of clothing, not including gymnasium suits, athletic uniforms, and the like, the annual expense is certain to amount to one hundred and fifty dollars, and probably averages a good deal more.

Adding all these sums, and making allowances for unspecified items, it appears that the average cost of maintaining a boy at a boarding-school is easily one thousand dollars a year.



It should be noted, however, that this does not mean that the average boy pays so much. The figures given represent the school average. As the cheaper schools are those most largely attended, the average individual cost would be less than one thousand dollars. It is impossible to give the average individual cost, because in many cases the attendance is not stated, but it seems a fair deduction, after considering all the circumstances, that the average annual cost per boy to the parent for all purposes is seven hundred and fifty dollars. Probably it is more.

Either is a large tax upon the income of the man of moderate means, who has several children to educate, and usually several at the same time. It is a sum that eats largely into the income even of a man with ten thousand dollars a year, if he lives in a city and maintains any sort of social pretensions. And the sum compares with about one hundred dollars paid for the same purpose three generations ago. It used



to be said of Connecticut that its principal industries were making Yankee notions and conducting boarding-schools. Of the latter there were and are many. They have ever maintained high rank, partly because of local conditions and partly because of easy access to New York City, where most of the patrons live.

Boarding-schools sixty years ago were many where the entire charge for maintaining and educating a boy was seventy-five dollars a year. This undoubtedly represents far more than the same sum at present, but the contrast is substantial not only in the amount paid but in the benefits conferred on the pupil. The Connecticut schoolmaster (taken as a type) was apt to be a rural clergyman who eked out his small stipend by preparing boys for college and caring for those youngsters whose parents, for whatever reason, were glad to have them away from home. Usually the clergyman had a farm, and the boys were required to do some work on it. As he was the sole teacher, and as he raised practically all the food, the fee of seventy-five dollars was largely clear gain. Instruction was thorough, though the curriculum was necessarily limited in the existing state of the science of pedagogy. Of comforts such as are now considered requisite in the cheapest school, there was none. The boys had enough to eat and a comfortable place to sleep, were required to study diligently, and that was about all. There were no sports as we understand the term in these days, though the youngsters seem to have had a good time, and many became prominent, useful men. In this type of school, instruction formed the principal business. If the boys sometimes rebelled at a narrow, irksome existence, they were at least in no Dotheboys Hall. The stern old Puritan idea of duty and thoroughness was instilled into the mind of many a boy who had no such training at home.



Now, it would be foolish to say that it would be desirable, even if possible, to restore these schools to their elemental condition. Their defects were as prominent as their virtues, and in any event times have changed so that they would be no longer suited to modern conditions. Perhaps the greatest advantage to a boy attending those schools lay in the fact that he came early in contact with the stern realities of life, began those necessary conflicts with his environment, and learned the great value of overcoming difficulties of various kinds. Life was not easy for a boy in those days, and the law of survival of the fittest worked more impartially than now. There was little mollycoddling, even if too little sympathy.

By contrast, the modern boarding-school boy lives in fine buildings and dormitories, equipped with all modern improvements, well furnished and heated. The food is ample and of great variety. In his leisure

hours he has a library, reading-room, gymnasium, swimming-tank, athletic field, and bowling alley. If he desires mental aid, he can call on a large corps of well-trained teachers to help him over the hard places. He lives in comfort—even luxury—and in an atmosphere which is generally charming and often much better than at home or that which he will find in after life. Wackford Squeers has no representative in this country, as the principals and teachers of these schools are among the ablest and best men and women in the land. They aim not only to instruct but to develop character. They desire not only to fill the young minds with knowledge, but to give them a sense of perspective so that they may get a due value of proportion among the many factors which make up the busy, complicated, competitive modern life. Even in the proprietary schools the money-making element is necessarily kept in the background. The schools could not make money unless they fairly succeeded in developing all-around young men. Entrance to the highest college and university is the goal of nearly every one of them, and each has an ambition to make a fine record in scholarship as well as to develop other phases of character.

That all this must be done in a very short school year will be developed in the succeeding article of this series. At present we are concerned chiefly with the feature of expense, which requires a little detailed analysis. In one of the institutions concerned in this study the total charge for board, tuition, and incidentals is only one hundred dollars a year. The price is so small because of a fine donated equipment, a large endowment, and heavy annual gifts. The institution is in Kentucky, and maintains its own farms, which reduce the cost of keeping students. There are a few other institutions in the country with a remarkably low annual charge, which are maintained by church organizations. In most of them the student may reduce the cost by personal service. At the other extreme and with somewhat the same academic standard is the best endowed private secondary school in the country, where the expense to the student is almost at the maximum.



The cheapest schools, as already stated, are those longest established, which have received considerable endowment; but there is not one of them anywhere wholly able to dispense with the tuition fee, although there are some scholarships covering tuition and there are other financial aids for students. Student work and prizes help a few to lessen the cost. Schools like Phillips Exeter, Peddie, Berea, and Mercersburg are the cheapest, but in these the lowest average cost for those without scholarships is four hundred dollars, not including clothes or travelling expenses. At one boarding-school of high reputation the total cost is as

low as two hundred and fifty dollars, with a few extras to be paid, but only seventeen of the schools on the list before us give the first cost without extras at five hundred dollars a year or less.

In city schools only tuition and incidentals figure in the advertised cost. The boy lives at home, and here the expense of maintenance is much less than away from home, no matter to what social or financial stratum he belongs. Most of these schools were originally started by some religious denomination or philanthropists of strong Christian aims, and have been long established. And it may be said that in no one of the schools under consideration is religious training omitted. In every case it is advertised as a feature, though it is seldom sectarian. Some of the city day-schools go far back in our national history. Hopkins Grammar and Penn Charter date from the seventeenth century, and several others from the eighteenth. All of them have some endowment, and in almost every case the equipment has been gratuitously furnished. The tuition fee is devoted entirely to bearing the cost of instruction, and does not always fully meet that charge. And against this one must remember that the total sum spent for public schooling in the most advanced States of the country is only twenty-five to thirty dollars per capita. In some it is no more than five dollars.

The cost of maintaining these schools is great. Buildings are expensive to erect and maintain, while the salaries paid are high—higher than the average paid college professors, if we include all institutions claiming to be colleges.

These city schools do excellent work, and in many respects are not open to the criticisms to be made on the boarding-schools. They train the individual often with the invaluable assistance of the home circle. To some extent, they lack the benefits which come to boys away from home, where they are thrown to some degree upon their own responsibilities, but they have advantages of their own, and as a rule are far ahead of the public high schools as at present conducted. The expense, aside from tuition, of sending a boy to these city schools is considerable. Usually the item of clothing is more expensive than for the boy who goes to public high school, and parents desire to furnish as many "extras" as possible. Without endowment, these schools could not furnish tuition at anything like the present figures and maintain existing standards. At all of them the item for books, stationery, athletic fees, etc., is considerable.

The cost of secondary education at boarding-schools seems to be greater than that of superior education. By the time a boy is prepared for college, in the opinion of parents, he is fitted for a little more roughing it than in his adolescent years. He can even earn money in his leisure hours, which are greater in number, since the restrictions are notably and properly fewer. And it is a strange and most unsatisfac-

tory fact that opportunities for superior education at small cost are more numerous than for secondary education, which the greater number of boys require.

We have some five hundred educational institutions in this country going by the name of college or university. They are of all ranks in pedagogy and all are doing good work. Aside from the few State universities, which are almost entirely in the West, all these institutions have developed at private expense. There are a few such institutions with a "plant" and endowment valued at twenty million dollars or more, and not one of them feels sufficiently equipped. A large number of them are "worth" more than a million, but the cry is still "Give, give!" The response is liberal, so that an increase in facilities is going on all the time. New institutions are being founded, and the average attendance is increasing, without the average cost to the student being lessened. On the contrary, it is increasing. But the figures as well as the statistics of attendance already given show that the bulk of the work of superior education is being done at private cost, while that of secondary education is four-fifths in the public high schools.

The unpleasant situation that confronts every parent is that it is more expensive to give his son the highly important secondary education than to give him that superior education which many parents do not consider necessary. If it were a fact that every boy who gets secondary education continued his studies and took up superior education, the situation would be less unsatisfactory, for a bright boy in college might make up for the deficiencies in public secondary schools. But the figures show all too plainly that only a small fraction of those who get secondary education are enabled to secure the superior. In these practical days it is becoming more and more the opinion of many hard-headed business men that the college, as at present conducted, does not properly train boys for active life in the commercial world. But it would be difficult to find the most pessimistic parent who would deny the necessity of secondary education (even in its present unsatisfactory state) for all except those who expect to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. And the number of parents who can give a boy education for four years beyond the grammar grades is vastly greater than those who can afford to continue his education for four years more at college.

The reader is cautioned against supposing that this or subsequent articles are attacks upon schools individually or collectively. They are a candid examination of facts as they are, with suggestions (many emanating from preparatory school principals themselves) intended to be helpful for the future.

In an article next month some details of instruction will be considered. It will include facts not generally known and which parents ought carefully to consider.

# THE CASE OF THE WIDDER HAWKINS

By *Johnson Morton*

“SHE cost the Township about two hundred and nineteen dollars last year!” Darius Foss lifted his eyes from his papers to fling the words at his fellow selectmen grouped, in what might have been called secret and especial session, around the dining room table at the poor-farm. His listening colleagues stared blankly at one another in the silence of consternation, which Elder Babcock was the first to break. The Elder rose ponderously and brought down on the red and blue checked cloth a heavy hand that rattled the permanent group of castors and pickle-jars in the centre. His words, however, belied his threatening attitude. “Mr. Chairman,” he looked at Alonzo Jeffers as he spoke, for no degree of excitement could render him unparliamentary, “Mr. Chairman, I move that the Treasurer be asked to read aloud the items of this ’ere account.”

Stout, red-faced Mr. Jeffers, lolling in his chair at the head of the table, was of less formal habit. He was content to nod lazily in the Treasurer’s direction. “Go on, Dari,” said he. Meanwhile Mr. Foss, assisted by the remaining members of the Board, the Hatch boys, twin veterans of seventy-five, who did nothing singly, had arranged his papers in neat order. Now, clearing his throat, he rose to his feet. “I ain’t entered these ’ere items in my book yet,” he began, “because I’m afraid they ain’t complete; new ones keep a comin’ in, from time to time. But, so fur as I kin make out, what I’ve got on memorandum, so to speak, is correct. First, of course, there’s her keep here at the Farm. Fifty-two weeks at two dollars a week makes one hundred and four dollars. That’s plain, ain’t it? Then there’s an item of clothin’ without goin’ into particulars—three dresses and—ahem,—it’s some kind of a *wrapper*, I guess, that comes to \$61.70. But the rest is well—just kinder foolishness, you may say—that brings up the sum total.” He broke off lamely.

“Read it all right out, Mr. Treasurer,” came the inexorable voice of Elder Babcock.

Darius Foss braced himself; an uneasy flush mounted to his cheeks. “It riles me, gentlemen; but it kinder tickles me too.” He laughed

knowingly as he spoke. "Well, here goes! I'll give you the things exactly as I've got 'em down!" Then with fine stoicism he read aloud the list.

ADDITIONAL EXPENSE ACCOUNT OF MRS. AMELIA HAWKINS  
WIDOW-INMATE OF THE ROCKVILLE POOR-FARM.

Two Bottles, 'Bloom of Spring' Complexion Wash	\$1.50
1 Pair Rhine Stone Side-Combs	3.25
14 yards Pink Baby Ribbon	1.26
1 set Silver Bangles	6.25
3 Cakes 'Cream of Musk' Toilet Soap	.60
2 Sets 'DuBarry' Undergarments	5.00
2 Pairs 'Jenny Lind' Opera Hose	3.60
1 Story Book ('Woman's Weapons')	1.50
Ditto ('The Duke's Mad Love')	1.50
Ditto ('More Saint Than Sinner')	1.50
1 Manicure Set	.98
2 Bottles 'Champion Bronze' Hair Invigorator	2.16
1 Jar 'Cupid' Lip Salve	.45
4 'Fascination' Curls (To match)	3.75
1 Box Initial Papeterie	.68
2 Pairs French-Heeled Shoes	8.50
1 Bottle 'L'eau l'Amour' Cologne	.45
1 Year's subscription to 'Fireside Guardian'	1.75
1 Pair Lace-trimmed 'Defiance' Corsets	9.25

"By gum!" interrupted the stern tones of Elder Babcock. "This beats the Dutch!" His upper lip lengthened to horrified disapproval, a protest to the uncontrolled smiles of his colleagues. "An' how under the canopy, Mr. Chairman, did she git *credit* for all them things, I'd like to know?"

Mr. Jeffers again nodded helplessly towards the Treasurer, who came to the rescue.

"That I can't justly say, Elder," he declared. "Women is strange folks, take 'em by and large—of course, as a man that ain't never tried matrimony, you ain't bound to believe me, but it's so. I presume myself that it's a kind of a way with her that the widder's got. She kin come it over 'most any one, I've been told. Now this business begun quite a spell back and, as them headin's at 'lection time put it, there's 'counties still to hear from.' She's an eddicated woman, is Miss Hawkins, writes an elegant hand and gives out a fine line of words too. She says she begun by answerin' advertisements and ordering things. Well, some of 'em 'd come C. O. D. and, of course, she had to let them go back, not havin' a cent to bless herself with. But others would come all right, for she never give no Poor-Farm address, and you know what those folks that set out to sell things is. They'll take risks, I tell you! But, by and by when the bills follered, what she'd kinder charged up, and got too pressin' for comfort as



time went on, why, what 'd she do but pass 'em all over to me. I was some staggered, I tell you, but I could n't make no move till we 'd had this meetin'. And now, gentlemen, I ask ye, what air we goin' to do about it? Bills is bills and has got to be paid. We don't want no lady that is, so to speak, a ward of ours took up for gettin' goods under false pretenses, do we? She ain't liable, as the Psalmist would say, to sin no more. I talked up to her pretty sharp, I guess, when we had it out. And bein', as she is, a poor, lone widder-woman with no man, you may say, to cherish and protect her, it 'd be my vote, gentlemen, that we had n't ought to be too hard."

The heads of the others moved gently up and down in sympathetic assent; but the head of Elder Babcock shook vigorously from side to side.

"By gum," again his big hand pounded the table. "By gum, Mr. Treasurer," roared he, "you're pretty near right in what you say! She *do* need a man; one that'll put his foot down good and solid. By gum, there ain't no woman livin' that had n't ought to have a master!"

Over the wrinkled face of Darius Foss had stolen a smile of humorous intent. He leaned forward, chuckling.

"Air you suggestin', Elder," he asked, "that we 'd better git a husband for the Widder Hawkins?"

In the uproar that followed the Elder took no part. He drew his bushy brows together in an attitude of impressive thoughtfulness. Then, as the laughter subsided, he rose and faced Alonzo Jeffers.

"Mr. Chairman," said he, "and gentlemen, I've been considerin' and it hes been borne in on me that, as the poet says, there's many a true word spoken in jest. We're facin' here, gentlemen, a turrible ticklish situation. A widder and a woman to whom we stand in the position of guardeens, is gittin' to be more'n we kin handle. She's a bringin' discredit on the Township with her ways o' wilful, not to say dishonest, extravagance. She needs control that no collective body ain't fitted to give her. Now, as my esteemed colleague here," he leaned forward and bowed profoundly to Darius Foss, "has put me a question, I will answer it, though perhaps not jest as he has expected. You ask me, Mr. Treasurer, if I am suggestin' that we git a husband for the Widder Hawkins. Mr. Treasurer, your question has set me thinkin' and has made me develop a plan. Mr. Treasurer, my answer is confined to two words, and them words is, *I be!*"

He waved aside a burst of applause and went on. This time he addressed the chairman. He drew a picture of the lady in the case, relict of the late Pliny Hawkins, whose short career in Rockville had run and lost the race of misfortune to Sheriff, Auctioneer and Undertaker in turn. He added an appealing protest against the sapping of the town's resources by female extravagance. He frowned upon any

excess of sentiment in the matter, and he ended by stating his scheme for the settlement of the difficulty. This was done concisely and along strict business lines.

"Let us appropriate a certain yearly sum," he suggested, "for the next three years—say seventy-five dollars a year—and let us add to this sum another given amount that may be called a bonus—perhaps seventy-five dollars more—sort of a weddin' present too; and let us make it known that these payments will be made to any man, provided he's of good character and proper financial standing, who shall be willin' to marry the said Widder and take her, so to speak, off our hands! This is fair in both ways," he added; "the town'll save money, and the Widder's a young woman yet—not risin' greatly above fifty-five, I presume, and liable to become under good management," his great hand struck the table once more, "a fittin' helpmate and an ornament to her sex!"

And the motion as put by the chair was carried, somewhat to the surprise of the Treasurer, still prone to regard the whole affair as a joke. Indeed, Alonzo Jeffers stirred to unwonted and unassisted activity by the novel situation, added a spoke of his own and appointed the Elder, over his protestations of reluctance, a committee of one to wait upon the Widder Hawkins and acquaint her with the decision of the Board.

The Meeting adjourned for three weeks and, in the interval, Rockville experienced a period of excitement unparalleled in its history. Nothing since the burning of the Freewill Baptist Meeting-house in the early seventies had so absorbed its leisure and engrossed its conversation. Contemporaneous happenings in themselves of importance, were allowed to pass almost unnoted. The killing of two of Cyrus Perkins's best sheep by "a dog or dogs unknown," and the advent of a letter with a foreign stamp on it and addressed to the minister's wife, made ripples scarcely discernible in the great wave of commotion that swept the surface of village life.

From the beginning the consensus of opinions among the selectmen had been in favor of secrecy, for, as the Treasurer had humorously expressed it when he declared himself against all forms of publicity, "'Twas *advertisements* that got the widder into her little difficulties, you know, and 'tain't in reason to suppose they're goin' to git her out of 'em!" So the ordinary means were ignored: such as notices tacked to the trees in front of the store, and placards inside, among the announcements of tax and mortgage sales, lost cuff-buttons or the advent of some noted breeding-stallion. But the method unanimously adopted for securing a husband for the widow, that of "letting it be known" by that most potent disseminator on earth, the word of mouth, was of startling efficiency.

The "Rockville Weekly War-Cry," a timorous organ prone to conciliation at any cost, buried its disappointment at the loss of a paid advertisement on its front page, in a series of delicately veiled editorials that carried the glad tidings into neighboring counties. As a result applications poured in from all parts of the state. The smooth, red face of Chairman Jeffers developed some faint lines of worry. "It's goin' to be a bigger thing than I bargained for, boys," he would declare at some impromptu meeting of the Board on a shady corner or behind the railway station. "I suppose it's all O. K., but I don't mind saying I'm kinder scared!"

The twins would shake assenting heads in unison, and even the humorous optimism of the Treasurer grew serious at the sight of the ever increasing pile of applications in the Chairman's hands. "Bile 'em well down before the meetin', Lon," he would advise, "and present only the likeliest. With that whole lot to decide on we'd be settin' way into hayin'-time!" Indeed, the only person in Rockville who showed no sign of emotion or even interest was, curiously enough, the one most concerned, the Widow Hawkins herself. Never of a sociable disposition, she seemed more aloof than ever. Though on her face—as she passed along the street, her dress held deftly to exhibit her trim ankles and the height of her heels, her side-combs gleaming triumphantly among the wealth of bronze curls—one might have discovered that look of content said to rest only on a consciousness of receipted bills and a secure possession of the articles for which they had been incurred!

Elder Babcock had returned from his interview with the widow in a state of limp dejection. He reported her as of a very difficult turn of mind. "She took on turrible," he declared. "Said 'twas taking away the only right left to her—choosin' a husband, I suppose she meant—and an insult to her womanhood. She cried some considerable too. She's a dependent sort of little woman; kinder made me feel sorry for her. But, by gum, I reasoned with her, I tell ye; told her 'twas well meant and pointed out that the town was ready to pay her bills and let her keep the merchandise. After that she kinder mellered a little, though, by gum, she would n't agree. But she said that I might come round again and talk it over some more."

And the Elder's repeated visits were evidently of avail, for on the day of the night appointed for the meeting, he announced that the widow had at last given her consent, "reluctant but cheerful" he felt called upon to add.

The town-room, in which the selectmen met, was over the store and was approached by a flight of steps on the outside of the building. And a group of small boys at the foot of these steps, an augmented number of well-filled chairs on the store piazza, and an array of buggies

hitched under the trees, from which the murmur of women's voices came through the June twilight, gave unmistakable indication of absorbing interest to the group of selectmen as they climbed ponderously and pompously to the upper story.

Once in the room, behind closed doors, Alonzo Jeffers took the chair. He looked at his colleagues and discovered only the Hatch twins and Darius Foss. "Why, the elder ain't come yet!" he declared. But the Treasurer, perhaps with plans of his own for the later evening, was consulting a big silver watch. He rose to a point of order. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "as we have a quorum present and seein' as it's past the time already, I move that we don't wait no longer for Elder Babcock, but call the meetin' at once and proceed to business." The mute consent of the twins bore out his words and so the chairman rapped for silence. Then he produced some folded papers from his pocket and spread them out before him on the table.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I ain't goin' at this in no formal way, because it's rather a personal matter. I hev done what you asked me to—kinder sorted out the applications—and, takin' all things into consideration," his broad red face had grown smooth with relief, "I did n't find no more'n four out of the hull eighty-seven that air wuth talkin' over. Here I've writ down a sort o' history of each applicant and with your permission," he settled his formidable steel-bowed spectacles on his fat, red nose, "I'll read 'em out:

"*First:* Abram Ruffin; slim-built man, fifty-eight years of age, resident of this township. Says he's a glass blower by trade, but ain't practised it lately, preferrin' to live out o' doors on account of weak lungs. Occupies a cabin in the West Woods and—"

"What; old Hermit Abe!" interrupted Darius Foss, scornfully. "Why, he ain't got more'n one shirt to his back, and I've allers suspicioned him of havin' made off with a bang-up shoat of mine that I missed from my upper-farm! Can't you do no better'n *that*?"

The chairman did not reply. He turned up the sputtering wick of the lamp beside him and went on:

"*Second:* Bela J. Belcher of Briartown, fleshy man, sixty-four years old, occupation farmer. Says he's a widower and—"

Now it was the horrified exclamation of the Hatch boys that interrupted. The twins spoke excitedly in a sort of fraternal antiphony. "Widower! Claims he's a widower, does he? Why, that's scandalous! He married a second cousin of mother's forty years ago. From over Pomfret way, she was! She could n't stan' him. He had mean ways. Left him back in '80. But she's alive and flourishin'! Boardin' with her daughter out near Dayton, Ohio!"

Alonzo Jeffers put down the paper. He drew a long breath and his manner was severe.

"It don't seem possible to suit you fellers and I ain't more'n half done yet. Jest you hold on till I read the next, and mebbe you'll think it's more promisin'.

"*Third:* Oscar Oleson; Swede, forty-seven years old. Resident of Farview Corners and veteran of the Spanish War. At present he has no occupation—but says his bank account——"

This time the laughter of all his listeners broke in. Darius Foss found his voice first.

"Bank account! That's an old joke! Lord, it's *too* good! Lon Jeffers, ain't you never heard about *that*? Guess the Elder'd have somethin' to say, if he was here. Don't you remember the story of the Swede who did him in that horse-trade. Guess he'd 'a' found a bank account if there'd been one visible to the naked eye—Oscar Oleson—Lord, it's *too* good. Why, the Elder——" Then as the church clock outside tolled eight jarring strokes, he broke off suddenly. "By George! where is the Elder any way?" he asked. He turned suddenly at the sound of a step on the platform outside. The others followed his gaze. The door opened and then, like a response to an invocation, the Elder stepped within. But *such* an Elder! The eyes of his colleagues fastened on him wonderingly.

He wore his Sunday suit of black; cuffs of shining whiteness concealed his hands; his grizzled hair was parted down the middle; a brave lawn tie encircled his rugged neck, and in the buttonhole of his coat a flower bloomed! He waved aside the Treasurer's greeting and, closing the door, stood with his hand on the knob.

"Mr. Chairman," said he, "and gentlemen." His voice had in it a quality new and strange—a gentleness that was almost apologetic. "Gentlemen, I dunno but some sort of explanation is due from me. I kinder feel underhanded, though it's all square, as Alonzo here could tell you. That fourth application—I've heard your proceedin's out there on the stairs—is mine, made out legally and in due form. But this evenin', seein' that, as the poets put it, there ain't no time like the present, why, the widder and me—not all at once, gentlemen, I guess I do see things some different than I did three weeks ago—we concluded there war n't no use to wait and so we slipped down to the minister's and was, so to speak, made one! There'll be a little matter of business for us to attend to bye and bye, gentlemen, but now——" he stopped suddenly and with a conscious smile flung wide the door.

The late widow Hawkins stood revealed. She glittered with brightness; she radiated color; she even diffused a subtle fragrance of "Cream of Musk" soap!

The Elder took her tightly gloved hand and led her into the room.

"But now, gentlemen," he repeated, "let me make you all acquainted with Mis' Babcock."

# THE TESTING OF THE EARLS

*By John Reed Scott*

*Author of "The Colonel of the Red Hussars," "Beatrice of Clare," etc.*

THE Lady Maude Herbert turned sharply from her sister and leaned upon the crenellated parapet.

Behind her rose the gray grimness of the keep; before her stretched the rim of Wales that lay between the castle of the Herberts and the sea. The salt was in the air; with the sunshine and the mountain. It was a morning to live—to laugh and be satisfied.

But the Lady Maude laughed not, nor was she satisfied; and to her, just then, life was rather a burden than a joy.

The Lady Margaret looked at her with a smile that had in it more of pity than sympathy; then she went and stood beside her.

"Cheer up, dear," she said. "Forget the past; think of the present."

The Lady Maude shrugged her shoulders.

"It is the present that troubles me," she said.

"Only because you will not forget the past."

"May be I do not want to forget it."

The Lady Margaret laughed. "Now, out on you for a sentimental child. Think of your coming power and estate."

The other made a wry face. "And the ladder by which I climb to them."

"Chatelaine of Topcliffe and all his other castles."

"I would rather live in quietness here in Pembroke."

"Countess of Northumberland," the younger went on.

The Lady Maude's face grew wryer still. "Aye, Countess of Northumberland and, therefore, wife to Henry Percy."

"The great Northern Earl!"

"Great! may be, in land and wealth and power and name and stature."

The smile of tolerant pity came again. "Methinks, my dear, you confess to crowding Fortune."

The Lady Maude faced her sister.

"Why do *you* not take the Percy?" she asked.



The smile broadened. "For the best of reasons—he does not ask me."

"But if he were to ask you?"

The Lady Margaret paused a moment contemplatively.

"I believe you actually are serious," she said.

The elder caught her arm. "Serious! I was never more so. Will you do it?"

"No, certainly, no . . . nor could I if I tried."

"I will aid you . . . I will . . ."

The other raised her hand imperatively.

"Are you blind, Maude?" she said. "Do you not know that Percy loves you? Think you he would turn to the sister if you flung him aside?"

"He would turn somewhere. He has ever liked you best of us all . . . after me."

"A long way after. Besides, why should he pick me to fill your place? You have five other sisters."

"You all are welcome to him."

The Lady Margaret drew herself up into one of the depressions of the parapet and swung there.

"Yet half the maids of England envy you this match."

"They all are welcome to him."

"*Mon Dieu*, Maude, the man is not the Great Turk. First you give him to your six sisters, and then to the whole Kingdom."

"I would gladly give him to Perdition to be well rid of him."

The other looked at her shrewdly.

"There is one than Percy you best send to Perdition, my dear sister," she said.

The elder's face flushed. "It will profit nothing for us to discuss the other one," she answered curtly.

"Doubtless, as I have learned heretofore. Yet still am I at a loss what there is in him that appeals to you."

"Everything that Percy has not."

"Poverty, perchance?"

"Aye, poverty; and a noble mind and heart."

The younger laughed again. "Noble mind and heart, forsooth! About as much as has that mongrel hound crossing the bailey yonder."

"You never liked him. You cannot judge him fairly."

"No, I never liked him . . . nor did any one else I ever heard of, save you, my sister. The whole world knows him false, sullen, suspicious, crafty, cruel, a coward."

The elder went full angry now.

"This is too much!" she exclaimed.

"Aye, so it is; too much baseness for most men to live with every day. Yet he seems to thrive under it amazingly."

The Lady Maude's face was flaming. "Really, my dear, one well might think you love the man, you seem to scorn him so."

The other smiled; then dropped lightly to the wall and put an arm around her sister's shoulders.

"Come, dear," she said; "forgive me. I did not mean to hurt you. You are sad enough as it is."

The Lady Maude caught her hand and held it tight.

"I know, dear," she said; "I know. And you are right. It is a great match for me, one of seven poor orphan sisters. Yet I would it were another Henry."

For a space there was silence. Then she sighed.

"Percy comes to-morrow," she said. "I wish it all were over—the greeting—the wedding—the first year."

"The year will pass quickly enough."

"But the other years!"

"Wait until they come."

A wan smile touched the Lady Maude's lips.

"My wise baby sister!" she said. "How much fitter bride for Percy you would make."

The younger smiled. "You can be wise enough when you wish. And, mayhap, you can find me an Earl for husband when you go to Court."

"Any Earl?"

"Aye, any of them; and if none is to hand, a good rich Lord or Baron will suffice."

"Now, I believe it is you who are serious."

"Truly, yes. It is as easy to love a rich man as a poor one, and vastly more convenient after marriage."

"My mercenary little sister," laughed the Lady Maude.

"Your sensible little sister, you mean. For look you, Maude, here are you, the betrothed of the great Northumberland and yet sad and woe-begone because you cannot marry that landless exile, Henry Tudor."

"But even in your own aspect, Henry Tudor might be, in the end, the better match. He may be King some day."

"King! Likely indeed; with Edward at Windsor, two sturdy sons beside him, and the great Gloucester next in line. Oh, no, sister mine; Fate holds no Kingship for your Richmond."

"Think you so, my lady?" said a man's voice behind them. "Well, perchance, you are right."

The two swung around quickly—then viewed the speaker in surprise.

He was tall and rather slender and wore the garb of a Benedictine Monk, with the hood drawn well over his face.

"It seems to me, Father," said the Lady Margaret, "you are presumptuous overmuch. Who are you and how did you gain admission here?"

The Monk threw back his cowl.

"Henry!" exclaimed the Lady Maude.

"Richmond!" muttered her sister.

"In the flesh," said the Earl, and smiled. "I am no ghost."

Then he took their hands in turn and kissed them.

"What means this rashness?" said the Lady Maude. "You are supposed to be in France."

"And hence, less likely to be sought in Wales."

"But the danger!"

"Even you did not recognize me in this disguise—and then, there are few in Wales who would betray a Tudor to a Plantagenet."

"Yet, why risk it when you might be safe beyond the sea?"

The Earl took her hand again and kissed it.

"Can you not guess, my lady?" he asked.

The Lady Margaret had stood aloof, and now she smiled rather disdainfully.

"Who plays for a Crown must chance the hazards," she remarked, and turned away.

"The Lady Margaret does not give the warmest greeting to the Exile," said Henry calmly.

"Methinks it was not *my* welcome you came for, my lord," she flung back.

The Earl watched her rather thoughtfully until she had turned the bastion—then he smiled.

"The same Margaret," he said. "Haughty and outspoken and spoiled. But *you* are glad to see me, *n'est ce pas*, my Maude?"

The Lady Maude flushed—dropped her eyes—hesitated—then looked bravely at him.

"You know I am," she said.

He drew close and made to put his arm about her. But she slipped away. Again he essayed; and again she slipped away.

"Wherefore, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Do Monks in France, at mid-day, make love on the castle walls?" she laughed.

"*Pardieu!* I clean forgot," looking at his black gown.

"And such forgets are quite enough to betray a false Monk to his enemies."

"But there could be no betrayal and no enemy, since you are the only one with whom I would so forget."

She flung up her head with a doubting smile.

"That may be as it may be, my lord," said she. "It is the general peril you play with, I mean."

Henry's face sobered; and the quick suspicion, which ever sat next his heart, shone in his deep-set eyes.

"Of a truth, Maude, this general peril seems to have waxed vastly since I was here a year ago. It gave you no such tremors then. One might almost fancy York himself were lurking here to seize me."

The Lady Maude sat down on the stone bench in the embrasure behind her.

"Come, Henry, it is too soon to get in that frame of mind," she said with a gay laugh. "Come, tell me all about yourself."

The Earl's mouth relaxed in a faint smile under the infection of her laugh.

"There is naught to tell," he said, taking her hand.

"*Parbleu!* A year at the French Court and naught to tell? Were you playing Benedictine there?"

He shook his head. "No, I was not. And yet it might have served my purpose better if I had. Louis has affected the Church lately. I have tried in vain to get him to lend me soldiers."

The Lady Maude eyed him sharply for a moment.

"Still aiming at the Crown?" she asked.

"Yes; and, please God, some day I shall be King in England." She was silent.

His face grew sour again.

"So even you have lost faith," he said. "Small wonder, then, if France have none."

"Nay, my lord; put it not that way. I have full faith in the righteousness of your cause."

"So has Louis—or so he avers; but that breeds not an army."

"It makes much for victory when an army back it."

The Earl laughed sarcastically. "Methinks, as between a righteous cause without an army and an army without a righteous cause, I would choose the latter."

"Cynic?" she said kindly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Years of exile and chill looks are not prone to make one optimistic."

"But not all the looks you got were chill," said she.

"No; sometimes the King's were warm enough."

She gave him a quizzical smile. "And sometimes the King's daughter's also."

The sunken cheeks flushed ever so slightly.

"The Lady of Beaujeu," he said. "She has been very kind to me."

"So it has been reported," said the Lady Maude dryly.

"But for her influence with Louis I might, long since, have been given to the headsman on Tower Hill."

"For which, then, your friends in England are her everlasting debtors."

"I shall always remember her goodness to me," the Earl averred.

"Why do you not court her?" the Lady Maude asked curtly. "She could buy you all the men-at-arms you need."

"She would only laugh at me as a lover," he answered quickly—so quickly, indeed, that she knew the idea had been in his mind before—and carefully considered.

She smiled. "What matters her laugh if she get you the soldiers? Rumor has it she is most generous to her—favorites."

Henry frowned very slightly. "You do me grave injustice."

"If I do, I fancy Anne de Valois would be little flattered by your claiming all the injustice and giving none to her."

This was a new mood in the Lady Maude and the Earl was puzzled. Hitherto she had been trusting and gentle; never doubting his affection nor questioning his actions. Many years of their childhood had been spent together when he had been a state prisoner under ward of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and father to the Lady Maude. When he was released from captivity it was said they were betrothed. Whether or not it were truth, it is certain that many times he visited surreptitiously this castle when he was supposed to be in France; and doubtless, the Lady Maude took them as instances of his devotion to her. And Henry let her think it.

But the fact was, he came to hold conference with the Lancastrian leaders in Wales, and with his mother, Margaret of Somerset, then wife to Thomas Lord Stanley. Henry Tudor loved no human being save himself; but he found this daughter of the Yorkist Herberts a convenient aid. So he played on her love, and used her to further his own selfish ends.

And the Lady Maude had waited patiently for him to lead her to the altar—but the careful Henry never led. And so when, lately, the Earl of Northumberland, Henry Percy, the greatest of the Northern Barons, had come a-wooing, the family pressure had driven her to accept him. For as the Lady Margaret had said, it was a great match for a dowerless orphan, and one that any woman in the Kingdom might well have been glad to make. Even Royalty itself would not have scorned the Percy. Still, her heart had clung to the Tudor, and she persistently closed her eyes to his many faults. Now, however, aroused possibly by what the Lady Margaret had just said, she began to regard him with calmer judgment—and already Henry's halo was fading.

But the Earl, with the supreme conceit of his kind, thought only that she was jealous. And though he cared not a whit for her in honest lover fashion, it flattered him. Women had never been over kind to Henry Tudor—doubtless because, with their sex's peculiar intuition, they had quickly read him as he was.

He moved a bit closer.

"Do not let the Lady of Beaujeu worry you. She is nothing to me, dear," he said suavely.

"Nothing but a friend," the Lady Maude corrected.

"Nothing but a friend," he echoed.

She faced him sharply.

"And what, my lord, am I?" she demanded.

The Earl was taken aback.

"You!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, I . . . What am I to you?"

He took her hand.

"You are my very dear sweetheart," he said glibly.

"And did you so style me to the Princess Anne?"

For the briefest interval he hesitated.

"Come, Henry, come," she said, "the truth. It is evident it was not as sweetheart you named me to her. What was it?"

As a matter of fact, he had never named her—but that was not for the Lady Maude to know, so he answered:

"The Princess assumed you were only a friend, and it seemed to me unnecessary to undeceive her."

The Lady Maude laughed. "Quite unnecessary, my lord, since she was not deceived."

"I do not understand," he said. The Tudor's wit was never very quick.

"Think a bit and it will come to you," she answered mockingly.

Henry eyed her in annoyed silence—and she gave him no further word.

Then, suddenly, from beyond the walls, a bugle rang the greeting. The Earl started up; and the Lady Maude also.

Before the barbican a score of horsemen were moving from column into line; in their front two men in riding dress; one tall and bulky, the other short and slender. But one banner was displayed, however: an azure lion rampant on a field of gold.

For an instant Richmond stared across the moat.

"*Mon Dieu!* It is Northumberland himself!" he exclaimed. Then he turned to the Lady Maude. "What, in Heaven's name, brings him here?"

The die was cast sooner than she had thought. An hour since—before the Tudor came—the sight of that banner would have given



her only sharp distress; but now, somehow, the sharpness was gone and only dull indifference remained.

Yet she knew her face was flushed, and that her voice was hard to find. But the Earl did not notice it. He was thinking solely of the peril yonder horsemen meant to him, for whom, living or dead, Edward would gladly give the fairest fief in all his Kingdom.

"The Earl of Northumberland comes to his wedding," she said.

"His wedding!" Henry exclaimed. "His wedding to whom?"

The Lady Maude curtsied low.

"To me, my lord."

For an instant, Henry looked at her in blank surprise—then he laughed shortly.

"Come, Maude," said he, "this is no time for jesting. We shall need all our wits to save me. What brings the Percy, if you know?"

Her face was grave now; his danger had not occurred to her before.

"Believe me, Henry, I do not jest," she said. "I wed Percy three days hence."

This time he knew she spoke truly, and a wave of fierce anger surged across his sallow face.

"So," said he sneeringly, "another friend gone false! What a rare wedding gift I shall be to your new betrothed. Three days hence, say you? Oh, no, my lady; methinks that ceremony will have to bide until he has hurried me to London and the block."

The Lady Maude raised her hand imperiously.

"Come, sir," she said, "cease your wild and childish talk. You know quite well it is nonsense. The point, now, is to effect your escape."

He shrugged his shoulders. "After the trap has caught me."

She stamped her foot with impatience.

"I wonder little you lose friends if you are always so unjust," she said hotly. "Trap, indeed! Did I know of your coming?"

"Perchance, no; but you did know of Percy's. The trap was no one's laying, but you suffered it to close."

"Now, out on you for a narrow-minded and suspicious fool," she cried. "Percy was not due here until to-morrow."

He saw he was in the wrong and he veered quickly.

"Forgive me, Maude," he said; "forgive me. But, surely, you must appreciate how it looked to me."

"It is of no moment how it looked," she answered. "The matter now is to save you from discovery and capture." Then the woman in her added: "If only you had not come, Henry."

The Earl smiled. Never having done a disinterested action in his whole life, he could not comprehend one in another; and he thought he saw the reason for her readiness to aid his escape: the new lover

must not know the old one had been there; and that, with the wedding but three days distant; the Percy were ever a hot-tempered lot.

For a moment he contemplated the satisfaction of causing a rupture of the betrothal. Then he dismissed it; for as Northumberland would likely kill him first, and end the marriage business afterward, the satisfaction to him would be rather brief.

As they talked, the cavalcade had crossed the drawbridge and the bailey and were drawn up before the entrance to the keep, within which Percy's tall form was just disappearing.

"It happens to your fortune," said the Lady Maude, "that my brother is absent until to-night, and so the Earl will be conducted to me at once. You best remain here until I have greeted him, and then you can slip away; your robe will give you courteous passage and no questions, I trust . . . But stay! Is there any likelihood of Northumberland recognizing you?"

Richmond shook his head. "I never laid eyes on him until to-day."

"Then do not forget your habit, and to play the Churchman," she cautioned.

"Never fear," he answered; "I will play my part."

But he did not think it necessary to add that, if the pinch came, his part would be to use, unhesitatingly, the Knight's dagger that rested to his hand beneath his robe.

Around the bastion came the old steward, walking backward; and behind was Percy, and leaning on Percy's arm was one whose height was barely to the great Earl's shoulder.

The Lady Maude waved her hand and both men raised their bonnets.

Suddenly Richmond gave an exclamation.

"St. George! Do I see aright?"

"What is it?" she asked.

"I am lost!"

"Lost!" she echoed. "Wherefore?"

"The man with Percy—look!"

Until then she had given no heed to him.

"Holy Mother!" she whispered. "It cannot be!"

The Tudor almost groaned. "It is; I know him all too well."

The woman was braver than the man.

"Courage, Henry, courage," she urged. "Your disguise will save you."

There was no time for answer, and he braced himself for the ordeal. Northumberland, he had been ready to meet with small fear of recognition; but it was another matter to stand beneath the searching eyes of Richard of Gloucester. And he cursed his luck and the foolish fancy that had led him hither from his temporary refuge at Torveaux.

The Lady Maude curtsied low to the Prince.

"Your Grace honors our poor house," she said. "Until my brother return, accept from me Pembroke's welcome and our service."

Richard took her hand and bowed over it.

"We love our faithful Herbert well," he said, "but if you are his deputy, we will gladly spare him his attendance now."

Northumberland stooped and kissed her on the cheek.

"And as my future deputy at Topcliffe," he said, "she will hope to welcome Your Grace often."

Richard laughed. "Topcliffe will be a deal more attractive, I assure you." Then he turned to the Priest. "We give your reverence good morning."

Richmond bowed slightly and raised his hand.

"*Benedicite*," he said, as both Knights uncovered.

The Lady Maude grew cold—then held her breath, as Gloucester, who had given the Monk only a careless glance, suddenly eyed him sharply.

"Your voice seems familiar, good Father," he said. "Have we met before?"

Richmond bowed again—he was trying to steady himself.

"Never, my lord," he said. And, to the girl beside him, the tremble was so evident it seemed to speak his doom.

But the Duke was used to having men grow nervous in his presence; and so it went at that to him. In fact, he had seen Henry Tudor only once or twice before—when both were children at King Henry's Court; and that the gowned figure before him was the Lancastrian chief never entered his mind. Richmond was supposed to be in France, though that he occasionally had ventured into Wales was known to the Yorkists. But to the Earl and Lady Maude, standing there under Gloucester's stern gaze, discovery seemed sure. And Henry's hand sought stealthily his dagger, and the Lady Maude's fingers began to twist one another and grew very cold.

It was but an instant until Richard spoke again, but such instants are measured by no units known to man.

"You ought to know, good Father," he said, "but it is passing strange. I do not often mistake a voice. You are the Earl's chaplain?"

"No, my lord, such is not my good fortune," said Richmond, and made to withdraw.

But the Duke was still searching his memory, and he stayed him.

"Put back your cowl," he said.

The Lady Maude turned to the parapet and gazed outward—seeing nothing. It was only a moment now, and she waited trembling, forcing back the shriek that filled her throat.

## The Testing of the Earls

And Richmond, too, thought the game was lost, and for the briefest moment he hesitated whether to obey or to use his dagger. Then he obeyed. Most men did, with Gloucester.

Richard leaned forward and scanned the Monk's face critically.

"By St. Paul, it is very curious," he said, turning to Northumberland. "I remember the voice . . . and the face, too, seems familiar, and yet I cannot place them."

"Your Grace sees many faces; a mistake is easy," said the Earl. The Duke nodded, but with a puzzled air.

"Perchance, yes; but it is rare for me to forget." He gave the Monk another survey . . . "Are you quite sure we have never met?" he demanded.

"Quite sure, my lord," said Richmond, and replaced the hood.

"Your habit smacks of the Benedictines; where is your Abbey?"

"Torveaux, my lord; but I spend much of my time in visitations."

"And the good Father has stopped in passing to give me a message from a friend at Brecknock," said the Lady Maude.

The Monk nodded in acquiescence.

"For which," she went on, turning to him, "I am much your debtor, and I beg that you tarry with us as long as it may suit your convenience. Meanwhile, refreshment awaits you in the hall."

Richmond raised his hand with grave courtesy.

"It is a pleasure to have served you, my lady," he said; "and I thank you for your gracious invitation, but I must fare on at once."

He made a farewell salute and turned away.

"Hold yet a moment," said Richard. "You come from Torveaux, you say?"

The Monk bowed.

"Know you Henry Tudor, sometimes styled Earl of Richmond?"

The Lady Maude gave a bit of a gasp—and Richard shot a quick glance at her. The interval was very grateful to Richmond, and his voice was calm and steady as he answered:

"Yes, Your Grace, I have often seen him in former years."

Gloucester eyed the Priest sternly. "And when did you see him last?"

The Monk dropped his head in thought.

"Not for two years at least," he said.

"Two years! Are you quite sure two months would not be nearer the truth?"

The Monk drew himself up with calm dignity. "The Duke of Gloucester forgets he speaks to a priest of Holy Church."

Richard smiled grimly. "I forget nothing, Sir Benedictine; and least of all, that your Abbey has ever been a nest of Lancastrians; and, it is said, a refuge for this same Tudor when he comes to Wales."

Richmond made no answer.

The Duke began to finger his dagger, shooting it back and forth in its sheath.

Northumberland had backed against the parapet beside the Lady Maude.

"The Monk is a fool to cross Gloucester so," he said, in an undertone.

She answered with a nod; she was too intent on the others to know what he said.

Then the Duke snapped his dagger down sharply.

"Your reverence will be good enough to tarry until we have dined," he ordered. "I will do myself the honor of accompanying you to Torveaux."

The Monk flung up his head; then quickly bowed it humbly.

"Your lordship does me too much favor," he said; "permit me to precede you and acquaint the Abbot of the great honor in store."

A slight smile crossed the Prince's lips.

"We prefer your company to your heraldship," he said curtly, and dismissed him with a wave of the hand.

For an instant Richmond's eyes sought the Lady Maude's—then he went slowly down the wall, leaving her to face the problem of blocking Gloucester's purpose to carry him to Torveaux.

"Surely Your Grace will not leave us so soon?" she said. "Pembroke will return to-night."

"Alas, my lady, I may not linger even until then," said the Duke. "Had I not chanced to meet my good Percy in the town, and so learn his errand here, I would, even now, be headed Eastward. I but turned aside to give you greeting and to wish you joy."

She curtsied low. "I cannot sufficiently thank you, my lord, for your good will and gracious thought." And then she smiled at Northumberland and gave him her hand.

Richard laughed. "Make him stop at Pontefract on your way to Topcliffe," he said; "my own fair spouse will welcome you with delight."

She looked at Percy with a roguish smile.

"Wilt do it, Henry?" she asked.

"That I will, sweetheart, and gladly."

"Good," said Gloucester; "cozen him well, my lady—he will need managing—though his heart is as big as his body. However, I warrant you will find it."

She put her arm within the Earl's.

"I hope, my lord, I have already found it," she said, looking up at him.

"That you have, little one," the Earl exclaimed, patting her cheek.

The Duke laughed again.

"Clever woman," he commented. Then he motioned to the steward, who still waited just out of earshot. "May I beg a bit of water to remove this dust?" he said . . . "No—no!"—as the Lady Maude sprang forward in protest. "Your servant shall conduct me; you two have had no chance for greeting—I insist—" and he followed the steward.

The Lady Maude looked up at Percy and smiled sweetly.

"Art glad to see me, dear?" she asked.

"More glad than you might believe," he said, stroking her hair softly.

"And you are sure—quite sure—you love me?"

"Love you? *Pasque Dieu!* What else, think you, brings me to this end of the world?" he smiled.

She slipped her arm around his.

"Nay, dear," said she. "I know you love me; though why I cannot guess, when you might have the pick of all the Court."

The Earl caught her by the waist, and lifted her till her face was level with his own; then kissed her on the lips.

"Oh, Henry! . . . in sight of all the Courtyard," she protested. But he only laughed and kissed her again.

"Let them," he said. "I forgive them their envy."

She knew the propitious moment had arrived.

"But will you forgive me, I wonder?" she said with grave tone and face.

Percy was too light-hearted, just then, for seriousness—the Lady Maude had never treated him so sweetly hitherto.

"Forgive you?" he said. "I will forgive you anything but a postponement of our wedding day."

"May be you will want no wedding when I have told you," she said.

He smiled indulgently. "Nay, sweetheart; nothing you could tell would work that end. What is it troubles you?"

She wound her arm within his, and turned so that both leaned upon the parapet, facing outward.

"Listen, dear," she said, "and judge me gently . . . The Monk . . . the one with me when you came . . . you did not recognize him?"

The Earl smiled. "Recognize him? Assuredly no; I am not fond of the breed. Methinks I would not recognize Topcliffe's own chaplain if I met him without the walls."

"But this was no Monk."

"No Monk!—he wore the habit."

"As a disguise—"

"Ah! then Gloucester . . ."



"Was right. He had seen him years ago . . . It was the Earl of Richmond."

Percy looked at her in astonishment.

"Richmond!—the Tudor—here!" He made a quick step toward the tower; then halted—frowned—turned, and leaned against the parapet.

"What brings him here?" he demanded.

She saw, of course, what was in his mind. It was the one danger.

"I do not know," she answered. "He appeared here on the wall just as you crossed the bridge. I have no idea whence he came, nor why."

For a space, that to the Lady Maude was endless, the Earl stood silent, looking her in the eyes with steady stare.

"Tell me, Maude," he said presently, "if Richmond were beside me here, as free as I to go or stay, which of us would your heart choose for husband?"

Two hours earlier and her answer would have been quick and ready—and Richmond would have had it. But now there had been a sudden and complete dispelling of the glamour her young dreams had cast about him, and she saw him as he was. And to the bluff and honest Percy, who loved her truly, as she knew, had gone with a rush, the affection she thought given to the other. And she realized that, for months, the struggle had been not so much to love Percy as to keep from forgetting Tudor.

And so she answered the question; and he knew she spoke truth.

"As God is my witness, Henry, I would choose you, though Richmond and all the nobles of England stood beside you."

He took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"May you never regret the choice," he said solemnly. Then fell to thinking.

She looked up at him and away, and up again.

"You will help me save him?" she asked timidly.

He nodded.

"It must be tried," he said. "For Henry Tudor to be found in Pembroke Castle and with Pembroke's sister, would be ill indeed for Pembroke . . . Is there a secret exit beyond the walls?"

"Alas! no; there was one, but as this castle has been held by both Lancastrian and Yorkist, the secret was no secret, and the passage simply another point of danger, so it was closed."

"It is a pity," said Percy; "and the time is short, indeed. However, do you go, sweetheart, and keep Gloucester occupied, while I to this false Monk and counsel with him."

He found Richmond in the great hall, head on breast, before the

fireplace, though the time was June. Nor did he notice Northumberland until the latter touched him on the shoulder. Then he recoiled a step.

"Your lordship startled me," he said.

"Your pardon, good Father, and also the favor of a word with you in private in the chapel yonder."

Richmond inclined his head in acquiescence.

At the portal, Northumberland waved the other ahead and closed the door behind them. The Monk bent knee to the altar and crossed himself—and Percy smiled.

"Come, my Lord of Richmond," he said sharply, "drop the masquerade."

Instantly the Tudor swung around with dagger drawn, and sprang upon him.

But the huge Percy seized him by the wrist and wrenched away the weapon.

"You fool!" he said, holding the Monk at arm's length. "If I had intended harm to you, would I bring you to the chapel?"

Richmond shrugged his shoulders. "Chapels have lost their sanctity in England."

"And in some cases very properly. All that saves you now is my regard for Pembroke."

"And Pembroke's sister," the other sneered.

Percy's eyes blazed.

"We will leave Pembroke's sister out of the conversation, if you please," he said. "You are too small-minded to appreciate nobility of character. The point is to save you from the Duke of Gloucester."

A light came into Richmond's face.

"You will befriend me?" he asked.

"No, not you, Sir Earl. I befriend Pembroke in saving him from the inference of treason your presence carries."

"The end is the same—and, believe me, I shall be none the less grateful."

The Earl laughed shortly. "Grateful! Saint Peter! When did a Tudor learn even the word?"

Richmond answered with a smile.

"Your lordship wastes time," he said. "Gloucester gave us but an hour, and half of that is spent."

Percy nodded. "You have lived in this castle; is there a secret exit available?"

"If there were, I would not have had the pleasure of this meeting with you."

"Then, can you suggest some way to save you this ride with Gloucester to Torveaux, and thence on to the Tower and the block?"

Richmond looked at him shrewdly.

Percy raised his hand sharply.

"Do not say it," he cautioned, "or you take the ride. I aid you only in such a way as brings no suspicion of complicity upon Pembroke, even if we fail."

"What is your plan?" asked the Tudor.

"I have none. This is an occasion which suits your particular mental trend."

Richmond's one aim now was to escape; and it was characteristic of the man to ignore all slights and insults if it would speed his purpose.

"I suppose," he said, "the bridge may not be dropped long enough for me to pass the barbican."

"And so make the connivance plain? Oh no!"

"Then, will the castle furnish me a long, stout rope?"

"I see no great risk in that."

"And can you provide that I have the west wall to myself for a brief time?"

Percy's face brightened. "That will do very well," he said. "There is no moat there, only the sheer rock."

"But the rope," said Richmond.

"Can be hid under your gown."

Richmond smiled. "Of course—but how to get it there?"

Percy frowned. "True enough; it will take a good hundred feet and such lengths are to be had only in the armory."

"Which I have tried to enter, and found locked."

"It shall be open in ten minutes."

"Then give me as many more and Pembroke Castle shall be free of me."

Percy turned away. "I may not tarry longer. If you fail with the rope, conceal yourself as best you can; and may the Virgin aid you. Farewell."

The Tudor bowed. "My thanks, Sir Earl—and may the Red Rose, some day, have the azure Lion beside her, as of yore."

Northumberland made no reply, and the door closed behind him.

Yet the wish was prophetic of the morning, four years thereafter, when Henry Percy stood aloof from battle, while Richard of England rode his last grand charge across Redmore Plain, and died within sword length of the shrinking Tudor. *who fought*

On the dais at the head of the hall sat the Lady Maude, with the Duke of Gloucester on her right, and the Earl of Northumberland on her left. On Gloucester's other hand was the Lady Margaret. The dinner was almost ended.

"I do not see the Monk of Torveaux," said the Duke, running his eyes along the long board below them. "Is this a fast day of the Benedictines?"

Percy laughed. "I am not an authority on fast days," he said; "they are not in my calendar."

"By St. Paul!" said Richard, "one needs only to look at you to believe it. But the Priest gave no such proof."

He spoke to the steward behind his chair.

"I pray you, good sir, have the Monk found and bring him hither."

"He may be in the chapel," the Lady Maude suggested.

"Or the wine cellar," said Percy.

The two women laughed gaily—a relief to their over-strung nerves—then glanced apprehensively at each other. The next few minutes would spell success or failure.

Richard dipped his fingers in the silver bowl, and wiped them with all the daintiness of a woman.

"These wandering priests are a plague to government," he said. "They are the constant messengers of treason and sedition, and are difficult to apprehend in any overt act. You saw this fellow's attitude when I questioned him; contumacious and disrespectful. And his Abbey is like him. I long to burn it with all it holds—though I may not. Yet some day, mark me, a King of England will clean the land of the breed."

The minutes passed. The meal was finished, and the Duke growing restless.

"*Pardieu!* The fellow seems difficult to find," he said . . . "Ah, at last," as the steward appeared at the far end of the hall . . . "What, alone! Verily, Percy, you must have guessed it—the wine cellar."

But to the Earl and the two women it brought a different meaning; and the Lady Maude gave a quiet sigh of relief, and, beneath the table, her hand found his.

The look on the steward's face told Gloucester his message quicker than his lips.

"So, the Priest has flown," he said, lightly, as the old man knelt before him.

"He has, Your Grace, but through no fault of ours. The bridge has not been lowered since your entry. The rogue went over the west wall; the rope still dangles from the parapet."

"You are quite sure he is not hid within and the rope only a ruse?"

"Absolutely sure; every foot of the castle has been searched."

The Duke nodded.

"My horse!" he ordered—then arose.

"Your ladyship will pardon my abrupt departure," he said, "but I must away. This matter will bear instant investigation at Torveaux."

He bowed over the Lady Maude's hand and then over the Lady Margaret's.

"A word with you, Percy," he said; and drawing on his gauntlets, strode swiftly from the hall.

The two sisters looked at each other.

"Thank God!" both exclaimed.

"Come," said the Lady Margaret, and drew the other to the window in the gallery behind them, overlooking the courtyard.

Gloucester's great charger was just being led before the door. Northumberland stepped forward to hold the stirrup, but the Duke stopped him, and sprang into saddle, without so much as laying hand to pommel. As he swung his horse around, his eye caught the faces at the window above him and he doffed bonnet and called farewell. Then, followed by only the single squire who had attended him hither—his escort of Knights and men-at-arms having been left in the town—he galloped across the bailey and over the drawbridge.

Northumberland watched him until the barbican hid him from sight; then he, too, looked up at the window and waved his hand and smiled.

The Lady Margaret eyed her sister searchingly.

"Do you appreciate what Lord Percy has done?" she asked.

The Lady Maude nodded gravely.

"He has risked honor, lands, and life," she said.

"Yes—and for you; for you, my sister. Gloucester may be Percy's friend, yet think you he would spare him if he knew the story of the dangling rope?"

"Please God he never know!" said the Lady Maude.

The Lady Margaret put her arm around her sister's shoulders.

"Tell me, Maude," she said presently, "which, think you, now, is the nobler of the Earls, and which the safer lover?"

The ring of a spur sounded on the stone floor without.

"He comes," said the Lady Maude, with a happy laugh; "he comes." Then, as Northumberland entered, she went to him, and reaching up, drew his head down and kissed him on the lips.

"Thank you, sweetheart," she said; "thank you, always."



# THE IVORY DOOR

*By E. Ayrton Zangwill*

**L**ITTLE Peggy lies in her cot; she lies there sleeping. Little Peggy is very precious and very, very small. It was only the other day that she came among us; a week ago, indeed, the cot stood empty. Now a human being rests there. How foolish seem the arguments of churchmen. This is the divine testimony, the eternal miracle.

Little Peggy lies very still. Her cheeks as yet are pale; the color waits to be kissed upon them by the sun. She is like a fair white rose, so faint and soft, so tenderly delicate. Her hair is dark, they say, but in truth there is but little edging the whiteness of her lapping shawl. One little wisp I see, escaping at the side. Perchance it has stretched itself to peep and whisper into the marvellous subtleties of the tiny ear.

Little Peggy's hands are like roses, too, unblown baby roses, lying folded on her breast. One would almost deem her praying at the threshold of the strange new world. The wise woman tells me no; it is a pre-natal memory. Little Peggy has not realized the vastness of her universe.

And as I look closer, the little fingers unfold. Each one is so minute and yet so perfect, a masterpiece in miniature. The tiny filbert nails make my breath catch suddenly. What is there about mere littleness that should move us so?

Thus I watch, and presently I begin to think of the kingdom that little Peggy is now entering on. Childhood's Country, they call it, a wondrous land bathed in strange glamour with all the glory and the radiance of the sunrise, with the clearness and the fragrance of the springtide, with the sweet freshness of the early dew. I, too, have dwelt in that land, and I know its splendor. I know its enchantment and its gentle fays. And I know its terror, its grim monsters—midnight monsters ever ready to devour children who wander lonely there.

But little Peggy will not see the monsters; little Peggy will not feel the terror. Love shall wrap her like a garment; love shall shelter her like a nesting bird. In Childhood's Country there is naught shall fright my Peggy; and naught of the outer world can enter through the Ivory Door.



For little Peggy's kingdom stands encircled; its ramparts are built of innocence. And there is one opening, and one only, the ivory gate and the golden. And at it the children oftentimes pull, but it will never yield. Until at last they hap upon the key, a heavy key and hard to bear, and the gate swings open moaningly. Sometimes, alas! they find the key too soon, and then they are despoiled of their heritage. For though many, many children wander out, none ever yet came back again. You may see the little footprints all pointing in the one direction. And the name of that key? It is Pain.

And when my Peggy has passed the portal—ah, little Peggy, what then? For afterwards love avails but little; there are many paths to choose from, and each must walk alone. And for the most part the paths are stony, stony and very steep. The poor wayfarer can hardly climb the hill. And some say that at the journey's end there lies a fair city, another kingdom of little children. But others say they know not; for them it is surely harder. And little Peggy—what will she believe? God grant the path be not too stony that little Peggy has to tread!



## TO JOHN KEATS

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

In one of those mental voyages into the past which precede death, Keats had told Severn that he thought "the intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers," and another time, after lying a while quite still, he murmured, "I feel the flowers growing over me."—*Lord Houghton's Memoir.*

"SEVERN, I feel the flowers o'er me grow."  
 They grow, loved boy,—the daisies drenched with dew,  
 Pale sentries of the Sleep that silenced you;  
 And violets, that the poet-password know—  
 Your soul to theirs gave whisper long ago:  
 In all that Roman garden none with hue  
 More bright; and many a clovered avenue,  
 Sweet flower-forests waving to and fro.

And every plant in that so holy place  
 Yearns to your lyrèd grave, and all that earth  
 Bears wheresoever into blossoming;  
 And every seed of honor, truth, and grace  
 Quickens when buried there, and comes to birth,  
 Greening above you in eternal Spring.



## THE GALLANT BURGLAR

BY AMBROSE PRATT

ONE mid-November evening—or morning, to be more precise, for midnight had chimed some time before—Constable X. C. B. was slowly and steadily stumping his beat and profanely beshrewing the while the unkind fate which chained his services to a respectable suburb like Hampstead, where the talents of a shrewd fellow like himself were utterly wasted (Constable X. C. B. firmly believed himself a Vidocq) when of a sudden he descried unsteadily approaching him a young man clad in evening clothes.

The young man's collar was awry, and he was manifestly elevated. Constable X. C. B.'s hawk-like eyes unerringly absorbed these facts while the young man lingered for an instant beside a lamp-post. "Swell! Night out! Sprung! Tip!" Thus ran the thoughts of the pillar of the law as the pair converged.

"Goo'-ni', conserbul," said the young man, stopping.

"He's not so very bad, or he'd 'a' called me 'Sarjunt,'" thought X. C. B. disappointedly. He said aloud, "Late to be out, sir." His accents were intended to be awe-inspiring.

The young man gave a tipsy lurch, then, with an effort, steadied himself. He looked at X. C. B. with portentous drunken gravity. "Wassat to you?" he demanded. "Wasser dickens that gotter do wi' you? Thass what I wanner know. P'raps you'd like my ath-ath (hic) thority? Thass alri'. I'm Lord Athol Scrollbyn. Thass who I am. Jussice of the Peace. Thass what I am."

Constable X. C. B. touched his helmet with sudden deference. "Quite so, Lord St. Aulbyn," he said in a voice that offered an oleaginous apology for its former gruffness. Then he saw his chance and seized it. "Your lordship must have lost your way," he hazarded.

"This is 'Ampstead, me lord, not Belgravia." He guffawed as he concluded.

But his lordship did not smile. On the contrary, he frowned. "Conserbul," he said, "you're a com (hic) common fellow. Vulgar, bai Jove. You drop your aitches. You do, conserbul, you do, indeed. Lemme see. Where am I?"

"'Ampstead, me lord," grinned the policeman.

"Hampstead, conserbul," his lordship corrected, with awful gravity. "But whasher street?"

"Eton Avenue, me lord."

His lordship nodded. "Thashorlri," he said; and he extended half a crown.

Constable X. C. B. accepted the coin in the spirit it was offered. It bred in his mind a certain paternal feeling towards the young aristocrat. "See yer where yer goin', me lord, if yer lordship likes," he suggested.

His lordship nodded once more, this time quite genially. "You know Billson's house—the brewer Johnny, don't cher know?" he asked.

"But Mr. Billson is away from home, me lord," said X. C. B., surprised. "I know because he asked me to keep a particular eye on the place o' nights till he comes back."

"Conserbul," said Lord St. Aulbyn, with a hideously wicked leer, "I'll tell you a secret. If Billson was at home, I would n't be here. Catch on, conserbul?"

X. C. B. was deeply shocked, even pained, and, although he accepted another half-crown, he felt called upon to utter a protest. "Really, me lord, you'd do better to go back home," he murmured. "She's a beauty an' that's a fact—but you might marry some day yerself, me lord; you might, indeed."

His lordship took X. C. B.'s arm. "I say, you shut up," he commanded. "Come on!"

Five minutes later they stopped before the front of an imposing red-brick mansion.

"The trouble is, I dropped the latch-key she gave me as I came along," hiccupped his lordship. "Ring the bell, will you, conserbul?" He extended a third half-crown. "Ring it good!"

X. C. B. stifled the surging flood of his moral sentiments. Several sternly admonitory reflections occurred to him, but he rang the bell. When he turned round his lordship clutched him eagerly by the arm. "By gum, conserbul," he muttered, "I'm done if Binks answers. I never thought of Binks. Say, you've got ter get me out of this."

X. C. B. saw a sovereign and his eyes blinked. "Wot'll I do?" he gasped.

His lordship with surprising agility, considering his condition,

stepped aside and crouched behind one of the pillars beside the door. "If it's Thomas, it's all right, and I'll come out," he whispered; "but if it's Binks, I'll stay mum; so you'll know. Tell him one of the chimneys is smoking and take him out to the pavement to see. Then I'll slip in as he passes. Catch!"

There was a tiny yellow flicker of light. Constable X. C. B. made a clutch at it, but missed. The sovereign tinkled on the steps. Oblivious of his legal dignity, X. C. B. followed it and picked it up. A few seconds later the door opened and a sleepy flunkey appeared, half dressed, framed against a vague half-light behind.

"What is the matter?" he demanded, then, seeing the constable's uniform, he exclaimed, "Hello! What's up?"

X. C. B. glanced at his lordship and received an imperious sign. "One of your chimbleys is smoking badly," he declared. "At least, it was just now. Step down here for a moment."

"I've got no boots on," grumbled the flunkey; but he followed X. C. B. down the steps. His lordship glided on instant into the house and vanished like a shadow.

"Well, I declare," said X. C. B., "if it ain't stopped! It was a-smokin' horrible when I rang, and sparks as well. It looked as like bein' afire as twin peas in a barrel."

"I guess you saw double," growled the flunkey. "Callin' people from their beds in the middle o' the night on a wild-geese chase like that! You ought ter get work, you ought."

"An' you people ought to clean yer chimbleys," retorted X. C. B.

"They wuz all cleaned last month," snorted the flunkey.

"Last year, you mean," sneered X. C. B.

"Oh, go and bag yer 'ead!" said the irate footman, and he slammed the door in X. C. B.'s face.

"I reckon," murmured X. C. B., "I did that real neat. It was worth the suvrin, an' the suvrin was worth it. Well, it ain't been a bad night, an' that's a fact. One pun, seven an' six; an' all from just exercisin' of me wits, as you might say."

X. C. B. was proud of himself, and he felt convinced that he had every right to be. He had had a nascent twinge of conscience concerning the poor deluded brewer a little earlier; but the sovereign had even wiped the memory of that away. Such is the power of gold that as X. C. B. resumed his interrupted beat he voiced a wish that there were more people like Mrs. Billson and Lord Athol St. Aulbyn in the world.

Curiously enough, at that very moment Lord Athol St. Aulbyn was in almost even terms reciprocating the compliment. He was thinking, "My business would be a really pleasant one if there were more officers like X. C. B. in the metropolitan constabulary."

A peculiar circumstance about the young aristocrat was that the moment he crossed the threshold of Mr. Billson's mansion he was restored to the most perfect sobriety. There must have been something alcoholically antidotal in the air of that chaste abode—a phenomenon and nothing less, since beer had built it. His lordship crossed the hall on tip-toe and glided behind some heavy curtains that hung before an alcove. There he waited until the irate flunkey, having slammed the door in X. C. B.'s face, retired to the lower regions. Then he came out and prepared to ascend the stairs.

First, however, he carefully rearranged his collar before a mirrored panel in the wall.

It was wonderful how noiselessly he moved. For all the sound he made, he might as well have been a shadow. He tried every step before he placed his weight upon it. Some steps he passed over altogether, as if warned by a sixth sense that they might creak. At length he arrived at the first floor landing. A bronze lady in garden of Eden attire shamelessly extended a shaded electric glow lamp in his direction, about a dozen feet away. She was standing in a niche at a corner of the landing where the corridor bifurcated. His lordship glided to her side and, after sweeping with a keen glance either passage, he took a paper from his breast pocket and spread it open on his palm. It was a plan, the ground plan of a house—of Mr. Billson's house. One room in particular was marked with a scarlet cross. His lordship compared the plan with the reality and smiled indulgently. He had discovered a discrepancy, but it was not of much importance. The plan had neglected to portray a certain window. His lordship restored the paper to his pocket and wafted himself gently down the left-hand corridor. At the very end he paused before a heavy oak door. He tried the handle, oh, so gently! It was locked. He shrugged his shoulders, and, bending down, he quietly rolled up the left leg of his trousers almost to the knee. By this action, even in the dim light of the corridor, he stood revealed in his true colors, an up-to-date, expert professional burglar. His calf was bound from knee to ankle with a tight black india-rubber gaiter. This gaiter was graced with a number of pockets and rubber loops. Each pocket held some small, bright, venomous-looking tool; each loop imprisoned a brace, a bit, a chisel, a jimmy, a pincers, or an awl. The burglar selected a jimmy, a pincers, and a long, thin skeleton key, and straightened his trousers. He then took a tiny electric bead-lamp from his pocket, and, touching a spring, flashed a spot of cold white light upon the lock of the door. Stooping down, he sharply eyed the fastenings for a moment, then he deftly inserted the skeleton key in the key-hole and stood up. One glance down the corridor, then he smiled again and turned the key. There followed a sharp click, and the door flew open. The burglar

stared thoughtfully down the passage for a full minute. Hearing nothing, he nodded and entering the room, closed the door behind him. It was as black within as Erebus. He removed the concentrator from his pocket-lamp and touched a spring. A heated wire with an incandescent power equivalent to that of twelve candles showed him a small business study, evidently a merchant's den, furnished with a few chairs, a roll-top desk, a revolving book-case, and a large steel safe. He took up a mat, spread it across the bottom of the door, and then, no doubt from motives of economy, he switched on the electric light belonging to the house, and put his own electric apparatus in his pocket.

His first act was to go over and examine the safe. It was graced with a big brass knob, and above the knob a brass inscription containing the maker's name and the proud legend, "Warranted fire and burglar proof."

As he read this legend, the gentleman known to Constable X. C. B. as Lord St. Aulbyn emitted a low, soft chuckle, expressionful of unadulterated joy and innocent amusement.

"To which I venture with all due reverence to observe, 'Rats!'" he murmured, almost tenderly. He now rolled up the right leg of his trousers. His right calf was even more exquisitely and strangely accoutred than his left. He took from it a number of small tools, or, rather, parts of one large tool, which he pieced together with miraculous speed and ingenuity. Thus he constructed a strange-looking implement about two feet long, that worked on ball-bearing sockets—a multiplication of tiny cogged wheels with a small hand brace. To the end of the brace he fitted an ugly set of tiny, gleaming teeth arranged in a circle three inches in diameter. He then placed the teeth against the safe, immediately around the keyhole, the round handle of the implement against his chest, and he began to work the brace with his hand, holding a dripping oil tube with his left above the teeth. The teeth began on instant to chase each other round with a rotary movement of inconceivable rapidity. It was simply astounding the way they bit into the solid iron, and more astounding still to mark the almost utter soundlessness with which they worked.

At the end of an hour his lordship gave himself a little rest. He certainly deserved it. His handsome face was bathed in perspiration, and he was quivering all over from the prolonged strain. After wiping his forehead and fanning himself with his crush hat till he was cool, he ate a biscuit and then placed a new set of teeth in the brace. The safe was three parts eaten through. Observing this, he set to work with an energy intensified with hope. Twenty minutes later there came of a sudden a little crash, and his lordship fell against the safe, his brace entering the hollow receptacle before him.



His lordship recovered his balance and, dropping the brace, flew to the door of the room. Tearing it open, he put out his head and listened. The house, however, was as silent as a tomb. Reassured, he closed the door and returned to the safe. He found a round, black hole large enough to admit his hand; the piece of steel cut out by the teeth of his wonderful tool had fallen inwards. With the methodical manner of a thorough workman, his lordship took his brace to pieces and restored the parts to their proper receptacles about his person before proceeding to exploit his triumph. When that was done, and not before, he put his hand through the hole in the safe door, and, after a little trouble, found the secret of the lever and drew back the bolts. A second later he turned the big brass knob and pulled the heavy door wide open. The main space of the safe was occupied with a row of account books. One small pigeon-hole, labelled "Cash," was filled with gold and silver money; and a still larger one was piled with jewel-cases.

"Money first," murmured his lordship. The gold was arranged in neat little stacks containing ten sovereigns apiece. There were eleven of them. His lordship transferred them all to his hip pocket. He glanced at the silver and his lip curled. He let it lie. The jewel-cases demanded his attention. He took one down and opened it. It contained a necklet of small but lustrous pearls. "It should stand me in a thou or two," observed his lordship. "Pearls are rather fashionable just now." He slipped the necklace into his vest pocket, replaced the empty case, and took out a larger one. As he raised the lid a dazzling flash of multi-colored lights announced a rich haul of diamonds.

His lordship half closed his eyes. "Now we're talking," he breathed. "These are the ones she wore at the Lord Mayor's ball. Old Billson got them at Streerler's and paid a cool twenty thousand for them. They're half of them Cape, of course, but, even allowing for that and all trade discount, they'll stand me in twelve thousand sure, maybe thirteen."

He swept the jewels into his palm, slipped them into his coat-tail pocket and then replaced the empty case where he had found it. At that moment, by ill luck, one of the ledgers which had been balanced on edge within the safe toppled over and fell to the floor. Probably his sleeve had touched it. But his lordship was too excited now to care very much. He stooped to recover the book, and, with one hasty glance around, prepared to replace it, in order to return to his proper business, when a door of the room opened and a woman entered.

His lordship was instantly aware. For one intense, life-living second he silently cursed the folly of absorption which had prevented him hearing her approach until too late; then, still holding Mr. Bill-

son's ledger in his hand, he turned to look into the muzzle of a revolver and thence above and along the sights into the face of one of the handsomest women he had ever beheld. Her thick black hair fell in streaming masses across her shoulders; her large brown eyes stared determinedly on the burglar from under finely pencilled brows. She was draped in a lace-edged, creamy dressing-robe that enveloped her tall form in one long, straight fall from chin to floor. Her lovely scarlet lips were pressed into a strong, straight line. Her delicate oval chin was thrust out, quite aggressively. Her shapely nostrils were dilated and quivering. "Positively a Juno—an angry Juno," thought his lordship.

"What are you doing there?" demanded the lady.

The questioner tickled the burglar's sense of humor almost irresistibly. But he heroically refrained from replying that he was just looking for a stamp to post a letter to his widowed mother. He did not want to hurt the lady's feelings. He was glad presently that he had suppressed the impulse to be flippant, although there was some tinge of flippancy in his coolly impudent actual response: "Madam, I am about my business."

He was glad because something flashed into the lady's eyes which called on instant every faculty of his lambent fancy into active play. It was a gleam of doubt, of positive anxiety.

"Put up your hands!" she commanded.

He dropped the ledger and obeyed. "Certainly, madam." He was laboring hard with an idea; the germ had already struck root. "Though why—but of course you know best, though it's no part of the programme, is it?" He spoke in a protesting tone. The lady was slowly moving sideways towards the bell. "Don't move—if you wish to live!" she said. "Don't stir a finger. I'm a woman, but a good shot, and no coward, as you'd find."

The burglar gave a puzzled frown. His idea had begun to blossom. "That's all very well, Mrs. Billson," he said in half angry, half injured accents. "But your husband had no right to change the programme without informing me. Certainly I suggested an alarm, et cetera, in the first instance, but he scouted the notion, and I arranged my plans accordingly. Kindly tell me what I am to do and what the game is, before you ring that bell. I am willing to do a lot to oblige Billson, but, hang it all! I decline to be made ridiculous. Suppose I should chance to be caught?"

Mrs. Billson ceased moving sideways, although still quite two paces from the bell.

"What on earth do you mean?" she said.

"Just this: that, Billson or no Billson, I simply refuse to be made the laughing-stock of London, and that's what I should be for

certain if you give an alarm before I'm ready. Why, hang it all!—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Billson, but this thing's going beyond a joke. Can't you see?—I don't even know the house properly. I've got the plan Billson gave me, of course, but I've scarcely looked at it. I only know these two corridors. It's sheer lunacy, that's what it is."

"You must be mad, I think," said Mrs. Billson.

The burglar uttered a groan. "Good heavens!" he said. "Don't tell me you did n't get Billson's letter!"

"If you think you can take me in with so flimsy a trick," cried the lady angrily, "you'll find you are mistaken. Again I warn you that you'll die if you move a muscle." Speaking, she walked past the bell, stopped, and, judging her distance nicely with a swift sidelong glance, she raised her left hand to the button. Her right, holding the revolver, did not waver a hair's breadth.

"Mrs. Billson," said the burglar, "if you press that button, you'll ruin your husband and yourself as surely as the Lord made little apples. Just listen to me a moment, will you? You have me covered—surely you are not afraid?"

"Afraid!" The lady sniffed contemptuously. "Speak, then, but be quick."

"I can see that Billson's letter miscarried," said the burglar rapidly; "but there's surely no need for me to explain to you the mess he is in financially?"

He spoke so earnestly that the lady was involuntarily impressed. "Mess?" she echoed.

The burglar swore most artistically under breath; then instantly apologized. "Billson deserves hanging," he declared; "and, considering the hole his folly has plunged me into, by gad! I'd—but there. At least, you'll know my name, Mrs. Billson. I am Lord Athol St. Aulbyn."

"Lord Athol St. Aulbyn!" echoed Mrs. Billson dazedly.

"Surely, madam, I don't look a burglar?" protested his lordship, with a whimsically ingratiating smile. "If you'd permit me the use of one of my hands, I would offer you my card. You are doubtless aware that I am a co-director with your husband in the Copper Convention Syndicate. He dragged me in, confound him! Once more I beg your pardon, Mrs. Billson. I keep forgetting it's your husband we are discussing. It's so wonderful a thing to me that Billson, dry old Billson, could have won for his wife a lady so——" He paused. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Billson, you'll think I'm a cad. I'd almost said 'charming and beautiful' to your face. It's the circumstances that are to blame."

With the easiest manner in the world, he lowered his arms and bowed to her.

Nor did the lady fire her pistol, though she still kept him covered.

His lordship, having bowed, more leisurely proceeded. "It's this way," he resumed. "The Copper Convention has squeezed the lot of us who are in it as dry as sucked oranges—of money, I mean. But hang on we must for another fortnight, or we shall be hammered on 'Change. The situation is really desperate. My whole fortune is involved, and also, I am ashamed to confess, Lady Athol's. As for Billson, he is in up to the neck. Well, to cut a long story short, we must have twenty thousand pounds by next Monday to tide us over the crisis; and Billson is pledged by word and deed to find the money. Having mortgaged all his own possessions to the hilt, every stick, every stone—but this is not news to you—he arranged with me this little incursion—naturally he preëngaged for your consent—and then he ran over to the continent so that his absence might save his credit in case of any suspicion arising from the transaction. Unfortunately, Mrs. Billson, as you are doubtless aware, business men are occasionally forced to employ devious devices to raise ready money. And your husband's position is so critical that were it to be believed for a moment that your jewels were not really burgled, but that this burglary is a put-up job to tide him over a pass—well, then the deluge! It would mean his bankruptcy, and for the rest of us, me especially, ruin, even beggary. Now, madam, I trust you comprehend."

"My jewels!" cried Mrs. Billson.

The burglar shrugged his shoulders and bowed. "Of course in a week or two they will be redeemed. It is merely intended to pawn them for a short time. You need not fear to lose them. The Copper Convention is as sound as a bell; so Billson says, at all events."

"My jewels," repeated Mrs. Billson.

"We simply must have the money. I've tried to make you understand how important it is." The burglar sighed and cast his eyes on the floor.

"My jewels," said Mrs. Billson for the third time.

The burglar timidly raised his eyes to her face. "I know how you must feel about them," he said. "I'd give a hand if there was any other way. I would indeed."

"My jewels," said Mrs. Billson. She was as pale as a sheet. Her lips were trembling but her eyes were ablaze. "I'll never part with them."

The burglar's head fell sadly to his breast. "For my part, I would not ask you to," he murmured. "I can see now why Billson let me in for this. He was afraid to tell you. Mrs. Billson, I assure you I feel this very keenly. I'm bitterly ashamed. You must think me a frightful bounder. It's just as though I had come here—a perfect stranger—to plead to you for help, for charity. It was perfectly

monstrous in Billson to put me in such a position. I give you my word of honor, madam, I'd have blown out my brains rather than have come, had I dreamed you were ignorant of the arrangement. All that I can say is that I am sorry, deeply, sincerely sorry." He put his hand in his trousers pocket and drew out the great diamond chain.

"My diamonds!" the lady shrieked.

The burglar handed them to her with a courtly bow. "Yours always, I trust," he murmured gently. "It would have been a crime to separate even for a few hours such marvellous artificial from such exquisite natural loveliness. Madam, your jewels mate you perfectly."

Mrs. Billson colored hotly—was it with anger?

The burglar dropped on one knee before her and gently took her hand—the hand that held the pistol—in his own. He pressed it to his lips. "Madam, I sinned in innocence. Can you bring yourself to pardon me?" he murmured. Then he looked up and gazed into her eyes. Mrs. Billson flushed scarlet again, from brow to chin. "You must not kneel to me, Lord Athol," she stammered. "It appears—that—that my husband—that——"

"Ah!" cried the burglar ardently, "would that he did not exist. Though I could forgive him everything, anything, for the pleasure of this moment, if you—could pardon me!"

"I—I—I have, it seems, nothing to forgive," the lady said. "It surely—it was not your fault my husband——"

"He fills your thoughts!" interrupted the burglar jealously. Then again he kissed her hand. "It is only a word I ask?" he pleaded.

"I forgive you," said the lady generously. She did not guess how generously.

The burglar kissed her hand once more. Then very slowly he got afoot. For a long minute he gazed at Mrs. Billson. Mrs. Billson's eyes fell before his ardent gaze. She began to breathe more quickly. "You had better go," she said at last.

"Your kindness emboldens me to dare to hope—that one day we may meet again," whispered the burglar.

"Perhaps," whispered Mrs. Billson. Then suddenly she raised her eyes. "But—but—if what you tell me is true you will be ruined—unless——"

"It matters nothing," said the burglar. "Nothing in the whole world matters except that you should know one moment's sorrow."

"Lord Athol!" she said.

"How beautiful you are!" he breathed.

The crimson flood suffused her cheeks. She opened her right hand. The pistol fell with a soft thud to the carpet at her feet. She stared at the jewels, and her eyes filled with tears.

"You would really be ruined?" she whispered. "That is to say—my husband——"

"Think of him, madam—if you will—but not of me—at least, in that regard. I'd rather die. Do you think I want you to despise me now? It is only from to-night that I begin to live. Oh, why did I not meet you before?"

Mrs. Billson felt positively faint. She had to lean against the wall. "You must go," she said.

"Yes," he replied, and stayed.

Presently she grew stronger. She swayed erect again. "You must go, and you must take the jewels," she said suddenly.

"Never!" he cried.

"But, Lord Athol, you must. You will not refuse my request. It is to save my husband—you will take them to him for me."

"But I should share in your benefaction."

"I wish it," she said softly. She held forth the jewels. The burglar caught her hands and covered them with kisses. She tore them away, leaving the diamonds in his.

"Go!" she said commandingly. She was all a-tremble. "Go quickly! Good-by."

"Nay—au revoir," he pleaded—gallant to the last.

"Au revoir, then," whispered Mrs. Billson.

The burglar caught up his hat, stepped into the passage, and hurried to the end. There he paused and looked back. A white-robed figure watched him from the study door. He kissed his hand to her and tip-toed down the stairs. In the hall he put on his hat, selected a cane from the hat-rack and an overcoat from a line of hooks, and then quietly let himself out into the street. Ten minutes later he awoke a sleeping cabman and drove to Charing Cross. Day was dawning when he got there. He dismissed the cab, and took a hansom to Piccadilly. Thence he drove in a four-wheeler to Soho, and came thus deviously to his lodging. Before the ordinary breakfast hour had arrived he was well on his way to Dover and France, disguised as a working engineer on holiday, in cap and overalls.

Two days later the world knew that the house of Mr. Josiah Billson, the enormously wealthy brewer, had been burgled, and the circumstances of the robbery pointed to the fact that it had been committed by a certain Jack Haynes, known to the police of three kingdoms as one of the most polished rogues and expert thieves in Christendom; because he had left no sign to show how he had gained admittance to the brewer's mansion—a usual thing with Mr. Haynes.

A gentleman who occasionally called himself Lord Athol St. Aulbyn read the announcement in the coffee-room of a hotel at Prague. It afforded him infinite amusement.



Constable X. C. B. is still stationed at Hampstead. He still remembers Lord St. Aulbyn with feelings of kindness. It is his constant hope, when on his beat at night, to meet another tipsy nobleman. Never in his wildest dreams did X. C. B. associate the Billson burglary with the naughty young gentleman who gave him the biggest tip of his life on that memorable night. "One pun, seven and sixpence!"

As for Mrs. Billson—but there!



## AN INDIAN PUEBLO AT DUSK IN THE RAIN

BY FAIRMAN ROGERS FURNESS

A STEADY downward pour of dull grey rain,  
That slowly swells the rushing yellow stream,  
And half obscures the fading evening light,  
Confused the dripping landscape in a blur,  
And drew the dusk about us like a cloak.  
Across the pile-built, swaying, wooden bridge,  
On either side, the long uneven lines  
Of houses, built by generations dead,  
Rose tier on tier in silent black relief  
Against the twilight of the western sky.

In sombre rows, on every roof and step,  
The owners of the dark pueblo sat,  
The rain unnoticed, as with eagerness  
They listened to the herald of their tribe  
Cry out out the evening's news from down below.  
And, as the rain whipped up the yellow mud,  
He cried aloud in their own crackling tongue  
Of some new law the Government had made,  
Or of some holy rites that must be held,  
Until the last grey light had died away,  
And all was silent, save the pelting rain  
And echoes of his voice that faded off  
To blend themselves into the falling night.



## HOME TREATMENT

BY GEORGE LINCOLN WALTON, M.D.

THE LAST OF A SERIES OF FIVE POPULAR PAPERS ON WORRY AND ALLIED MENTAL STATES, WITH PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR SELF-CURE. THE PRECEDING PAPERS WERE "WORRY AND OBSESSION," IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER; "THE DOUBTING FOLLY," IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER; "HYPOCHONDRIA," IN THE JANUARY NUMBER, AND "SLEEPLESSNESS," IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER OF LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

Submit to what is unavoidable, banish the impossible from the mind, and look around for some new object of interest in life.

GOETHE.

IN the preceding articles we have considered:

I. "Worry and Obsession." Worry is a state of over-solicitude, shown, for example, by useless regrets for the past, and undue anxiety for the future. The term does not include an amount of anxiety justified by circumstances—an anxiety the absence of which would imply a degree of indifference incompatible, perhaps, with great achievement. The faulty habit included under the term "worry" forces the mind to dwell upon one subject until the thoughts become incoherent, jerky, and uncontrolled, and mental pain appears as a warning signal. This attitude of mind not only gives discomfort to the individual, but impairs his usefulness to others, hinders the work of his associates by contagious example, and renders him an uncomfortable and unhelpful member of society in the proportion in which he gives way to the morbid tendency.

The term "obsession" is applied to the insistent habit of thought. This habit gives rise, on the one hand, to compulsive actions, or actions which neglect to perform would cause mental discomfort, and on the

other hand to intolerance of disagreeable occurrences, to abhorrence of various sounds, sights, odors, and to general inability to adjust oneself to his surroundings.

II. "The Doubting Folly." This state of mind is fostered by the insistent desire to make no mistake, a desire leading to chronic indecision and vacillation. The doubting folly is shown, for example, by frequent return to see if one has turned off the gas, locked the door, and the like, and by inability to decide which of two tasks the doubter should take up.

III. "Hypochondria," or the state of over-solicitude regarding one's own physical and mental condition. When such thoughts assume undue proportions, they tend, like other worries, to handicap legitimate effort, to incapacitate the mental sufferer, and to give rise to an unhappy state of affairs not only for the individual himself, but for his family and friends.

IV. "Sleeplessness." This condition is often dependent upon faulty mental habits, especially upon the tendency to burden the mind with worries over the past, present, and future, during the hours which should be devoted to mental as well as physical rest.



The treatment of these faulty mental habits is like the treatment of swearing, or of over-indulgence in food and drink. All attempts to influence another by exhortation, ridicule, or reproach are met by active or passive resistance on the part of the individual toward whom these efforts are directed.

A conscientious resolve on the part of the individual himself, whether started by a casual hint or a new line of thought, is far more likely to be effective than any amount of outside pressure, however well directed.

It is my belief that the over-careful and fussy individual will be more influenced for good by reading the description of a typical hypochondriac than by all the ridicule and argument that can be brought to bear directly upon him either by his friends or his medical adviser. His most striking peculiarity is his conviction that he cannot take the chances others do, that the criticisms he receives are peculiarly annoying, and that his sources of worry are something set apart from the experience of ordinary mortals. This conviction leads him to meet argument by argument, reproach and ridicule by indignant protest or brooding silence. The perusal of these papers may lead him to alter his ideals. Suggestions for home treatment have been scattered through the various pages; it only remains to sum them up.

The first step is the initiation of a new attitude, namely, the

commonplace. The establishment of this attitude involves the sacrifice of self-love, and of the melancholy pleasure of playing the martyr.

The over-sensitive individual must recognize the fact that if people do not want him round it may be because he inflicts his *ego* too obtrusively upon his associates. He must realize that others are more interested in their own affairs than in his, and that however cutting their comments and unjust their criticisms, and however deeply these may sink into his soul, they are only passing incidents with them.

He must realize that if two people whisper they are not necessarily whispering about him, and if they are it is of no consequence, and simply shows their lack of breeding. On public occasions he must realize that others are thinking of themselves, or of the subject in hand, quite as much as they are of him and how he behaves. He must realize that even if he does something foolish it will only make a passing impression on others, and that they will like him none the less for it.

He must practise externalizing his thoughts. If criticised, he must ask himself whether the criticism is just or unjust. If just, he must learn to accept and act upon it; if unjust, he must learn to classify the critic as unreasonable, thoughtless, or ill-natured, place him in the appropriate mental compartment, throw the criticism into the intellectual waste-basket, and proceed upon his way. This practice, difficult at first, will, if assiduously cultivated, become more and more automatic, and will materially modify a fruitful source of worry.

The next step is to practise the control of the dominating impulses or habits of thought (obsessions), both active and passive. If one finds himself impelled continually to drum, whistle, clear the throat, sniff, or blink, he will find the habit cannot be dropped at once, but if he can refrain from it only once or twice in the day, no matter how lost he feels without it, the intervals can be gradually increased until he has finally mastered the habit.

The bearing of this training upon worry may not be immediately obvious, but is a preliminary step of great importance. If one cannot overcome these simple physical compulsions he will find it still harder to overcome the doubts, the fears, and the scruples which underlie his worry.



In the establishment of a new attitude toward annoyances the cultivation of the commonplace ideal is of great importance. It is hard to give up the idea that we are so peculiarly constituted that it produces a special disgust in our case if another constantly clears his throat, and a peculiar annoyance if he rocks. It is difficult to relinquish the belief that, however callous others may be, our nervous system is so delicately adjusted that we cannot work when others

make any unnecessary noise, and we cannot sleep if a clock ticks in our hearing.

If one persistently cultivates the commonplace, he will at last find himself seeking instead of avoiding the objects of his former torture, merely to exercise his new-found mastery of himself, and to realize that "he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

It is the imperative duty of every sufferer from doubting folly to say to himself, "I will perform this act once with my whole attention, then leave it and turn my mind in other channels before I have dulled my perception by repetition."

In most instances the doubter can say to himself, "It is better that I should make a mistake in this matter than that I should lose my mental grasp." This thought is particularly applicable to such comparatively unimportant questions as whether one has left the water running in the bath-room, whether one has left a match on the floor, and the like. When it comes to such an important matter as turning off the gas, it would hardly be safe for the doubter thus to philosophize, but he may at least determine to perform the act carefully *once*, and then turn his thoughts in other directions.



If the faulty mental habit takes the direction of hypochondria, one must remind himself that over-solicitude hampers rather than aids the efforts of Nature, and that an occasional attack of indigestion, or a cold, is preferable to the fate of the confirmed hypochondriac, who makes himself a slave for life.

If insistent fears attack one, he must remind himself that the worst that can happen to him is not so bad as the state of the chronic coward and the hypochondriac. He must practice taking the chances that others do, and must learn to go through the dreaded experiences, not with his nervous system stimulated into undue tension, but with body and mind relaxed by such considerations as I have indicated.

If one is prone to indecision, he must remind himself that it is better to do the wrong thing with single mind, than to work himself into a frenzy of anxious doubt. In case the choice is not an important one, he must learn to *pounce* upon either task, and waste no further time. If the doubt concerns an important matter, he must learn to devote only that attention to the matter which is commensurate with its importance, then decide it one way or the other, realizing that it is better to make a mistake, even in an important matter, than to worry oneself into utter helplessness by conflicting emotions.

The over-scrupulous and methodical individual who can neither sleep nor take a vacation until all the affairs of his life are arranged

must remind himself that this happy consummation will not be attained in his lifetime. It behooves him, therefore, if he is ever to sleep, or if he is ever to take a vacation, to do it now, nor need he postpone indefinitely

That blessed mood  
In which the burden of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight,  
Of all this unintelligible world  
Is lightened.

The individual who worries because he does not sleep eight hours must remind himself that many have worked for years on four, and are still vigorous. A valet of sixty-two has recently assured me that for twenty-three years he has averaged no more than four hours a night, and he is to-day lithe and active.

The day's work should be started with the resolution that every task shall be taken up in its turn, without doubts and without forebodings, that bridges shall not be crossed until they are reached, that the vagaries of others shall amuse and interest, not distress, us, and that we will live in the present, not in the past or the future. We must avoid undertaking too much, and whatever we do undertake we must try not to worry as to whether we shall succeed. This only prevents our succeeding. We should devote all our efforts to the task itself, and remember that even failure under these circumstances may be better than success at the expense of prolonged nervous agitation.



"Rest must be complete when taken, and must balance the effort in work—rest meaning often some form of recreation as well as the passive rest of sleep. Economy of effort should be gained through normal concentration—that is, the power of erasing all previous impressions and allowing a subject to hold and carry us, by dropping every thought or effort that interferes with it, in muscle, nerve, and mind." (Annie Payson Call, "Power Through Repose.")

Every opportunity should be taken to devote the mind to some occupation outside the daily work. If an *avocation* can be cultivated, so much the better.

The study of music, history, trees, flowers, or birds doubtless seems of trivial interest to one who occupies his leisure hours with such weighty problems as figuring out how rich he would have been if he had bought Calumet & Hecla at 25, but such study is far more restful, and in the long run quite as useful for the over-busy man.

It is not necessary to devote an enormous amount of time to such pursuits. One has only to purchase, for example, Miss Huntington's



"Study of Trees in Winter" and learn the trees in his own doorway, or upon his street, to awaken an interest that will serve him in good stead upon a railway journey, or during an otherwise monotonous sojourn in the country. A walk around the block before dinner with such an object in view is more restful than pondering in one's easy-chair over the fluctuations of the stock market, and the man who is "too busy" for such mental relaxation is paving the way for ultimate, perhaps early, breakdown.

Courtney says that "fads may be said to constitute a perfect mental antitoxin for the poison generated by cerebral activity. To all this will undoubtedly be objected the plea of lack of time. The answer to arguments formed on such flimsy basis is that all the time which is spent in preparing oneself as a candidate for a sanitarium is like the proverbial edged tool in the hands of children and fools."

A little time spent in such simple pursuits as I have indicated, and a few weeks' vacation *before exhaustion appears*, may prevent a year's enforced abstinence from work on account of nervous invalidism.

I am tempted here to say "A stitch in time saves nine," but such adages are dangerous. Each only suggests its own converse. Thus, the adage, "If you want a thing well done you must do it yourself," has caused many a business and professional man to burden himself with details which in the long run he could better intrust to subordinates, even at the risk of an occasional blunder.



Although the main object of these papers is to call attention to the mental rather than the physical treatment of these states, I cannot forbear reminding the reader of certain routine procedures which facilitate the desired improvement in mental attitude. Such are forcing oneself out of doors as frequently and as long as circumstances permit, certainly some time every day; starting the day with a cool plunge, followed by a brisk rub, deep breathing, and a few simple gymnastic exercises; keeping busy; seeking social diversions and cheerful books; a hot drink and gymnastics before retiring.

Worry about the mental condition is disastrous. The habit should be cultivated of taking the mind for what it is, and using it, wasting no time in vain regrets that it is not nimbler or more profound. Just as the digestion is impeded by solicitude, so the working of the brain is hampered by using the energy in worry which should be devoted directly to the task in hand. Children frequently worry because their memory is poor. It should be explained to them that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred apparent lack of memory is only lack of attention, and they should be urged to cease distracting the attention by wandering

in the fields of idle speculation or in making frantic leaps to surmount imaginary obstacles.

It is important for parents of morbidly sensitive and over-scrupulous children, with acute likes and dislikes, to discourage the tendency of the child to become more and more peculiar. Sensitive children are inclined to worry because they think others do not care for them or want them round. If such children can be led to take a bird's-eye view of themselves, they may be made to realize that others crave their society according as they are helpful, entertaining, sympathetic, or tactful, because they instil courage and give comfort. They should be urged, therefore, to cultivate these qualities instead of wasting their energy in tears and recriminations; and they should be encouraged to practise such of these traits as they can master instead of becoming moody in society, or withdrawing to brood in solitude, either of which errors may result in producing on the part of others a genuine dislike. In other words, teach them to avoid enforcing too far their *ego* on themselves or their environment.



Parents must also remember that over-solicitous attention on their part is bound to react to the disadvantage of the child. The story is told of Phillips Brooks that, when a child, he put a newly sharpened pencil into his mouth further and further until it slipped down his throat. He asked his mother what would happen if any one should swallow a pencil. She answered that she supposed it would kill him. Phillips kept silence, and his mother made no further inquiry.

This incident would indicate that Phillips Brooks had already, as a child, attained a mental equipoise which the average individual hardly achieves in a lifetime. The story appeals to me no less as evidence of self-control on the part of the mother; and I like to imagine that she suppressed the question a startled parent would naturally ask, realizing that no amount of worry would recall the pencil if he had swallowed it, and that nothing was to be gained by overturning the household or by giving the boy an example of agitation sure to react to the detriment of the mind unfolding under her supervision.

Unless, therefore, the facts of this story have become distorted by imagery, it shows exceptional heredity and unusual training.

Not every one can claim such heredity, and not every one can look back on such training; but it is not too much to say that every one can so direct his thoughts and so order his actions as gradually to attain a somewhat higher level of self-control than either his natural endowment or his early training would have promised. For mental training is no more limited to feats of memory, and to practice in the solution

of difficult problems, than is physical training comprised in the lifting of heavy weights in harness. In fact, such exercises are always in danger of leaving the mental athlete intellectually muscle-bound, if I may use such an expression; whereas the kind of training I have in mind tends to establish mental poise, to improve the disposition, to fit the mind (and indirectly the body) to better meet the varied exigencies of daily life, and to help the individual to react in every way more comfortably to his surroundings.

I have only hinted at the detailed suggestions by which the worry habit and allied faulty mental tendencies may be combated. The obsessive who is able to alter his ideals and systematically pursue the line of thought here sketched will himself find other directions in which control can be exercised. It is true that no one is likely to reach any of the extreme degrees of incapacity we have considered unless he is naturally endowed with a mind predestined to unbalance. At the same time any of us who have a nervous temperament ever so slightly above the average of intensity will do well to check these tendencies as far as possible in their incipency, realizing that no physical evil we may dread can be worse than the lot of the confirmed hypochondriac or the compulsively insane.

Perhaps I have dwelt too much upon the extreme results of morbid mental tendencies, and too little upon the ideal for which we should strive. This ideal I shall not attempt to portray, but leave it rather to the imagination. Suffice it to say that the ladder by which self-control is attained is so long that there is ample room to ascend and descend without reaching either end. Some of us are started high on the ladder, some low; but it is certainly within the power of each to alter somewhat his level. We can slide down, but must climb up; and that such commonplaces as are here presented may help some one to gain a rung or two is my earnest wish.



## CONTRASTS

It is when we have wrongs that we most distinctly feel that we have rights.

Several large fortunes have been made by picking up money that has been thrown away.

Some people who are selfish in other respects never think of keeping their opinions to themselves.

No man feels more keenly the exactions of the railroads than the man who has forgotten his pass.

*William E. McKenna*

# A POET OF THE GALLEY

*By L. Frank Tooker*

IT was in the second dog-watch, and the captain and the mate sat on the edge of the house, in the unembarrassing silence that comes to men who have long since exhausted all the possibilities of conversation. More imaginative persons might have been awed by the gorgeous panorama of the passing day; but the mate was scanning a frayed spot on the mizzen topping-lift, and idly wondering whether it would hold out until they reached port, while the captain was listening to the faint sound of a violin. It came from the galley, and somewhat haltingly, as if the player were trying to recall some half-forgotten tune.

"Jerome seems to be having some trouble to get started," he finally remarked. "Been sawing away on that piece every night for a week."

"Don't seem to have much go to it, that's a fact," agreed the mate. He struck his pipe against the rail to empty it, and, rising, strolled forward to the galley.

Jerome Harris, the steward, was sitting inside, with his head bowed over his violin, tentatively fingering the bow. Deep thought furrowed his brow. He looked up absent-mindedly as Mr. Darrow's head appeared at the door.

"Kind o' like a flea, that tune, ain't it?" suggested the mate. "You don't seem to get your hand on it to any great extent."

Jerome laughed in an embarrassed way.

"Why, I want it just right," he replied. "It's something I'm making up for a song."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" grinned the mate. "Well, take my word for it, you ain't no Wagner."

He was sitting alone on the rail that evening when Jerome came aft from the galley. The soft Southern night was like a balm to the spirit, soothing and mild. There was just a faint, throbbing flutter of swelling canvas aloft; they could hear a gurgle of water alongside. Jerome paused a moment, then seated himself by the mate's side. He was thirty-five, short, active, with a good-looking face that somehow lacked the quality that the mate called "gumption." He had been a second mate ten years before, but then had begun to sag mentally, like a man who had gained experience without the necessary accompaniment of judgment. For four years he had been a steward with Captain Frazier.

It was clear that he would never rise higher in his calling. Captain, mate, and steward all belonged to the same little seaport town.

"What's your idea for paint for a house, Mr. Darrow?" the steward asked abruptly. "I've been thinking of fixing mother's place up, when I get home after this trip, and not renting it no more. Mother always liked some subdued color,—said it wore better,—but I'm rather partial to white myself—white, with green blinds. Fix the old place up like that, up there on that hill, and you could see it half-way 'cross the sound. It would be considerable of a landmark."

"Thinking of getting married?" asked the mate, with a chuckle.

"Why, I guess *everybody* thinks of it more or less," Jerome confessed. "You don't need to have the date set to do that. Any way, it won't do no harm to fix the place up."

"Not if you can get some one to live in it," agreed the mate, "or can live in it yourself."

"Well, I'm ruther hoping for both," replied the steward. "I'm getting tired of salt water, and if something I've got my mind on goes——" His voice trailed off into silence, and the mate yawned.

It was fully ten minutes before the steward spoke again.

"What you said about me being no Wagner, that's all right," he said. "I ain't, and don't want to be. But if I can get that little thing I was playing just straight, and fix up the whole business like I've planned it, I'll leave old Wagner hull-down when it comes to *touching* the heart. That's what gets *me*—something that makes ye feel teary round the eyes and think of old times and home and all that sort o' thing. That's what goes with folks, and stirs 'em up good's a revival."

"Well, what is that that's going to do so much?" asked the mate incuriously. He was glancing aloft at the topsails, which had fluttered as if with a change of wind.

"Oh, I ain't got it quite worked out yet," Jerome answered.

A week later he seemed nearer a solution, for, instead of scraping tentatively in his galley, he sat on the foot-high sill, in the twilight, and played over and over again a little air. It had a haunting suggestion of sadness in it that stirred even the unmusical captain.

"What's that blame' thing the steward's playing?" he asked the mate fretfully. "It's doleful enough."

"I rather guess that's the thing he says is going to touch the heart," replied the mate, smiling broadly.

"Well, it gets on my nerves," the captain declared, with considerable irritation. "I wish he'd stop it."

"That's your bad conscience," said the mate. "Jerome said it would stir folks up—like a revival."

"If that's the case, I wonder you ain't on your knees," said the captain pointedly.

"Me?" exclaimed the mate. "Why, I belong to the church now."

"So you do," said the captain, with simulated surprise. "I've seen so much of you that it slipped my mind."

He chuckled so long that the indignant mate went forward to finish his pipe. As four bells struck and he prepared to go below, he stopped at the galley a moment, where Jerome was washing his neglected supper dishes.

"Well, I got it worked out at last," he exclaimed. "How did it strike ye?"

"Well, it struck the old man as doleful," replied the frank mate. "He said he wished you'd stop it."

Jerome looked pleased.

"That shows it touched him," he explained complacently, "and if you can touch *him*, you can touch anybody. He ain't got no more ear than a cow."

"Well, I should n't exactly call his opinion favorable," mused the mate.

"Because he did n't hear the words," went on Jerome, with the confidence of the artist. "You wait till I get them fixed, and then you'll see."

The mate was sitting at the cabin table the next afternoon, writing up his log, when Jerome came aft with his dinner dishes. He put them away in their racks in the pantry, and then stopped at the mate's side and laid a sheet of paper before him.

"Read that," he said.

The mate took it up.

"What's this?" he asked, as his eye roved over the sheet. "Poetry?"

"I guess that's about the size of it," answered the steward, with a touch of pride in his voice. "What do you think of it?"

Leaning on his elbows, the mate read aloud:

"The storm is raging, and the sea is high;  
Almost the waves do seem to touch the sky.  
'My God!' the captain cries, 'we're lost! we're lost!  
Think of the precious cargo—what it cost!'

"He wrung his hands; the mate he beat his head  
With his hard fist, and crying, sadly said:  
'No more shall I this good ship proudly steer,  
Or see my wife and five small children dear.'

"The waves they turn the vessel bottom up;  
The crew is spilled like water from a cup.  
Where are they now, oh, who of you can tell?  
The waves roll sternly on, swell upon swell.



"Their wives and sweethearts watch upon the shore  
For men who never shall come back any more;  
Deep in the sea their poor lost bodies lie.  
Pray, Christians, that their souls are in the sky!"

"What do you think of it?" anxiously repeated the steward.

"Fine," said the mate. "It's fine, but ain't it rather sad?"

"Well, it ain't no picnic, you know," ventured the steward.

"Well, I suppose that's so," agreed the mate. He began to read it over again. "I don't know's I ever saw waves that reached the sky," he criticised. "People ashore are always talking about waves running mountain-high, but you ought to know better."

"That's for the rhyme," declared the steward; "I've got to work sky in some way, and that sounds good. It's what they call the poet's license."

"Well, they ought to pay high for it if it gives them the right to lie like that," argued the mate. "And I don't know either as I like that fool thing the mate does—beat his head with his hard fist. Strikes me his head was soft enough. Why don't you make him do something sensible? And that about the ship spilling the crew like water from a cup—where was she? Up in the air? Seems to me, if that was the case, if you'd only give 'em sense enough to hang on to something, you would n't have had to ask for the prayers of anybody to get them up in the sky. They'd been there already. That don't sound like good sense to me."

"You don't know much about poetry, to talk like that," said the offended steward, taking the paper from the mate's hand.

"Oh, I'm only mentioning a thing or two that don't look quite shipshape to me," replied the mate. "Take it all in all, it's fine. Don't see how you come to think it all up."

"Well, it's been on my mind for some time," confessed the steward, somewhat mollified by the mate's general commendation. "I ain't slept much for a week, thinking of it and the music."

"Well, you've certainly got something to show for it," was the mate's generous remark. "When are you going to try it on the old man—sing it to him?"

"Me?" said the steward. Then he laughed. He hesitated a moment before he added: "Say, did you ever hear Annie Bascom sing 'The Brooklyn Theatre is Burning'?"

"Yes," assented the mate.

"Well, was n't that great? Did n't it stir ye? Now, if she can stir up the folks at home like she does with that, what could n't she do with a song like this—about sailors—that everybody at home knows about and would feel? Say, they would n't be a dry eye in the house. If I could just set and hear that girl sing, I'd forget to go home to my

meals. If she only had somebody with a little enterprise to attend to things, she could go through the country giving concerts and make money hand over fist."

"How'd you like the job yourself?" asked the mate.

"I'd get off this old craft so quick my shoes would blister the planks," declared Jerome.

"I guess I see now why you're so interested in fixing up your house," said the mate slyly.

Jerome grinned, and stroked his face with a complacent air.

"Well, they ain't no law against thinking of things," he declared.

"Have you asked her yet?" queried the mate.

Jerome looked at him with some doubt.

"Say, Mr. Darrow," he warned, "I don't know's I'd care to have what I said go any further. It might hurt me. No, I have n't asked her yet, but it's been on my mind a good deal. I don't believe it would do me much good to have it come to her through outsiders. You know how it is; sometimes when you think and think about things, you kind o' have to let it out to somebody, just to free your mind. I've trusted ye."

"Oh, I would n't let it go far, steward," the mate assured him. "Me and the old man are interested in that song, you know. We would n't say a thing ashore."

"Well, that's all right, then," replied Jerome. "I know I can depend on you two."

That night when he met the captain in the second dog-watch the mate was full of the news.

"Well," he began, as he seated himself by the captain's side, "Jerome's writ a poem."

"A poem!" exclaimed the captain incredulously. "Him!"

"A song," explained the mate, "to fit that music you're so fond of. He wrote it for Annie Bascom to sing on the stage. He's got a notion he'd like to marry her and have her give concerts, and him take the tickets at the door." The mate giggled.

"Oh, sho!" grunted the captain. "She would n't touch him with a ten-foot pole."

"Well, Jerome does n't know it," replied the mate. "It's a pretty good song. We've been talking the matter over."

"He's a fool," grumbled the captain, "and I rather guess you encourage him in his foolishness. You ought to know better."

The mate apparently did not take the captain's criticism to heart, for at dinner the next day he looked up suddenly at the steward as he moved about the table.

"Steward," he suggested, "why don't you sing that song of your'n to Cap'n Frazier? I was——"

"I don't want to hear it," hastily interposed the captain.

"Well, on second thought, I don't know 's I blame ye for steering clear of it," went on the mate. "It's a mighty affecting piece. 'T would be rather funny to see you crying in your soup."

"You look out for your own soup," snapped the captain, with unnecessary brutality.

"Oh, that's all right," declared the mate lightly; "I ain't sentimental to any extent."

Jerome's violin was silent that night, and when the mate made the rounds of the deck at the setting of the watch, he stopped at the galley. Jerome was reading by the galley lamp.

"Don't you feel musical to-night, steward?" he asked. "I rather hoped you'd let the captain hear that song."

Jerome looked quietly up at him.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Darrow," he said, with considerable dignity, "I don't think you're very much interested in that song. You're just making fun of it."

"Why, no," protested the mate; "I'm a good deal interested. Of course I joked the old man about it, he's so blame' serious; but I'd like to hear it again myself. You know how I am—would joke on my death-bed, if I had any one to rise to it like the old man. Why, I know how the tune goes now." He began to hum the air.

The steward looked pleased.

"Well, maybe I'll drop into it before long, when the old man is n't thinking about it, just to see how it strikes him," he agreed.

But that night the fine weather broke, and there came no chance for casual music.

For days they ran through a succession of gales, with nothing about the schooner but the howl of the wind, the roar of the sea, and the constant noise of water sweeping across the deck. The world was an immensity of gray sky and wind-lashed sea, with flying rack, low and dingy, like the smoke from a furnace, racing overhead. Out of the wan grayness of early light the steward made his way aft one morning in a momentary lull. As he neared the cabin bulk-head, he came upon the captain stooping over a water-cask that was thumping ominously with every pitch of the vessel. Out of the tail of his eye the captain caught sight of the steward and beckoned. He put his hand on his shoulder, with his mouth to the steward's ear.

"Go down to Mr. Darrow's room," he screamed—"get ball of marline and handspike. And go quick; this lashing's parted. The cask'll be adrift in a minute."

Jerome nodded and jumped for the steps. As his head rose above the rail, the vessel dropped into the trough of the sea, and, glancing across the deck, the steward saw a high wall of water, gray and hollowed,

with a jagged crest of foam, sweeping down upon them. With a warning shout to the captain, still stooping over the cask, he dropped to the main-deck again, lifted the captain bodily, and flung him up to the poop-deck as the opposite rail vanished from sight beneath the toppling wave.

They found Jerome in the scuppers, between the bulwarks and the water-cask, which had broken loose with the rush of the falling sea across the deck, and they carried him tenderly down to his room, half-drowned and mangled beyond all hope.

It was noon before he regained consciousness, and looked anxiously up into the face of the mate, who was watching by his side.

"How's the old man?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"All right, thanks to you," said the mate. His eyes filled. "It was great."

The steward smiled faintly.

"Say, he ain't no feather," he whispered.

"There is n't another man aboard who could have done it, or would have dared to go back as you did," declared the mate.

"Oh, I don't know," Jerome whispered. "Don't no one know what he can do till he gets the chance." He moved his head stiffly and tried to turn in the bunk, but the pain was too great. "What's the matter with me—paralyzed?" he asked.

"No, no," answered the mate hastily; "but you're considerably—bruised. You must n't talk."

"All right," he assented, and closed his eyes.

It was late in the afternoon when the mate came in to see him again. The gale had broken, and a square of sunlight rose and fell on the panel of the door as the vessel rolled heavily on the long swells. He was watching the door anxiously as the mate appeared.

"Who's in the galley?" he demanded. "I did n't like to trouble the old man with questions; but it worried me some."

"The second mate," replied Mr. Darrow. "He's pretty good. Don't you worry about that."

The steward sighed his relief, and presently his eyes wandered to his chest. He nodded toward it.

"Just lift the lid, won't ye?" he whispered. "I want you to get something."

The mate lifted it, and looked around for instructions.

"That paper, there in the corner," Jerome explained. "The poem, you know."

Mr. Darrow found it, copied with care, in an old-fashioned hand, and brought it to him.

"Keep it," Jerome murmured. "I want you to give it to her—to Annie."

The mate nodded, and holding it carefully in his hand, seated himself by Jerome's side. His first thought had been to assure the steward that he himself would yet give it to her; but he knew he would not, and in their stern calling the small, well-meant insincerities of life fall away from men. So he merely nodded and said:

"I will. But you must n't talk, you know."

Jerome smiled, was thoughtful a moment, and then spoke again.

"You said you know how it went—the tune. Do you think you could sing it for me?"

The mate looked at the verses and cleared his throat.

"Want me to try it now, to show you?" he asked gently.

"Why, if you don't mind too much," whispered the steward eagerly, and closed his eyes, listening.

Softly under his breath the mate hummed it over first, trying to recall the tune he had so often heard played; then he cleared his throat again and sang it through. At the end he looked up anxiously.

"How'd it go?" he asked. "All right? Of course I ain't much of a singer."

Jerome opened his eyes.

"Why, you done it real good," he declared, with a pleased smile; "but that last part—'what it cost'—you don't get that quite right. It kind o' slides down." He tried to hum it, but he was too weak, and in pity the mate stopped him.

"Don't," he entreated. "It's too much for you. I guess I know what you mean." He sang it over.

"Good!" murmured the steward. "You've got a real ear. Suppose I'd had to depend on the old man!" He smiled. Then he looked up wistfully, adding: "It's a good deal to ask, Mr. Darrow, but would you mind teaching it to her, and kind o' hinting it was meant for her all along? I hate to trouble ye——"

"I'd do a good deal more'n that for you, Jerome," the mate declared. "I'll teach it to her. I promise."

"Don't say anything more," Jerome warned—"about what I thought about her, you know. I guess we'll let that drop. But, say, would n't I like to hear her sing that just once! Seems as if I would n't mind anything after that."

He was restless through the night, and all that could be done for him was done, but it was little. As the day broke, he opened his eyes, and the mate leaned over him.

"You won't forget that slide at the end of the verses?" he gasped. "It goes"—he tried to show how, but failed. "Never mind; you done it good. I guess you'll remember." With that he closed his eyes on all the music of the world.

## A STRANGE WILL

THE following beautiful and pathetic lines were the only possessions of an insane lawyer who died some years ago in the ward for the insane at the Chicago poor-house, where after his death they were found in his ragged coat. Some members of the Chicago Bar Association came into possession of the paper, and the Association passed a resolution ordering the probate of the strange will, and it was probated in due form and spread upon the records of Cook County, Illinois. Mr. Jesse B. Roote, of the Butte, Montana, bar, while in Chicago, copied the record.

W. I. L.

I CHARLES LOUNSBERRY, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interests which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being considerable and of none account, I make no disposition of in this my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item: I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams



and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances; the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance or care.

Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: To young men jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and grave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory; and bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without tithe or diminution.

Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.



## THE CHAMPION

BY RICHARD KIRK

**I** RIDE alone into the fray,  
Yet not alone I ride;  
Beside me are a host to-day  
Of knightly ones that died.

They gather at the clarion's call  
To bid me battle well.  
My fathers! so at last I fall  
As nobly as ye fell!



## THE PROFESSOR'S PROBLEM

BY WILLIAM T. NICHOLS

THE Professor was very busy when his wife came into his study, and though she laid a hand softly upon his shoulder he did not look up from his work. Probably he did not feel her touch; possibly he was altogether unconscious of her presence. Perhaps, had he been dragged violently from the great things of science to the little things of domestic existence, he might have been vaguely aware that she was going away for a few days; and he might have reasoned that she had come to bid him good-by. There had been much discussion of this journey she was to take with her daughter, and some of it perforce had reached his ears; but whether any part of it had penetrated to his brain was quite another question. To a few it is permissible to hear without heeding, and certainly the Professor had earned this exemption. When one has gained fame in an abstruse branch of investigation, one is entitled to immunity from the worry of every-day trifles. And when one is just completing a *magnum opus*, which is to overthrow a dictator in the realm of thought, the German savant who has lorded it all these years over a great science, then surely is one beyond the need of noting the coming and going of folk of the commonplace world.

The Professor's wife was proud of her husband, of his achievements, and of the power of intense application which had made them possible. Yet, being a woman, she wept now and then, not because he loved her less but because she feared he loved learning more; though, being a loving woman, she jealously guarded her sorrow from him who caused it. So at the moment of parting she steadied her voice—practice had brought her self-control in such matters—and gave him wifely admonitions appropriate to the occasion as courageously as if she did

not feel that in abandoning him for a week she was leaving him as helpless as a child. Then she bent over him, and kissed his forehead. The salute almost aroused the Professor.

"Very good, very good," he said absently. It was his standing remark for all sorts of times and all sorts of places, a survival of the days when he was only a tutor and heard recitations.

His wife was gone, and the Professor worked on at the broad desk littered with books, pamphlets, proof slips, and manuscripts. There was no sound in the room save the scratching of his pen and the creak of his pivot chair, when he turned to consult a book on the stand at his elbow. Out-of-doors there was more bustle than was usual in that quiet neighborhood. Laborers were chopping away at a tree which long had usurped a fraction of the sidewalk next-door. Across the way painters were turning a big red house into a big yellow one. One of them whistled briskly as he plied his brush, the shrill notes rising above the heavy thuds of the laborers' axes.

The maid-of-all-work tiptoed into the study, arranged a light luncheon on a side-table, and tiptoed out again. A cab drove up to the house, a woman alighted, and was received by the maid. It was a pity, on the whole, that the Professor failed to notice her arrival, just as he had failed to heed the parting words of his wife, when she told him of the arrangement by which her younger sister was to come from another city to preside over the household in her absence. In the rare hours devoted to thoughts of family matters, the Professor sometimes regretted that he had seen so little of his wife's people. This girl, for instance, in whose honor his daughter had been named, was almost a stranger to him.

Nearly four hours of the afternoon had passed when he left his desk. The food on the side-table caught his eye, and he ate sparingly and rapidly, more from habit than from hunger. Then, gathering up a bundle of proofs and papers, he strode down the street toward the college laboratory; for there were a few experiments which must be repeated before he could rest satisfied with the revision of his closing chapter.

Midnight came and went before the Professor's task was done, and he dropped his pen with a little sigh; for his heart was in his book, and the ending of it seemed to him like a farewell to a cherished friend. He had reached the goal for which he had striven for many months, but now that it was achieved he felt more of sadness than of elation. Body and brain were beginning to assert their claims for rest; reaction was following close upon the heels of exertion: his head grew heavy, and a mighty weight pressed upon his limbs. With an effort the Professor gained his feet, and staggered across the room to a lounge. He dropped upon it, the gas-jets seemed to circle swiftly above his head,

there was a dull roaring in his ears; and then lights and sounds died out, and he slept the sleep of exhaustion.

The laboratory janitor roused him at noon, and brought him a cup of coffee. The Professor took it with the meek acquiescence which marked him in matters of food and drink, and felt better for it, though even yet a curious lassitude oppressed him.

"I think I will go home, James," he said. "I shall not be here again to-day."

"All right, sir," said the janitor. "A walk'll do you good. You look used up."

"Very good, very good," said the Professor. His hand shook as he opened the door, and his movements were slow and weary as he descended the steps to the sidewalk. There he paused. The day was bright and clear, and a gentle breeze was sweeping in from the west. He inhaled great breaths of spring air, with a joy that was new to him. For the first time in a decade he realized that there could be pleasure in mere existence. He was considering the novel sensation when—

"Dick! Dick! Old boy, how are you?"

A hearty voice had interrupted the Professor's reverie, and his hand was being shaken in a vigorous grip. A keen-eyed man of middle age was greeting him with enthusiasm. The Professor was flustered; nobody had called him "Dick" since the decennial reunion of his class, and then only after the class dinner.

"Why—why," he stammered, peering through his spectacles at the other, "surely this must be Joe Ross—Dr. Joe Ross."

"Right you are. Or, to be exact enough to suit you sticklers for accuracy, Joseph K. Ross, M.D."

"Very good, very good!" cried the Professor. "And I'm very glad to see you."

The two men shook hands again with fresh heartiness. They had been chums for four years as undergraduates, and in view of their first meeting in nearly a quarter of a century they felt free to indulge in so fervent a demonstration of pleasure.

"Got any boys in college?" queried the doctor. "I have one. That's why I'm here. Came up to see the youngster."

"I have only one child—a daughter."

"And how old is she?"

"Why—why——" The Professor hesitated. "She's ten or twelve—or—somewhere along there—the indefinite age, you know."

"In short dresses yet?" There was a twinkle in the questioner's eye.

"Really," began the badgered Professor, "that is one of the details which may have escaped my observation."

"You're quite well acquainted with her?"

"Oh, yes," said the Professor, in all honesty.

Dr. Ross changed the topic. "I'm only a bird of passage, or I should have a good, old-fashioned talk with you," said he. "The fact is, though, I've hardly five minutes to spare, and it's particularly lucky we met as we did. I'm bound west on one of the queerest cases I ever heard of—a case that ought to be a warning to you midnight-oil fellows. The patient is an electrician, with a special line in which he is famous. He has been an intense student, giving himself body and soul to his work. Well, he wakes up one fine morning, to discover that the last five years are a blank to him, so far as everything but his specialty goes. His family write me that he has seemed perfectly rational at all times. In the five years he lost his mother, and his daughter married. He went to the funeral of the one and the wedding of the other, but he does n't remember either event. How was the trouble discovered? Why, the family found out that he thought the year was 1901. He's taking a vacation now, and I'm going to see if I can do anything for him."

"Do you mean that he was ignorant of his mother's death?"

"Certainly I mean it. And she was a member of his household. If he had lost his wife, it would have been the same story, probably. I doubt if he would have noticed that she was gone."

"Very good, very good," said the Professor, in his absent way.

"Well, I must leave you," said Dr. Ross, with a glance at his watch. "If ever you get worried, find out, first thing, if you remember the year. Eh? I don't half believe you know what year this is, Dick. Take things easier, old man. We're getting on. Remember that the class of nineteen hundred and nine is the most important one you faculty chaps have on your hands."

With a parting hand-clasp the doctor hurried off. The Professor watched his departing figure with a regretful smile.

"The year?" he soliloquized. "Well, well, that's a queer weakness—not to know the year. This, for instance, is nineteen hundred—nineteen hundred—and—what?"

The Professor paused in dismay. He had forgotten the year.

It was not until late that afternoon that he reached his home. He had spent the intervening hours in walking the streets, vainly trying to solve the problem. Any passer-by could have given him the answer, had he dared to put the question, but it is not permissible to the holders of university chairs to wander about college towns asking strangers for such information. His resultless quest for the fourth figure had been a season of increasing agony. Everything had seemed to be slipping from him. As a last resort, he had decided to go home to his wife and lay the difficulty before her. As he approached his house, however, he felt the horror growing upon him. Could he trust his eyes? Where

was the tree half blocking the walk, the tree which had almost caused a neighborhood war? It was gone, and where it had stood stretched unbroken flagging. And that tall red house opposite his own, that eyesore against which his wife had protested so often? Red had given place to yellow! Heavy at heart was the Professor as he entered his domicile.

A tall, slender girl was in the hall. She came forward to greet him, surprised and a little hurt as well that he did not address her at once. But for an instant the Professor was speechless, with his eyes fixed upon her. His daughter? It seemed impossible. Yet, as he gazed, the conviction grew upon him that it must be she. How indeed could he doubt? It was as if his wife stood before him as he had first known her in the flower of her girlhood.

"Mary, Mary!" cried the Professor. He drew her close to him, and kissed her again and again. She was passive for a little. Then she began to free herself from his embrace, very gently but very decidedly.

"Yes, I am Mary; I feared you did n't recognize me at first," she said shyly.

"But you grow so rapidly, my dear; I had n't realized before what a little woman you were."

"Ah! But it is so long since you have seen me." And she smiled with just a trace of coquetry.

He had been away from home for a day, and she called it a long time! His fatherly heart thrilled.

"I'm so glad to hear you say so," he cried. "We will try, dear, to avoid separations in the future."

The surprised look returned to the girl's face, and she said "Oh!" with an inflection he did not understand. The Professor's spirits began to sink again; the thought flashed upon him that perhaps the long neglect of his family had roused in them a kind of repugnance to him. With nervous foreboding he sought a new topic.

"That is a new dress, is it not?" he asked.

"Yes," the girl answered. "Don't you like it?"

"It is very pretty. It does credit to your mother's taste."

"My mother!" She was staring at him now in frank amazement.

The Professor turned away abruptly, and ran up the stairs, possessed by the most terrible of all the fears which had suggested themselves to him that afternoon. He dashed into his wife's room, and searched it with feverish haste and growing despair. Her dressing table was there, but the little collection of toilet accessories had vanished from it; her wraps were nowhere to be found; the closet in which her gowns had hung was almost bare. Even her trunk had disappeared from the spot it had once occupied. He dropped into a chair, and sat there for



many minutes, gazing straight before him with eyes that saw nothing, his body inclined a little forward, and his fingers drumming on his knees. His brain was awirl with a rush of memories, pouring upon him like the flood which follows the tearing away of the dam, but memories, all of them, of the days of his courtship and his early married life, when he had thoughts of other human beings than the man in Berlin.

By compensation's law, floods exhaust themselves all the more quickly for their violence, and presently the Professor's thoughts began to flow in a calmer current. He pointed out to himself that in the period of reaction following the culmination of his labors on his book, he was especially liable to be assailed by delusions, and to yield to them. In his experiences of the afternoon he probably had been led, through his perturbation, to attach too much importance to trifles. Then, too, his scientific work had shown steady improvement rather than deterioration. His colleagues of the faculty apparently had failed to notice any uncanny peculiarity in him. There was, moreover, about him no badge or token of mourning. Unheeding as he might have been of the unscientific side of his life, his daughter surely would have seen to it that his garb bore some decent mark of appreciation of the bereavement he had reason to believe he had suffered.

There was no denying, however, that he was preëminently of the class liable to such a misfortune as that which had befallen the electrician. Ross, with the trained observation of the specialist, had detected something amiss, and had gone out of his way to give him a warning. So far as he could discover, the case of the Western student presented a striking resemblance to his own. He might have magnified trifles, but, on the other hand, he could not understand how the changes in the neighborhood could have escaped his observation. If his scientific investigations of late had been more profound and the results more notable, his success might have been due to a complete oblivion of all things else. His brethren of the faculty had always left him much to his own devices, and long ago had come to regard him in the light of an intellectual machine, not amenable to the laws of ordinary humanity. The absence of emblems of mourning could be explained on the supposition that a considerable time had passed since his great loss. That theory would account, too, for the change in the appearance of the girl down-stairs. Her hair had seemed a shade or two darker than he remembered it, and her features had appeared to be rather more pronounced.

The Professor arose and stood before the looking-glass, regarding his reflection with rueful scrutiny. What an old man he looked, with stooped shoulders and gray-streaked hair and beard, and faded eyes peering out through the gold-rimmed spectacles! And the lines in his

face! Their number surprised him. More than ever the conviction possessed him that years had slipped away without his knowledge. But how many years? That was the question. The Professor tried desperately to come at the answer. Rack his brain as he might, he could get no definite clue. To the best of his knowledge there was no calendar in the house. He subscribed for a daily paper, but never read it, unless his attention was called to some article, and now he had no idea where a copy was to be found. His correspondence was limited, and he made it a rule to burn letters. In short, none of the easy helps out of his difficulty to which the average man would have resorted had such a problem confronted him, was available in his case. Besides, it had flashed upon him that it would never do to give anybody a hint of his condition. He must run no risk of revealing his secret through rash questioning.

Basing his statement on what he believed to be his latest memories, the Professor would have said that the year was 1907. Still, even on that basis, it might be 1906. He knew that he had taken no vacation in two or possibly three years; for he had been too busy to leave his laboratory for more than a day at a time. Then, too, he had been so absorbed in his book that it was entirely possible that month after month had slipped away, until 1907 had been left far behind. Ross had spoken of his son being in the class of 1909; perhaps the doctor had meant it as a kindly jog to his friend's memory. The Professor tried a little figuring: his daughter was born in 1893; the girl downstairs was certainly about sixteen; 1893 and sixteen made 1909. That seemed significant. Allowing, then, that he had lost his wife more than two years before, he might fairly conclude that she had died late in 1906 or 1907. He could find no argument to offer against all this, though he sought one earnestly. For almost any other member of the faculty, it would have been impossible to lose track of the classes in college, but the men who studied under him were few in number and mostly postgraduates or specials, who were not likely to try to impress upon him the beloved numerals distinguishing their class from all others.

The Professor and the girl supped together that evening, and afterwards ensconced themselves on opposite sides of the centre table in the sitting-room. Their talk languished; for a feeling of constraint was upon both of them, and they could find few subjects in common. To do the Professor justice, he longed to speak of his wife, to hear something of her last days, to learn how the end had come. But how could he begin his queries? For the present, at least, he could not bring himself to give Mary an inkling of his misfortune.

"Your mother was a noble woman," he said, at last. The girl raised her eyes from her book, and gazed at him with the same shy look he had noticed after their meeting in the hall.

"She was a very noble woman," he went on; "beyond all question the noblest, purest, gentlest woman I ever knew."

"Yes," the girl answered softly.

"I do not often speak of such things, but I want to say to you that she was more than all the rest of the world to me. I loved her—I cannot tell you how deeply, how sincerely. I do not think I ever knew true happiness except with her."

"But you saw so little of her." The girl had dropped her book, and was staring at him with open-eyed wonder.

"That is the bitterest regret of my life," said the Professor sadly. "But I believe—at least, I hope—that she understood my affection; and I know that her heart was all mine, that she never had even a passing fancy for any other man."

"Sir!"

"Yes, unworthy as I was, she loved me with a love beyond expression. You cannot guess how it cheers me to see you growing so like her. My dear, you are your mother over again."

"But I have been told that I resemble my father."

"Not at all, not at all," the Professor declared earnestly. "Don't think that. Why, Mary, how could you bear to cherish such an idea for an instant? I want you to remember your father as a man who wasted the best years of his life, a poor creature who was in no way worthy of your mother, but who, when it was too late, was roused to a sense of his manifold shortcomings, and repented them deeply and sincerely. I alone can tell you these things, my child."

"But you shall tell me no more!" cried the girl. "I won't listen to them. How could you say them? My father, the best of men——"

She burst into tears, and fled from the room. The Professor heard her sobbing as she made her way up the stairs.

"Ah, true heart, true heart!" he soliloquized, a little puzzled, but more than a little comforted by her vehemence. "I have something to live for still."

When the Professor opened his eyes the next morning he had need of all the fortitude he could summon; for Nature was paying him out for his disregard of the limits she sets to reasonable human endurance. He awoke to find that his head was throbbing, his limbs ached, and a dull pain pervaded his body. It was not altogether a novel state of things; twice or thrice before he had been called upon to undergo similar attacks, and his experience on those occasions had proved that his only hope of relief lay in absolute quiet, with the room darkened. From the moment of his awakening he realized that the attack promised to be the worst of its kind that had ever come to him; and for three days and nights the promise was made good. On the morning of the fourth day he was free from pain, but weak in body and dulled in spirit.

Though he was able to arise and to move about the house, his movements were heavy and his courage was at its ebb. Much to the surprise of Mary, he seemed to avoid his study, preferring to spend the morning with her in the sitting-room. He said little, but kept his eyes fixed upon her with an intentness which puzzled her sadly. Twice he left the room for a brief interval; she noted that in each instance he returned more depressed than ever. He gave her no hint of his purpose on these little journeys about the house; though, for that matter, had she accompanied him, she would have gained no idea of his motives. His first trip was to the kitchen, where he found the maid-of-all-work, and asked the whereabouts of the morning paper.

"Please, sir, I don't keep them no more," the domestic explained. "I use them to light fires—now that the mistress is gone."

"Now that the mistress is gone!" The words rang over and over again in the Professor's ears. He tottered back to the living-room and sat there, silently mourning. Half an hour later he made his second venture, this time penetrating the cold depths of the parlor. There used to be a family Bible there, he remembered, and it cheered him a bit to find it in its old place. With nervous forebodings he turned the pages on which it is customary to record the great events of household history—the marriages, the births, and the deaths. There was the entry of his wedding, and on the next page the record of his daughter's birth, but beyond these there was nothing.

They dined early that day, and soon after the conclusion of the meal the girl told him she was going out. Shopping was her excuse, but her reason, as she confessed to herself, was to escape, at least for a time, the steady gaze of those bespectacled eyes, whose melancholy expression she could not understand. Soon after her flight the Professor emerged from the house, and walked slowly toward the business district of the city. A stationer's sign caught his eye, and he turned into the shop.

"I should like some letter paper," he said to the clerk. "I should like it with the city and the date printed upon it. Can you show me a sample?"

"Certainly," said the salesman. He took from the drawer several sheets, and laid them on the counter.

"Ah, but only three figures of the year are given," the Professor ingenuously observed. "Here's only one, nine and a cipher. I should want the fourth as well. Could you let me see how it would look?"

"Why, certainly," said the salesman; "but it is n't usual to put it on. All our orders are the other way. Still, if you are particular——"

"Not at all, not at all," the Professor broke in. "This style will do nicely. Please send a package to my house."

He went out of the shop with the feeling that he had barely escaped

detection. "We must be cautious, cautious," he said to himself as he moved on.

When he halted again he had reached the goal of his journey, and was in the office of a company which turned great blocks of granite and marble into polished testimonials of regard for the departed. He desired to buy a monument, he told the man in charge, and briefly described what he had in mind.

"If you will step into the yard, I can show you something which may meet your ideas," said the manager.

"Very good, very good," the Professor observed, a moment later. They were standing before a granite shaft, not tall, but massive, and severely plain in all its details. "How soon can that be placed in position? I should like a name engraved upon it. That could be done here, I presume?"

"Certainly," replied the other. "You desire the dates also, I suppose?"

"Why—why—perhaps—that is—it had better be done later," stammered the Professor.

"If you prefer it so. But will you give me a memorandum? And where is the monument to be placed?"

Where, indeed? A new difficulty confronted the Professor.

"That is not quite decided," he said at last, speaking with a good deal of hesitancy. "I have not settled the—er—er—what one might call the details."

"Ah!" There was a note of surprise in the man's tone, which warned the purchaser that he was conducting the negotiations in a manner out of the common. Again he yielded to the dread of a detection of his infirmity.

"I must have a little time for consideration," he explained. "As soon as possible I shall send you a note. Until you receive it, pray let the matter rest."

The Professor trudged homeward, very downcast, very deeply impressed with the difficulties besetting him, and very much perplexed as to the way out of them.

Mary had returned to the house before the Professor reached it. He found her at a desk in the sitting-room, engaged upon a letter which appeared to be making very slow progress. As he watched her, a new self-reproach cut him to the quick—he had no idea of the character of her chirography. Perhaps she wrote a very bad hand. Were that the case, was he not culpable for neglect of her education? When she had finished the letter, he strolled over to the desk, with a great assumption of carelessness.

"Won't you give me a sample of your writing, Mary?" he asked. "I should very much like to see one."

"But I write so badly—I'm ashamed to show you my hieroglyphics," the girl protested.

"It would be a great favor," he urged humbly.

"Then I suppose I must. But you must promise not to scold me nor be too critical."

"I shall never scold you, my dear," said he earnestly.

"A thousand thanks for the promise. Now what shall I write?"

A bright thought struck the Professor. "Suppose you write a note—well, to Dr. Jones, for instance, about—oh, about anything you please," said he.

The girl's pen raced over the paper, the Professor's eye following its swift motion.

"But, Mary, you're beginning with 'My dear Doctor,'" he objected.

"Why don't you put the date first?"

"It is n't the right way. At school they taught us to put the date last."

"I like the other way best, my dear," protested the Professor, growing a little bolder. "Please write it at the top of the page."

"Oh, if you prefer it, I don't mind." She wrote "Tuesday, May the Sixteenth," and looked up at him.

"But the year—you've omitted it," he said.

"Why, certainly, I was taught to omit it from such a note as this. But, of course, if you are particularly anxious——"

"No, no, no!" the Professor cried hastily. "Not at all, not at all. You write beautifully, I'm sure. I'm very much obliged to you."

Baffled once more, he turned from her abruptly. He saw that she was amazed at his actions and words, and for a moment he was on the point of revealing his secret, but something held back the confession. He must have a little more time to prepare himself for the ordeal. When the clock struck nine the girl rose from her chair, and crossed the room to him.

"I must retire early, for I must be up with the sun to-morrow," she said. "I shall be off before your breakfast time. So I think I shall say good-night and good-by together."

"You are going away?" The news took him completely by surprise.

"Yes, by the early train. You understood that I was to start to-morrow, did n't you?"

"I—I—oh, certainly—of course," he answered. Evidently this journey of hers had been planned some time before, and he had been duly notified of it. "Have you arranged for a cab?" he asked.

"Oh, I shan't need one. My satchel is not heavy, you know."

The Professor felt relieved; she could not be contemplating a long absence.



"I shall miss you very much," he said gravely.

"Ah, you are flattering me; you won't think twice of me after to-morrow."

"I shall always miss you when we are parted," declared the Professor, with deep conviction.

"Good-by and good-night then." Half timidly she bent over him and kissed him.

"Good-by, Mary, good-by!" he answered. His voice shook in spite of his effort to be calm.

She paused a moment at the door, and looked back. "I hope before we meet again you will think more kindly of my father." It was a little feminine parting shot.

"Never! Never!" cried the Professor. "Consider him one of the most erring and culpable of men." It was a crumb of comfort for him afterwards that she had vanished before the sentence was completed.

Though the head of the household awoke unusually early the next day, Mary had departed, and was well on her journey before his breakfast was finished. Altogether, the Professor had a bad morning. He visited his study, but a glance at the littered desk appalled him; he went to his wife's room, but found little comfort where so many objects were full of sorrowful suggestions; he sought refuge in the sitting-room, but there his loneliness seemed greater than ever. Yet the hours dragged themselves away, as hours will for the saddest of mortals, and at last the Professor, glancing at his watch, found that it was almost midday. There was a rattle of wheels in the street, and instinctively he hurried to a window. Anything was welcome that might divert his thoughts even for a moment.

A carriage had halted in front of his house, and the driver was opening the door of the vehicle. The Professor idly noticed that the lock was stiff, and that the man had trouble with his task. Then he saw the door swing open and a lady step to the sidewalk.

"My wife!" he cried, and grasped the frame of the window for support. Was it all an optical illusion? He rubbed his eyes, and glanced again at the street. No; it was no trick of overstrained nerves. There she stood, watching the driver carry her trunk from the carriage and up the steps to the house door, and beside her was a little girl. The Professor gave a shout of joy, and dashed into the hall. An instant later his wife was in his arms.

"But, my dear," she expostulated, "I mustn't monopolize all your affection. You have n't spoken to Mary yet."

The Professor turned to the child with an embarrassed air. "I am very glad to see you, Mary, I'm sure," he said. "How do you do?" As an afterthought he stooped and pressed his lips to her forehead.

"Did our absence seem long?" asked the wife.

"Long! I thought it was years," said the husband, truthfully enough.

"Then I fear my sister Mary rather neglected you."

"Your sister Mary? Now I see it all!" cried the Professor. "But there ought to be more variety in naming children. This uniformity is liable to cause misunderstandings." Then, as an afterthought, he added quickly: "Oh, she did very nicely. Still, you see, there's nobody like my wife."

About the middle of the afternoon the Professor's wife came into his study. He was at his desk, pretending to work, but he looked up when he heard her step, and beamed upon her joyfully.

"I've a letter which my sister left for me," she said. "There's something about you—I want to read it to you. She says:

"The Professor has talked a good deal to me about father and mother. I never dreamed he was so fond of her as he really must have been; but I don't believe he appreciated papa as much as the rest of us did."

"She seems to have misunderstood me," the Professor hastened to explain; but in his heart he was saying: "Bless her for not making it any worse!"

"By the way," he added aloud, "I met my classmate, Dr. Ross, the other day. He has a son in college whom we ought to invite to dinner. His father said, I think, that the boy was in '09. That would make him a—a——?"

He hesitated, looking to his wife to finish his sentence.

"Why, a Soph, of course, since this is 1907," she said.

The Professor sprang to his feet. "He does n't feel a bit younger than I do, I'll be bound!" he cried.

"You are looking wonderfully well," said his wife. "At first I thought you seemed fagged out, but I must have been mistaken. Fighting that man in Berlin must agree with you."

"Hang the man in Berlin! Pardon, the expression, my dear, but we won't think of him just now. Instead, we'll plan a nice quiet summer somewhere in the country, where the people never heard of him. Do you like the idea?"

"Indeed I do. But you will find it dull, I'm afraid. You will have to content yourself with the amusements of any non-scientific citizen on a vacation. No books, no experiments, just nice people and——"

"Very good, very good," said the Professor. And he rubbed his hands gleefully at the prospect.

# CONFESSIONAL—AND CONSEQUENCES

*By Cecilia A. Loizeaux*

THE moment I entered my apartment on the fourth floor of the Algonquin, I knew that some one had been in my rooms, or was still there. I hesitated only a moment before lighting a match. I have nothing to fear at such times, since I have no jewels and am not at all beautiful.

So I lit the gas, and as the light flared into her eyes a startled feminine head arose from the cushions on my couch. I admit that my first impression was distinctly one of annoyance. The head belonged to Felicia Broughton, and I knew too well that when Felicia came to stay all night with me it meant that I was to receive her confession, losing my best hours of sleep as I did so, in order that she, Felicia, her sin off her conscience and onto mine, might sleep soundly and arise the next morning fresh and fair to gather other scalps for her already large collection.

It is my fate to receive the confidences of many people, especially those of young girls who have found that their chums are never to be trusted when the confidences concern men. Felicia is not so very young. She is rather at the between age, which all men and most women find so charming. But she is old—old as the hills—in the art of flirtation. Indeed, with Felicia flirting is positively a profession. She is old enough to know better, too, which makes her all the more dangerous. And then, she is one of those who believe that a sin confessed is not a sin.

She had evidently been asleep, for she blinked at the gas as a cat blinks at the sun. Indeed, she is not unlike a cat. Her eyes are green—lovely, shining green like jewels—and her hair—well, of course there are no auburn cats, but she reminds one of a cat just the same. I have often wondered why men never saw this until they had put up groping hands to find that their scalps had been neatly and painlessly removed.

Any one but Felicia would have looked blowsy. She was merely charmingly mussed, with her skin pink as a baby's from the heat. I knew that I was no more to her than a confessional booth, where after

confessing she would have to do no penance, but I found myself kissing and welcoming her just as cordially as if I did not know this. And, as I noted the pathetic droop to her mouth, I wondered if for once Felicia herself were not the sufferer. For this, as for all my generous impulses toward Felicia, I was speedily rewarded and disillusioned.

She told me nothing until she had eaten and we were making ready for bed. Then, as she braided her hair into two long and girlish plaits and rubbed out imaginary wrinkles, she began her tale. She was very calm at first, and I knew that the weeping would come later, when not even I, the Confessional, could see a reddened nose. But it took her so long to begin that once again I thought it might be her own heart.

"You have n't been beaten, have you, Felicia?" I asked anxiously.

"Mercy, no! Whatever made you think that?" she asked in astonishment, her pink fingers suspended in the air with surprise, her eyes wide open.

"Well, then," I answered snappishly, "get it over with. I'm tired."

"I'm so miserable and sort of frightened," she began, reaching for some more cold cream.

"And so is the man, I presume. That is it, is n't it? You have been obliged through force of circumstances and no fault of your own to refuse another man? Who is he?"

"Charlie Van Zandt. He just would n't take the hint. I tried long ago to make him see that I never could care. And he followed me down to the beach and made an awful scene—why, he almost threatened me. Men are such brutes. You either can't love them—or you can."

"And we all know that you can't, Felicia. You'll get over the scene, whatever it was. I'm not worrying about you. But Charlie Van Zandt is very young, and you are his first venture, I think. And now, for a longer or shorter space of time, depending on just how much of a fool he is, he'll make his mother wretched and a perfect donkey of himself because he thinks he has discovered that all women are heartless. If you had such a thing as a conscience, Felicia Broughton, I'd wish with all my heart that you'd have to wait to see one of your victims cured before you could find another. And I'd hope you would grow old in the process." I turned to stalk from the room, for I meant to sleep on the couch in the sitting-room, leaving Felicia my bed.

At the very door I was stopped by a queer little sound that did not seem to be Felicia at all. I looked at the girl and came back. "That was n't what I came to tell you," she whispered. "Can I put out the light?"

I reached up and turned it off, and then, taking Felicia's hand, led her to the bed, where we sank down. Felicia promptly put her head on my shoulder, and I can't resist Felicia when she cuddles, any more than I can resist a pink, dimpled baby.

"Don't you worry about him, Felicia," I said. "Charlie Van Zandt is a presumptuous little weed, and deserved pulling up from the roots."

"It is n't Charlie at all," she sobbed. "It's Rolfe Carson."

In my excitement, I pushed her from me. Rolfe Carson! I had forgotten about him. This was too good. Could it be that Felicia had met and reduced to his lowest terms the flirt par excellence of all flirts of whom I had ever heard? And with my amazement a great joy came to me. For, years before, Rolfe Carson had played with my little sister, and she—well, she was n't a flirt. I had vowed to get even, and here was my chance.

"Felicia," I said, "I am your friend for life, and I tell you on my honor that you need not weep over this piece of work. 'The bitter's bitten,'" I quoted.

Felicia began to sob. "You do not understand," she said. "I am in love with him." It was a positive wail, a little cry of helplessness, and it was genuine and turned me sick. For, often as I had wished for Felicia's punishment, I hated to see her suffer in this way. But it was fine to know that Felicia really had had a heart hidden away all this time.

"He said he knew you," she went on, sobbingly, "that he used to know you, and that was why I came. I have just come from the beach—he was there—and I feel terribly—as if I had been wicked all my life. Suppose he finds out what a flirt I have been. Suppose that nasty little Van Zandt beast tells him!"

Felicia was astounded by the realization of her own sins. I thought a moment.

"How long have you known him?" I asked.

"Two months—he's been in South America, you know."

I drew a long breath of relief. And then I saw sudden light. There is no flirt who marries, willingly and to his or her knowledge, another flirt. I might still save Felicia.

"Dear," I said, and there must have been something queer in my voice, for I could feel her jewel eyes fix themselves on my face, "you never did a wiser thing in your life than to come to me. But if Rolfe Carson had ever thought you would come to me, he never would have told you he knew me—for I know him, too."

"Do you mean that he was ever in love with you?"

"My dear, I'm ten years older than Rolfe—and always was. Also, I have always been an old maid. But there have been other girls."

And then for hours and hours I told her about all the other girls. I spared no details which would make my story more convincing, and I found that she knew some of the girls I mentioned, though she had not known that the man involved was Rolfe Carson. And she could not do otherwise than believe me.

But she took it all so queerly. I had expected tears, stormy denials—anything but this calm, dry acceptance. And I suddenly realized that she did care for the man, terribly, and I wished that I had not told her. Real love comes to no one twice. It was n't any of my real business, any way.

At daybreak I went to my couch in the sitting-room, where I slept the sleep of the exhausted. And when, late in the forenoon, I tiptoed into the bedroom, I found that Felicia had departed, leaving this note on the dresser: "Of course I believe you—but I can never forgive you. Some day you will understand why."

And then I smiled with a positive relief. I knew that she was already recuperating, and told myself that I had done good work. Within a week Wendell Hall was tagging her around, to the great distress of Carrie Worthington, who came to me and sobbed out the tale of his faithlessness. I was sorry for the child, too, for I knew Felicia well enough to understand that she would finish Wendell Hall before she let him go.

The rest of the tale came to me five weeks later, away out in Iowa, where I had gone to visit relatives, and where I found Rolfe Carson doing the same thing, and incidentally teaching the art of flirtation to an apple-cheeked young cousin of mine.

When I had renewed my acquaintance with him and had had the satisfaction of impressing upon his vanity the facts of my sister's very happy marriage, he confided in me, too, sure of my safety, even as the others.

He told me, and for the life of me I could not help believing in his sincerity as he told it, that at last he was really in love, with the most innocent, sweet-hearted little girl in Massachusetts. And her name was Felicia. I listened with a joy that was deep and far-reaching; but somewhere I felt vaguely sick, too. And then I did the only thing there seemed for me to do; I made a complete job of it. I told Rolfe Carson first just what I thought of his methods, and then I told him all that I knew of the guileless Felicia. I knew all the time, of course, that neither of them would ever speak to me again, for it was inevitable that they should meet and compare notes. But I did n't care. I was tired of being a go-between, and, any way, I was too fond of them both to care to see them made unhappy for life, when by such a small and really pleasurable effort I could prevent it.

And so I told him how even then the guileless and sweet-hearted



Felicia was trailing Wendell Hall, and thereby making the little Worthington girl old before her time. I told him of all her previous flirtations, omitting nothing that I thought might interest him. And when I finally paused to think of more, he said through his teeth, "Are you through?" and in another moment the gate slammed viciously. And that evening he was recalled by telegram to attend to important business in Boston. And he didn't leave any message at all for my apple-cheeked young cousin, with whom he had been going driving the next day. She cried furtively, and I meditated.

And for one whole week I lived in a state of triumph, not unmixed with a feeling of approaching disaster, which I could not shake off. Then there came to me a marked paper from Boston. On the front page, in the most vulgar and ostentatious display, were pictures of Rolfe and Felicia. And beneath the pictures was a whole column of most interesting and readable matter telling how the young people had been married seven weeks before at the beach. It had been a love-at-first-sight affair, and as both were members of very prominent and very conservative families, the young people had chosen to keep the marriage secret until they were ready to sail for South America, where the groom had important business interests.

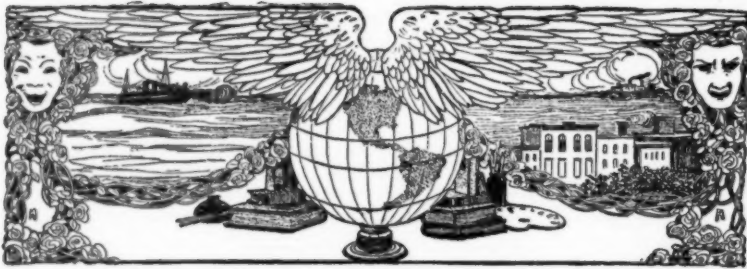
I showed the paper to my apple-cheeked young cousin, and then I sighed a bit wearily. I was too stupid, I told myself, to deserve being a Confessional. They had been married then, when Felicia, a bit frightened at what she had done, came to confess it to me. And I had hurried and forestalled her confession with all the unpleasant things I could think of about her husband. Decidedly pleasant of me, was n't it? Then I had hastened to Rolfe, to repeat my friendly services.

Well, after all, one really gets to the bottom of things now and then. They say that Rolfe and Felicia are a devoted pair. I know the kind. Neither dares to let the other out of sight. They have never come back from South America—but they named their small daughter after me. And when I heard of it—not through them—and sent the child a lovely hand-wrought silver bowl and spoon, the receipt came back to me signed in a cramped hand, evidently written by a guided baby fist, "Rebecca Carson." So I think they really have forgiven me, though they are too proud to say so. And I hope that when she is older they will send me the small Rebecca to educate; for I think they will always live in South America.



A fool may be either a man who fails to understand the world, or a man whom the world fails to understand.

The Young Person is a very terrible creature. It knows so much.



## WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND  
CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

### THE INCREASING COST OF LIVING

A MAN who is living in the house occupied by his father thirty-five years ago, who has the same size family, and who is living about, he thinks, as his father lived then, discovered an old account-book kept by his father, covering household expenses. Comparing month by month, the son has found that, summing corresponding items, his expenses to-day are twice those recorded by his father.

Well, what is to be done? Investigation results in a merry-go-round like that depicted so often by newspaper cartoonists: every one pointing with his thumb to his neighbor and saying, "*Him.*" The consumer blames the butcher for charging so much for steak, the butcher blames the wholesaler for advancing the price of beef, the wholesaler blames the commission house or packers, the commission house alleges shortage of shipments, the shipper alleges shortage of cars, the railroad alleges cowboys are scaring trains with full-dress suits, the cowboys claim that they are forced to wear them; and back it goes: cattlemen assert that the railroads will not accept cattle unless accompanied by cowboys in full-dress suits, railroads assert government compels this, government asserts commission-men demanded it, commission-men assert that the measure was put through by the wholesalers, wholesalers assert that the butchers themselves did the lobbying, and the butchers promptly unload the responsibility upon the people.

Thread advances—presumably because the lumber for spools is advanced; lumber for spools has advanced because oats are high (the

logging teams require grain three times a day, and that *mounts up*), oats are high because of a wet spring, and as the wet spring was sent presumably by Providence, certainly My Lady must not protest when her gown costs more by fifty per cent.

It is put forward by some social economists that dear money, as the term expresses it, is a sign of prosperity. But is it? Is it, when the prosperity of the many is being milked to swell by greater ratio the prosperity of the few? Is the average man to-day getting his money's worth? Occasionally (we would not breathe the confession outside of our own booming country)—occasionally into the minds of some of us creeps the suspicion that the average man—who occupies the bottom of the heap—is *not*.

JOHN STONE

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### THINGS WORTH CRYING ABOUT

WHY do we so dread a book or a play "that ends badly"? Are we really so genuinely sensitive that we cannot bear a touch of sadness? Are our feelings so tremendous that we are afraid of them?

Are we not rather unconsciously governed by the fact that emotion has (for the time being) gone out of fashion, until we Americans bid fair to rival the Japanese in considering it a point of honor to smile, no matter what happens?

A hundred years ago, seventy-five, fifty even, nobody felt in the least ashamed to cry over a fine book, even if some one was looking! A great man like Lord Macaulay wept freely over "*Clarissa Harlowe*," and did not care who knew it. But then he remembered a truth which we are in danger of forgetting: it is that noble, big things often have a very sad side. Consequently, in letting ourselves be scared, in protecting our imaginations from all possible contact with unhappiness, we too often lose the inspiring effect of contact with real vibrations of heroism and nobility.

Hedging ourselves about from those feelings—painful and pleasant—which give birth to generous emotion, to enthusiasm, to the impulse towards noble, disinterested action, we run a great risk of doing ourselves permanent damage. In every-day existence the deeper feelings may only be brought out now and then in the course of a whole lifetime and, like every other faculty, the capacity for emotion will wither and dry up with disuse.

Therefore, for fear of losing it, let us try never to stifle it, but to keep it alive by every possible means, even by facing books that end badly, novels and every other kind—not grudging our tears, even if some one sees them.

A typical American was lately reading aloud those wise, beautiful

words of an American patriot, the letters of the young soldier Charles Russell Lowell to his betrothed.

Suddenly the impending tragedy grew too much for the reader (thirteen horses were shot under him before his heroic end). She threw down the book with "I can't go on! In a minute I shall be crying."

In a minute, however, she thought better of it. "After all," she said, "some things are worth crying about."

And that is the point. If the book and the play are trashy, cheap, untrue to nature, our emotions will be untouched; but if there be reality and fineness enough to move us—whether in fiction or in an Associated Press despatch—why should we grudge a few tears as the price of keeping alive our imaginations, our sympathies?

MARY MOSS

### "UNRAVISH'D EARS"

THE Norwegian composer Grieg once played before King Edward, presumably at his majesty's request, as a composer commonly does not force his way uninvited to the royal pianoforte and salute the royal ears with a concord of sweet sounds. Grieg, then, began to play, but King Edward continued to converse with the Norwegian minister. Grieg stopped suddenly and looked at the king; for a composer, even as a cat, may turn his eyes on royalty. The king smiled and Grieg resumed; likewise the king. The composer stopped once more, and this time the king "looked back sternly." But—important point—he ceased conversing.

An American magazine, from which this little story is quoted, makes the following comment: "There are conversations which are superior to symphonies, and the musician cannot be utterly sure that the interruption from which he suffers does not deserve to be given the right of way."

This comment is interesting in that it exhibits a too common viewpoint. The lack of consideration, not to say ordinary courtesy, which King Edward displayed, was due to popular ignorance—which royalty shares with the multitude—of a musician's state of mind at the time when he is interpreting his own or another's composition. If King Edward should invite Mr. Thomas Hardy, say, to read a selection from his "Dynasts," he would scarcely interrupt the distinguished novelist-poet; but one may talk when a musician is playing. And yet the consequences would be less disastrous in the case of a reader than of a musician.

Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist, once told me that the slightest interruption gave him sharp physical pain. He also ventured

the opinion that spoken words worth hearing are worth waiting for. An artist is not a piano-playing machine; he cannot give sincerely of his best without intense concentration. A word, a whisper, is sufficient to destroy this concentration if the company of listeners be small. In a large audience the attentive listeners, being in the majority, submerge the inattentive and the rude, and preserve unbroken the bond of sympathy between performer and listener which is absolutely essential to artistic achievement. A host is not responsible for the bad manners of a guest; but to invite a musician to play and then to interrupt him is mere rudeness, in king or commoner.

*Are* there conversations which are superior to symphonies? What seasoned concert-goer and attendant on musicales has ever overheard a conversation that, in subject matter or expression, quite measured up to Schubert's First Symphony, or Schumann's Second, or Brahms's Third, or Tschaikowsky's Fourth, or Beethoven's Fifth?—or any other symphony of his acquaintance? A fitter obligato to the most superior conversation may be found in the music of a café string band.

The conversation which interrupted Grieg may have been of the most tremendous significance; but a doubt may be permitted to persons who enjoy the acquaintance of neither Norwegian diplomats nor English royalty.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR

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### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE THE FASHION

THE electric car was uncomfortably crowded, but at a corner only part way down-town fully half the passengers alighted.

"What's going on?" demanded one man of another, who was moving past him. "Some sort of an entertainment?"

"No; church, that's all," responded the other, with a smile.

"Church?" repeated the first man, incredulous. "What church?"

"Christian Science," the other responded, and passed on.

"Well, I'm darned!" grunted the first. "Some time I'm going to a Christian Science meeting just to find out what draws them so."

Very likely he did—as did I.

It was the Wednesday night meeting. Without, a dozen autos had been ranged at the curb, and from north, east, west, and south had come pouring the people. I sat in the rear of the amphitheatre. On my left was the paying-teller of the bank which holds my every cent; on my right, the senior partner in the furniture establishment which sold me my household goods. I heard a ringing talk from the attorney whom I had recently empowered to pass upon some important titles.

With a feeling of foolishness I had entered the church. But were

## 432      A Light in a Tenement House Window

these men fools? Dared I intimate that they, whom I trusted in business, were less acute than myself? If so, then I *was* a fool!

This particular church has a membership, I am told, of eight hundred; the seating capacity is two thousand; at this, a mid-week meeting, virtually every seat was taken. Presuming that all the members were present (which could hardly have been the case), then there were twelve hundred strangers.

Is there another denomination in the world which can thus fill its church in the summer, at a regular mid-week meeting? Sensationalism, you say? No; the Christian Science service has naught of the sensational; in fact, the complaint is freely made that it is dull and that much cannot be understood by the unenlightened.

Curiosity? Yes—but not the merely idle. It is that curiosity which eggs one on to investigate a movement whereby others are being benefited. We none of us like to be on the “outside” of a “good thing.” And gratitude; for it is declared that eighty per cent. of the Christian Scientists have been brought into it through the healing of their physical ills; and they, it must be remembered, have friends and relatives.

Sneers at Christian Science have always arisen from ignorance. Now it is also a mark of bad taste. Christian Science is becoming the *fashion*. Will it not require all its divinity to keep it from yielding to humanity? The student of sociology will watch with interest.

EDWIN L. SABIN



## A LIGHT IN A TENEMENT WINDOW

BY CHESTER FIRKINS

THE frozen city, muffled in the night,  
Lies cold and soundless. Shivering, I creep  
Through narrow lanes, where tired thousands sleep.  
Of all the windows, one alone is bright.  
High in that little room where glows the light,  
Doth Revel grin or hungered Sorrow weep?  
Or Death or Birth the lonely vigil keep?  
Who knows? And yet it is a cheerful sight.

So through the dark that wraps all human things,  
In the wide, sleeping city of my Soul,  
God's casement bright holds dim imaginings.  
Death or New Birth, sorrow or joy, my goal?  
I cannot tell; yet hope still shines for me  
Through the warm window of Eternity.



# WALNUTS AND WINE



## THE INSURANCE AGENT

The insurance agent, as a matter of business, numbers his friends by the 1,000's and they number him by something less than an integer. One morning when the office-boy had carelessly left the inner door open, an insurance agent materialized in the private office of a bloated plutocrat who already had \$100,000 on his life and a guarantee from his physician that he would never pay another premium.

"Good morning," said the insurance agent blithely.

The millionaire conjectured that the visitor had gotten into the wrong department, but in the presence of his stenographer's conscience he could give him no specific directions.

"I represent the Incidental Life, Fund and Trust Co.," said the insurance agent.

"Don't do it here."

Youth was not to be thus blighted. The insurance agent unlimbered his rapid-fire machine and discharged a volley of blank policies and blank applications.

The man of money retorted with a blank look.

"Don't believe in life insurance," said he.

The insurance agent unfolded the gospel of insurance, from Genesis to the recent Revelations, and crosswise from alpha to omega.

"Would n't buy a policy if I could get it for nothing."

The insurance agent got his head above the sea of statistics, took a fresh breath, and said with his favorite ten-year-endowment smile:

"What would you say to a policy that would pay you an annuity of twenty per cent. in advance, beginning at once?"

"Umph," said the plutocrat.

"Then if you die within ten years, you get double the face value of the policy, and the sooner you die the more you get."

## Walnuts and Wine

"Don't believe it."

"After you are dead your children get an annuity of five per cent. each as long as they live."

"Don't see how it can be done."

"That means," continued the agent, doing a lightning calculation, "if you have twenty children, the company will pay out the face value of the policy annually as long as your children live."

"Yes, and what's the premium?" growled the banker, with sordid sarcasm.

"The premium can be paid out of your own annuity, which will leave you a net income of about fifteen per cent."

"Well, I might investigate that," said the conservative man of business, "but it sounds fishy."

"It is," said the fraction as he rapidly departed.

It is a poor worm that has no turning.

*O. F. Flister*

## ONE THING NEEDED

*By Nelle Parker Jones*

Since a cure's been discovered,

Beyond any question,

For the alcohol habit

By auto-suggestion.

Won't some genius, laden

With brotherly feeling,

Suggest a cheap habit

For auto-mobiling?

## A LESSON IN GRAMMAR

"Can I have a piece of pie, mother?"

"Say 'may I,' Johnny, not 'can I.'"

"Well, mother, may I have a piece of pie?"

"No, Johnny, you can't."

*Frank H. Ristine*

## DOUBLY AFFLICTED

*Ashley:* "My dog is peculiarly unfortunate; he was born dumb and has no way to express his feelings."

*Arnold:* "Can't he wag his tail?"

*Ashley:* "The poor fellow was also born lazy."

*G. T. Evans*

## Walnuts and Wine

### IN ROLLING CHAIRS

*Sporty*: "I'd ride all day if I were not pushed for time."

*Sportleigh*: "So would I if I were not pushed for money."

W. Dayton Wegefarth

### SHE DID HER DUTY BY HIM

One Monday morning the colored "wash lady" did not arrive at the usual hour to do the weekly washing of a family residing in a Pennsylvania town.

When she appeared some time later the mistress of the house descended to the kitchen and was greatly edified by the woman's explanation.

"No'm"—carefully removing a hat ornamented by a voluminous black veil, "I wa' n't sick. I had to stay home to receive my diseased brother's remainders that was sent from Pittsburg day before yisterday."

Leicester K. Davis

### HE KNEW WHAT HE WANTED

Many years ago Mr. Hill, one of the pioneer shoe-manufacturers, had a shop in Stoneham, where he employed as boss in his stitching-room one Dan Lowe, who, being a genial, convivial man and a master of his trade, was liked and respected by all.

One fall the stitchers conspired to make Dan a birthday present, but, being unable to agree as to the nature of the gift, they called on Mr. Hill to advise them. Mr. Hill, after solemn thought, located Dan on the top floor, and thus addressed him:

"Mr. Lowe, the ladies of the stitching-room, being desirous of making you a birthday gift, as a small token of their esteem, have subscribed forty dollars or more, and are unable to decide between an easy-chair, a chain and seal, and several other articles. They appealed to me for advice, and I thought the wisest plan to ask you to express your preference and thus satisfy all."

"Mr. Hill," said Mr. Lowe, after due reflection, "I have a good chain and padlock, strong enough to hold a ten-gallon keg. A ten-gallon keg of good whiskey could be bought for forty dollars, and if I had a ten-gallon keg of good whiskey well chained down, in my cellar, any old chair would seem easy."

Mr. Hill retired for further deliberation.

Lewis A. Wentworth

## Walnuts and Wine

### THE END OF THE RUN

*By Edmund Franklin Moberly*

Bright morning sun  
Gladdens the heart,  
As for a run  
Slowly we start.  
Then, gaining speed,  
Faster we glide,  
As our trim car  
Catches its stride.

Suburban scenes  
Soon greet the eye,  
Then we speed up,  
Swiftly we fly.  
City's behind;  
Nowletherrip!  
Turnonthejuice—  
Geewhataclip!

O'erthesmoothway  
Swiftlyweflash.  
Ifanything  
Getsinour—crash!

\* \* \* \* \*

Was it a tree?  
Oh, what a jar!  
Look at the wreck  
Of our poor car!

Ajumbledmass,  
Twisted and bent,  
'umop əpɪsɪn pəʊntɪl  
Sp l i n t e r e d   a n d   r e   n t.  
Then look at us,  
B r o k e n   a n d   s c r a t c h e d —  
But we can be  
C/ut, (p)-(ie)-(ced), or pAtCHed.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### MISJUDGED

*Georgie:* "Mamma, is the man that makes the bread at the bakery called a loafer?"

*Abigail Robinson*

Walnuts and Wine

# PEARS' SOAP

was beautifying complexions when George the Third was King, and before the great historic event of modern times, the French Revolution

**T**HAT was indeed a period of revolutions, and the revolution that was effected in the manufacture of Soap by the introduction of PEARS' SOAP was so memorable that it established a new and permanent standard in Toilet Soaps, and one that it has been impossible to improve upon in all the years that have since elapsed.

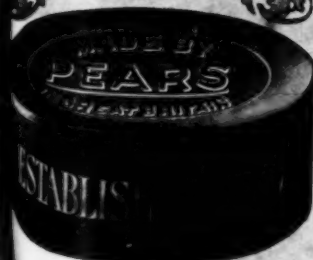
PEARS' SOAP was a scientific discovery that represented hygienic perfection, and provided beauty with a simple preservative that has had no equal from that day to this.

We have it on the testimony of the most famous beauties, and of leading scientists, doctors, and specialists, from the Georgian to the Edwardian period, that PEARS' SOAP is the most potent of all aids to natural beauty—the beauty that alone can fascinate—the beauty of a soft, velvety, refined complexion.



The  
Leading  
Toilet Soap  
of Two  
Centuries

Now  
As Always  
Woman's  
Best  
Beautifier



OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

*"All rights secured."*

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### THE PRESIDENTIAL BEE

The *Apis Potomacus Whitehousicus*, or common variety of presidential bee, is the most widely distributed of all hymenoptera. It is, however, so busy with its buzzing and stinging that it finds time to gather no honey. Its activity varies with great regularity through successive four-year cycles. Its sting is often virulent, and it attacks native human beings of the male sex, although occasionally it attacks the female, as in the case of Belva Lockwood.

In most cases the patient is affected as by a mild stimulant, or as one who has been smoking opium. Such cases need cause no concern, for, while persistent, they may readily be treated by increasing the hours of labor and reducing the income.

The toxic of this bee, however, acts most virulently upon orators, lawyers, Kentucky colonels, country newspaper editors, and Senators. Its most marked effect upon these is to render abnormal the predominating proclivities of the patient and otherwise exaggerate his ego.

In extreme cases, the patient is seized with an uncontrollable desire to shake hands, and, while attacked with excessive garrulity, is unable to express an opinion twice alike in the same place, or, for that matter, in different places.

The only known remedy for this is solitary confinement, notwithstanding the fact that some authorities claim the climate of the Salt River district to be beneficial. Cases are on record where several trips to Salt River showed not the slightest diminution of the malady.

Instances are also on record where men of great power, learning, and ability have never uttered a coherent, explicable sentence after being stung by the presidential bee.

*Ellis O. Jones*

### MOTHER'S ALMANAC

*By May Kelly*

I tell you, when it comes to dates,  
My mother's just the boss!  
She tells me all I want to know  
'Thout ever gettin' cross.

You'd think she'd get mixed up sometimes;  
At school I know I do—  
'Bout Washington and Plymouth Rock,  
And 1492.



Walnuts and Wine



## For Growing Children

The intelligent mother of to-day looks carefully after the food of her growing children.

A natural appetite calls for wholesome food. The child who is taught early to like proper food, free from over-stimulating elements, is not likely to acquire the taste for strong drink later on. His appetite has been trained for that which is wholesome and truly invigorating.

Perhaps no food is so simple, wholesome, and strengthening as

# Grape=Nuts

It contains all the elements from wheat and barley, that build up tissues and store up natural, healthy energy in the body. It contains nothing injurious—is **all** food, and can be digested by young children, who grow rosy and strong on it.

With cream or milk it is the **best** food for the growing child—and children quickly learn to love it.

**“There’s a Reason”**

---

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

But mother says: "The war with Spain  
Was fought in '98,  
The year you all had chicken-pox,  
Exceptin' Sister Kate.

"The Boer War in Africa—  
That was a dreadful thing—  
Began in '99, I know,  
For Jack was born that spring.

"In '98 the Spanish ships  
Were sunk in Cuba channels.  
'T was summer, for you children had  
Just changed your winter flannels.

"In 1904, my dear,  
The Russians fought the Japs.  
That year was very cold, and you  
Had chilblains and the chaps."

There's six of us, and we're mixed up  
With hist'ry just that way.  
Sometimes it's measles, croup, or mumps,  
But there's no date that ever stumps  
My mother, night or day.

### HIS EYES OPENED

"Why is she getting a divorce?"

"On the grounds of misrepresentation. She says that before  
they were married he claimed to be well off!"

"And what does he say?"

"He says he *was*, but did n't know it."

Walter Pulitzer

### A KINDLY OFFER

"Johnny" Goff, who was Roosevelt's guide during his Colorado hunt, is now living near Cody, Wyoming. One of Goff's neighbor's when contemplating a trip to Washington this winter, mentioned the fact to Goff.

"Say, if you go," said the guide generously, "lemme know. I'll drop the President a line and have him look you up."

Caroline Lockhart

Walnuts and Wine

## *I Want You to Know My Razor as I Know It.*

Over  
two  
Million  
sold in  
America  
in last  
three  
years.



Whether you rely upon the old fashioned razor or whether you depend upon the barber for your daily shave, there's still a **better, quicker, more economical** and **sanitary** way—the "Gillette" way—and my razor will convince you of this fact.

**It is the better way** because of the great convenience it affords—a slight turn of the handle enables you to have as close or as light a shave as you may wish—removing any beard without the least discomfort or irritation of the skin.

**It is the quicker way** because the thin, flexible, double-edged blades require **No Stropping, No Honing.** They are made of specially selected and

tested steel, individually hardened, tempered, ground, honed and stropped by never-varying automatic machinery. They are so inexpensive that when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen. It takes but from three to five minutes' time with the Gillette to obtain the most delightful shave you ever had in your life.

**It is the economical way** because you may shave yourself at home or away from home at any time—saving you time, money and the endless inconvenience and annoyance of being dependent upon the barber. My razor not only produces daily dividends of satisfaction to its users but saves its cost inside of a few weeks.

I could talk to you a month about the good qualities of my razor and what it means to you, but what I want is to get you to **try it just once** and then you will know it as I know it, and would not part with it for any price.

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette" today and shave yourself with ease, comfort and economy for the rest of your life.

*King C. Gillette*

The Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of a triple silver-plated holder, 12 double-edged blades (24 keen edges) packed in a velvet-lined leather case and the price is \$5.00 at all the leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers.

**Combination Sets from \$6.50 to \$50.00**

Ask your dealer for the "GILLETTE" today. If substitutes are offered refuse them and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

**Gillette Sales Company** 271 Times Building  
New York City

# Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### THOUGHT HE KNEW

A salesman who recently returned from down in Maine tells of an amusing experience he had in trying to get a drink in one place.

He approached several men who looked as though they might know where he could find what he desired, but in answer to his question one and all had the same answer: "Can't get anything in this town, mister."

At last he sought out the clerk at the hotel. "No," replied the man, "I don't know, but you might ask the manager."

He found the manager, and put the same question. The manager looked him over, winked, and said in a stage whisper: "Follow me."

He took him up three flights of stairs and into a back room; then, after locking the door and pulling down the curtain, he replied in the same whisper: "No, do you?"

*Levis A. Wentworth*

### TOO LITERAL

Treasurer Noyes of the Newburyport waterworks sent out his annual bills one year by mail. In the corner of the envelope was the customary request: "After five days return to Newburyport waterworks, Newburyport, Mass." What was his surprise to have a woman come into his office five days afterward and pass him an empty envelope, with the remark: "Here is your envelope, but what you want of it is more than I can see."

*Emma T. Cone*

### A STARTLING TRUTH

Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, professor of American history at Harvard, is a man whose hobbies run alongside of his work. Lately he acquired a desire for statistics and began seeking them with his accustomed energy. He was very much impressed with the mortality figures, and, meeting his colleague Professor Grandgent in the yard, addressed him mournfully:

"I've been looking up mortality statistics, Grandgent, and what do you think? A man dies every time I breathe!"

*Denys P. Myers*

### THE PROBLEM SOLVED

"Life here has its drawbacks," said the visitor to the cannibal isle, "but nevertheless I notice that you are not bothered by the servant problem as we have it in the civilized world."

"We settled all that long ago," smiled the king easily. "We made it a rule that when a cook quits work she shall be cooked and served by her successor."

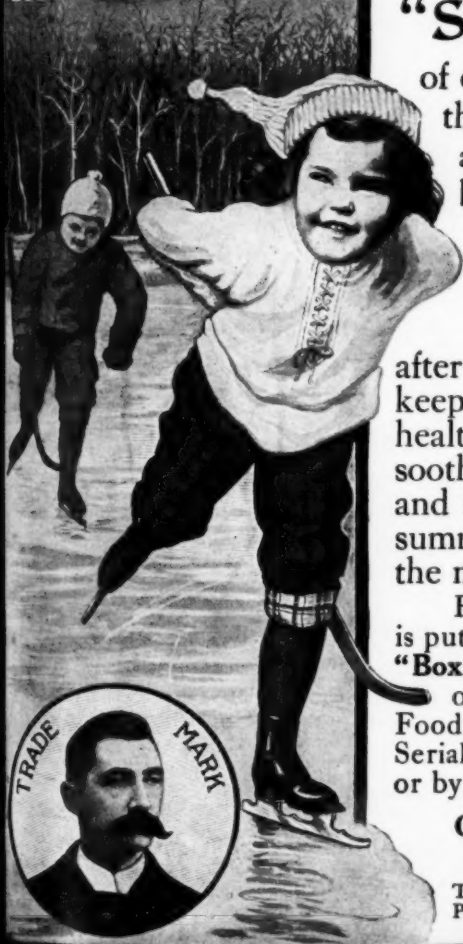
*W. D. Nesbit*

Walnuts and Wine

# MENNEN'S

## BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

The Box that lox



### "Strenuous Life"

of outdoor folks need not carry the penalty of pain and annoyance which winter weather brings. The **daily** use of

#### Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

after **bathing** and after **shaving** keeps the skin smooth and healthy. It not only heals but soothes all **Chapping, Chafing,** and skin troubles of winter and summer. It is indispensable in the nursery.

For your protection the **genuine** is put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the "**Box that Lox,**" with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25 cents. **Sample Free.**

**GERHARD MENNEN CO.**  
Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### A MISNOMER

"How 's your mistress, Aunt Dilsey?" I asked of my neighbor's colored cook.

"She 's well, marm, but she 's monsus torn up in her mind."

"What 's the matter?"

"Hit 's consarnin' her darter, Maria."

"I 'm sorry there 's any trouble about Maria."

"Yas'm, she 's in a peck uv trouble. Maria she dun took down wid dis new ailment dat 's goin' 'round in town. She 's got de kleptomacks."

"The what? Oh, you mean kleptomania?"

"Maybe dat is de right intitlement, but, lawdy, honey, 'tain't nothin' but old-fashioned stealin'. When niggers is took wid it, de sheriff comes and slaps dem in jail, but when white folks cotch hit, dey calls hit kleptomacks—*an' den dey goes free!*"

Elizabeth Henry Lyons



The contented man cuts his own hair.

L. T. H.



### YE DRUBBOXING OF DOBSABOBS

By Frederick Moxon

Tween meadsy meads and woodsy woods

Ye glithsome river glode.

Adown a downsy stretch of down

A wrothly rider rode.

High-upsy on ye beetly crag

Ye frownful castel frowned.

Immured in loftsome turretette

A swownish damsel swowned.

Now he hath whack ye groansome gate,—

Yea, he hath clang ye bell:

Forth from ye barbous barbican

They sallyate, pell-mell.

Now he hath fate a score of knaves,

And he hath slewn them fast:

And for ye Giant Dobsabobs

He goeth at ye last.

E.M.  
SA



Walnuts and Wine



Behold

the never ending row  
Of maids who use

**SAPOLIO**

Maids of heart and maids of head  
Unmarried maids and maids who wed  
Bright maids of every land and clime  
Will choose

**SAPOLIO**

every time



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

With jabsy spear and swickling blade  
Ye derring-do is done,  
Eke from ye noonsy midward hour  
Unto ye setsome sun.

Now he hath slithered Dobsabobs,  
Yea, whanged him on ye head:  
Also and likewise drobboxed him  
Until that he stood dead.

And he hath clamb ye creaksly stair  
And kissed ye moanish maid.  
Eke of a many stuntlets more  
Ye Pote hath nothing said.

O Joye! O Bliss! whenas that Love  
Ye Dobsabobs do rout!  
(But I am still uncertain what  
The row was all about.)

### A CRESCENT CUSTOM

An American merchant, bitterly opposed to the custom of "tipping" public servants for each inconsequential service, was astonished to find the practice in Europe more general than in America. While in London he had occasion to employ a cab, and, upon being driven to the desired destination, drew forth a handful of change, counted out the exact fare, and tendered it to the driver.

"Beg pardon, sir!" exclaimed the cabby in a tone of injury.  
"'Ow long 'ave ye been saving up for this 'oliday?"

Suppressing his annoyance at the driver's effrontery, the tourist sought a restaurant, and, upon receiving the dinner check, again tendered the exact amount of his bill. The waiter bowed, assisted his guest into his coat, then, selecting a bright new sixpence, offered it to his patron, with:

"Beastly weather, sir! 'Ere's coach fare!" *Harrold Skinner*

### THE WAY OF IT

"Pa, tell me how you first met ma," requested Gunson, Jr.

"I did n't meet her, son," replied Gunson, Sr. "She overtook me."

*Perrine Lambert*

Walnuts and Wine

# The Year-Round Resort of America



The Chamberlin is conducted on the European plan; this means that you can make your expenses just whatever you wish.

#### RATES:

Rooms, single, from \$2.00 per day.  
Rooms, double, from \$3.50 per day.  
Rooms, with bath, from \$4.00 per day.  
Sitting-room, bed-room and bath,  
from \$8.00 per day.

Our a La Carte service is very reasonable and in addition we have the following Table d'Hôte service:

Breakfast, 50c. to 75c.  
Luncheon, \$1.00      Dinner, \$1.50.

## OLD POINT COMFORT

# Hotel Chamberlin

Situated on historic Hampton Roads, Old Point combines every feature which goes to make up a perfect place for Real Rest and Recuperation.

**The Climate** is unsurpassed the year round. The sanitation is as complete as the Medical Department of the Army can make it—Pure water, pure food, both under Government supervision.

**The Cuisine** of the Chamberlin is perfect; real Southern cooking—Fish, crabs, oysters right out of the water.

**The Historic Surroundings** are absolutely unique. Williamsburg, Jamestown, Yorktown, are right at hand. Fortress Monroe, with "all the pomp and circumstance of war" is our next door neighbor. Hampton Roads, the most magnificent marine panorama in the world, is immediately before us.

Our booklets, fully illustrated, telling you in detail all about these facts, are to be had at the offices of all transportation companies; also, at International Sleeping Car Co., 281 Fifth Ave., N. Y.; America's Hotel & Resort Bureau, Fifth Avenue Hotel, N. Y.; Information Bureau. Green's Hotel, Atlantic City; all Cook's Tours offices; Raymond & Whitcomb's offices; Marsters', 298 Washington St., Boston; Hendrickson's, 343 Fulton St., Brooklyn; Mr. Foster's office, 1333 Penna. Ave., Washington, D. C.; and corner Prado and Central Park, Havana; Nason-Russell Co., 279 Washington St., Boston; Hector Viger, 133 St. James St., Montreal, and all newspaper resort bureaus; or, address direct, George F. Adams, Manager, Fortress Monroe, Va.

**The Baths and Sea-pool** of the Chamberlin are the finest in America. The pool, 40 by 70 feet, is of Ceramic Mosaic Tile, so perfectly ventilated and radiant with sun-light that you are really bathing out of doors. Filtered sea-water is constantly flowing in, and the air and water are always at an agreeable temperature. A competent swimming-master is in attendance.

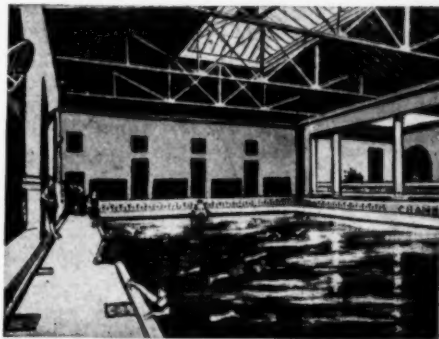
The Hydrotherapeutic Department is complete in every detail; medical baths of every sort—Nauheim baths, electric cabinets, massage and tonic baths, and Dr. Baruch's system. A most unique feature of our baths is that we employ pure, fresh sea-water in many of them, thus adding to the medicinal features the very marked benefits to be derived from the salt of the sea. These are particularly recommended for Insomnia, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Gout and kindred disorders.

Our resident physician is an expert in hydrotherapy, and all baths are given by his advice and under his direction.

A special booklet on Baths and Bathing may be had at any of the above offices, or address

*Geo. F. Adams, Mgr.*

Box 27, Fortress Monroe, Va.



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## Walnuts and Wine

### PAPA'S OPINION

"What is an altruist, papa?"

"An altruist, my son, is a man who does n't give to others what he does n't want himself."

G. T. Evans

### WHEN GOVERNOR SMITH SLEPT

When Governor Smith of Georgia was Secretary of the Interior in Cleveland's cabinet, he was once called home to Atlanta on business. The duties incident to his leaving had thoroughly wearied the brawny Secretary, so he retired early to his berth for a good night's rest. Mr. Smith never does anything by halves, and the sonorous cadences of ever-increasing volume which proceeded from his apartment gave evidence that his utterances of the day did not greatly exceed in forcefulness those of the night. But after about two hours his tranquil slumber was disturbed by the persistent nudging of the porter. That official was asking, "Boss, is you awake?"

"Of course I am awake," Mr. Smith replied. "What do you want?"

"Boss, I hopes dat you will pardon me, sah, but I was jest goin' to ask dat you be so kind as to stay awake for jest about fifteen minutes 'till de rest of de passengers can git to sleep."

J. E. Rosser

### THE PART HE PREFERRED

Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, is something of a recluse and rarely comes into San Francisco, but when he does he is made a good deal of a lion. On his last visit he was one of the guests at a rather formal dinner at a friend's house where he stayed overnight. His hostess had known the poet since her childhood, so she felt privileged, next morning, to discourse to him of the beauties of the Parisian gown she had worn the night before—beauties which seemed to have escaped his observation.

Mr. Miller listened to all that she had to say and remained silent.

"But did n't you really like the dress?" pleaded the lady.

"Well," replied the poet, "I did like part of it well enough." The lady brightened.

"Indeed?" she said. "What part?"

"The part you had on," answered the poet; and that ended the discussion.

R. W. Kauffman

## Hall's Hair Renewer

### Revised Formula

**Glycerin.** Has marked healing and soothing properties; especially indicated for rashes, eruptions, and itching of the scalp. Also has great food value, aiding nature in producing a more luxuriant growth of hair.

**Capitolum.** Stimulant, tonic. Increases activity of all the glands and tissues of the scalp.

**Tea, Rosemary Leaves. Bay Rum.** Especially valuable in falling hair.

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- I. INTRODUCTION.
- II. THE CHILD IN THE CITY.
- III. THE CHILD AT WORK.
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Russell Sage Foundation Publication

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## Walnuts and Wine

### CAUSE FOR ANXIETY

The baby was slow about talking, and his aunt was deploring that fact. Four-year-old Elizabeth listened anxiously.

"Oh, mother," she ventured at length, "do you think he'll grow up *English*? We could n't any of us understand him if he turned out to be French!"

*Mrs. W. C. Richardson*

### SADDEST OF THE SAD

*By Miss Anne Tique*

'T is sad, when you must borrow cash,  
To find your friend won't lend it;  
To be in jail for taking graft,  
And can't get out to spend it.

'T is sad to walk where peaches grow,  
And be too short to reach them;

To world-awakening sermons write,  
And not be asked to preach them.

'T is sad to learn a scandal, through  
A key-hole, so can't tell it.

To read the joke you called your own,  
Before you'd time to sell it.

But this is far the saddest fate  
The sun will ever shine on:

To be a vine and want to twine,  
And have no oak to twine on.

*Dewey Austin Cobb*

### WHY DOGS TURN ROUND

"Well," said Mrs. Wentworth, laying aside a newspaper and turning to her husband, "that's a bit of natural history new to me."

"What under the sun are you talking about?" he demanded.

"This paper has an article explaining why dogs always turn round before they lie down. It appears to be a habit they've brought down from the wild state, when they turned round to mash down the grass and make a bed."

"Pooh!" snorted her husband. "That's nature-faking. Dogs turn round before they lie down because they can not conveniently do so afterwards."

*Charles U. Becker*



## **Does the Dealer Know Better Than You What You Need in Your Home?**

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**I**F NOT, you owe it as a duty to yourself to insist on getting what you ask for when you try to buy an advertised article. You are attracted by the advertisement in this paper; you read it and make up your mind that the goods advertised are what you want. You enter a store to make your purchase. Be true to your conviction and get what you ask for.

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## **Avoid Substitutes**

## Walnuts and Wine

### HINTS TO TIPSTERS

*Gadd:* "Whenever one of the big magnates says to buy stocks, I always sell. That's the way to fool 'em."

*Cadd:* "I don't. When they say to buy, I always buy."

*Gadd:* "But don't you know they never express their private opinions in public? They always say just the opposite of what they think."

*Cadd:* "No, you're a back number. They're on to that scheme. When they say to buy, they know you will think they believe it is really time to sell. So now they say just the opposite of what they expect you to do. They say the right thing, because you will think it is the wrong thing. By the way, *Gadd*, did you ever make any money in stocks?"

*Gadd:* "No."

*Cadd:* "Neither did I."

*Ellis O. Jones*

### A SIGN OF WARNING

A German tavern-keeper, while crossing the Atlantic, accosted a steward and inquired doubtfully:

"Ve no can smoke here, yes?"

Instead of replying, the attendant pointed to a sign which read:

Smoke here, not aft.

The German was so pleased with the pantomime method of communication that he memorized the words that appeared upon the sign. A month later he returned to his native country and had a huge placard posted in the bar-room of his tavern. The first to notice it was a party of American tourists, who roared with laughter as they read:

Smoke here but not hereafter.

*Harrold Skinner*

### IN A GOOD CAUSE

Helen, who is but three years old, is devoted to her building blocks. Her mother has told her that they are not to be used on the Sabbath. One Sunday, recently, Helen was discovered enjoying herself with the attractive playthings.

"Why, Baby, don't you know you should not play with your blocks on the Sabbath?" said her mother.

"But, mamma," came the quick reply, "this is all right,—I am building a Sunday school for my dolls."

*F. S. Belcher*

## Walnuts and Wine

### GREAT PROGRESS OF THE PRUDENTIAL

#### Enormous Figures Dealt in by this National Life Insurance Company

The annual statement of the Prudential of Newark, N. J., which is published on another page, shows the Company to be stronger in public confidence than ever before. The year 1907 is reported to have been one of unusual gains in every department of the Company's business. The Company issued and paid for in new insurance during the year over 272 million dollars. The number of policies in force has been increased by over 400 thousand, bringing the total number of policies in force up to over seven and one-quarter millions. The total amount of insurance at risk is over one billion three hundred and thirty-seven million dollars. In payments to policy-holders, The Prudential has maintained and surpassed its record for liberality. During the year The Prudential paid to policy-holders over 18 million dollars, while since the organization of the Company the total payment to its policy-holders has been over 141 million dollars.

A safe and profitable investment to a life insurance company consists of loans to its own policy-holders, on the security of their policies. The statement shows over seven million dollars loaned in this way.

The Prudential also shows a reduction in expenses in 1907 (on a basis of equal premium incomes in 1906 and 1907) of nearly one million dollars. The tax payments by the Company in 1907 also reached the enormous sum of one and one quarter million dollars. The net gain in insurance in force was over 84 million dollars, and this, the Company's officials state, was a greater gain than the Company made in 1906, one of its banner years.

The Prudential states that through its splendid equipment, experience, and organization it has given since the introduction of its New Industrial Policy and New Low Cost Ordinary Policy, more Life Insurance for less money than ever before, and to this, no doubt, is due the great success that the Company made last year, and is making this year.

The New Low Cost Policy is described by The Prudential Company as the greatest success in Life Insurance, and this is due to the fact that it is sold at as low a rate as consistent with the guaranteed benefits and the absolute Life Insurance protection which it affords.

Send to The Prudential, Newark, N. J., for rates on the New Low Cost Policy at your age, and The Prudential Officials state that you will be surprised at the large amount of Life Insurance you can secure from that Company at such low cost.



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## Walnuts and Wine

### CANINE EXERCISE

"Justin," said Mrs. Wyss.

"Yes," replied Mr. Wyss.

"Will you speak a kind word to Fido and make him wag his tail? He has n't had one bit of exercise all day."

*Perrine Lambert*



### BALLADE OF "WHAT'S IN THE MAGAZINES"

*By Jack Queritis*

What do I care for "Notes And News,"

Or "Index Classified,"

Portraits of monsters who refuse

To let me Fameward ride?

No! Out of all this dust and din

One fact my spirit gleans:

How many times my name is in

"WHAT'S IN THE MAGAZINES" !

The names that *other* people use!

You ought to see me glide

Right past them all to where the "Q's"

In stately pomp abide!

To print some names is just a sin,

But oh, how much it means

To see my own name listed in

"WHAT'S IN THE MAGAZINES" !

What do I care for gathered "views"

Where "litter-a-toor" is guyed,

The "views" on "Writers and Their Dues,"

"How Editors Decide" ?

The kind of "view" that makes *me* grin,

Toward which *my* laughter leans,

Is looking at the times *I'm* in

"WHAT'S IN THE MAGAZINES" !

### ENVOY

O Fate, let Fortune kindly spin

My soul to other scenes

The month when I'm not listed in

"WHAT'S IN THE MAGAZINES" !

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## *On Remarkable Terms*

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## Walnuts and Wine

### THE CHILD'S ADVICE

Little Arthur stood peering down into the countenance of his baby sister, whom the nurse was singing to sleep.

"Say, nurse," he finally whispered, "it's nearly unconscious, is n't it?"

The nurse nodded in the affirmative, and sang on.

"Then don't sing any more or you'll kill it!"

*Charles C. Mullin*

### HARVARD AND YALE

In times of athletic rivalry no sentiment expresses the thoughts of a Harvard man better than "To hell with Yale." Dean Briggs of the Faculty and the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, veteran clergyman and chaplain of the United States Senate, once went down to Soldiers Field together at such a time.

"Where are you going, Dean?" asked a friend.

"To yell with Hale," answered the smiling Briggs patriotically and with diplomacy.

*Denys P. Myers*

### THE BEST HE KNEW

Gladstone, a Jamaican negro, was assistant to a district physician in the Canal Zone, and, being rather poor in his Latin, the bottles had been numbered for his benefit. One day a Spanish laborer came in for medicine, and the Doctor told his worthy assistant to give him two pills out of number six. After he had gone the doctor asked:

"Gladstone, did you give the man a dose of number six?"

"Oh, no, sah, Doctor; numbah six war finished, so I just give him one pill out of numbah foah and one out of numbah two."

*C. H. Calhoun*

### EVER DO THIS?

A Washington artist was showing a visitor through his rooms one day, pointing out the various objects of peculiar interest, when the caller stopped before an antique clock, which, just at that moment, had struck the half-hour.

"Do you know," asked the visitor, "I've often wondered what was the use of a clock that strikes every half-hour?"

"Well," said the artist, after a slight pause of reflection, "it has this advantage: if you are lying awake at night and hear it strike one three half-hours in succession, you know that when you hear it again it will be two o'clock."

*Edwin Tarrisse*



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## Walnuts and Wine

### HIS ONLY RESOURCE

The Navy Department decided recently that officers receiving unexpected orders to foreign duty should be allowed to draw two months' advance pay, or "dead horse," as it is called in the navy. Officers are required to defray travelling expenses out of their own funds, and upon reporting at the new station they are reimbursed from the United States Treasury, after the usual delay incident to "red tape." Unless officers had money put by, it proved extremely embarrassing to have to meet the expenses of a long journey, and for this reason the recent order was issued. Naval officers tell of an incident that occurred some years ago, when a notably impecunious officer on duty in New York received orders to proceed to Sitka to join one of the ships of the Behring Sea patrol squadron. The officer, who had no ready money and could not persuade any of his friends to make him a loan, wrote a long letter to the Secretary of the Navy asking to be relieved of his orders or to be furnished with money to defray his travelling expenses. The Secretary saw in the letter an attempt to get out of unpleasant duty, and a peremptory telegram ordered the officer to proceed at once. He obeyed, first telegraphing as follows:

Have proceeded in obedience to orders on foot. Next address Harrisburg.

Needless to say, upon his arrival in Harrisburg he found a telegram authorizing him to draw travel money in advance.

*H. Williams*



### A GOOD HABIT

Baby Florence was much annoyed when her requests to go to see her little cousin, who was ill, were refused. On demanding the reason, the "catching" qualities of her cousin's malady were explained at length, but to no avail, for she drew herself up to her infinitesimal height, and slowly and scornfully lisped, "I theldom take the meathles."

*F. F. T.*



### WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE?

*Gadd:* "That broker that lives in the flat above must have been pretty hard hit by the financial stringency."

*Cadd:* "Why?"

*Gadd:* "He walked the floor all last night, and they have n't a baby."

*Ellis O. Jones*

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